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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1861.

SUPPLEMENTARY NATIONAL EDUCATION: SUNDAY SCHOOLS, MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, AND NIGHT SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. H. G. ROBINSON, TRAINING COLLEGE, YORK.

THE country is, in one way or another, spending about two millions in the elementary education of the working classes. It will, of course, be understood that in this estimate are included as well the offerings of private benevolence as the funds derived from the parliamentary grants. Now, two millions are a large sum. They do not, indeed, make a very great show when compared with the amount annually expended on wine, spirits, and tobacco; they cut an insignificant figure by the side of army and navy estimates; but still, looked at in the abstract, they are not contemptible. Assuredly the country is entitled to expect some substantial return for them. And what is the real state of the case? Are these two millions well laid out? Is the work of education now going on a successful one? Is it producing any solid, permanent, beneficial results? The Report of the Education Commissioners makes its appearance very opportunely to answer that question; and the answer it gives is fairly satisfactory. It does indeed expose some defects and shortcomings. It warns us that in the majority of inspected schools more attention is paid to the superstructure than to the foundation; that reading and writing are too often slurred over in order that a very limited "First Class," into which few of the children find their way, may astonish inspectors and visitors by a display of multifarious acquirements. But, after all, the two millions are not begged, voted, volunteered altogether in vain; a good deal is in course of being done, though not perhaps quite as much as sanguine friends of education hoped—not quite as much as our elaborate educational machinery would seem to call for. The following facts cannot very well be disputed. A great many bad schools in different parts of the country have been converted into schools more or less good, and a great many good schools have been established in places where aforetime there were no schools at all, good or bad. Teachers regularly educated for their work have taken the place of teachers who knew very little and were unable to impart the little they did know; method and system have superseded haphazard and chronic irregularity; inspection and supervision have given a stimulus to exertion; and the countenance and sympathy of persons of influence are enlisted in the cause.

At the same time there is one circumstance which very seriously detracts from the efficacy of the work. Those for whose benefit it is designed are only willing or able to avail themselves of its advantages in a very limited degree. I refer, of course, to the well-known and oft-repeated complaint that children leave school at a very early age, and, while professedly at school, are often very irregular in their attendance. Now, as to the reality and extent of this evil,

there is by no means unanimity of opinion among the patrons and promoters of education. Some say that things are very bad in this respect—so bad as almost to nullify the advantage of improved methods of teaching, and to make the sums expended in highly-trained teachers and accomplished inspectors and elaborate apparatus, little better than a waste of money. Others go so far as to say that the outcry about the early desertion of school is a mere delusion, partaking in some sort of the nature of those general panics which are occasionally epidemic with the British public. I have heard both opinions stated *ex cathedrâ* with the most unhesitating confidence. That the truth lies mid-way between these two extremes seems in this case a very safe conclusion to arrive at. Let it be granted that children for the most part leave school at the age of eleven, and it does not therefore follow that the pains taken to teach them up to that age are altogether thrown away. The five years between six and eleven are surely worth something. It may be a mistake to endeavour to cram too much into that narrow interval; but powers may, during that time, be called forth which shall never become quite dormant again; impressions for good may be made which no future influences can altogether obliterate. On the other hand, to deny the fact that children are withdrawn from school at so early an age as greatly to interfere with the completeness of their education, is to deny what the statistics of any half-dozen neighbourhoods would most incontestably prove. As to irregularity of attendance, the question seems to admit of very easy settlement. Most people, doubtless, know that schools under government inspection are entitled to a capitation grant on account of every child who has attended during 176 days in the course of the year. In 1859 the amount paid in this form was 61,183*l*. The number of children on account of whom this sum was paid, was 247,691, while the average attendance was 599,903, and the entire number borne on the school registers, 847,879. Thus it appears that little more than a quarter of those professedly under education spend as much as half the year at school, while in the case of many their connexion with school is so broken and intermittent that it is only by some license of expression that they can be said to be under education at all.

In the face of such facts as these there is some ground for the objection that the system of national education now in course of development is all too vast and elaborate for the work it has to do. I do not, however, propose to discuss this question, but to make a different use of the points to which I have been calling attention. The limited time during which children attend the day-school, and the irregularity of the attendance of most of them, make it very important to carry out some plan for supplementing ordinary school education. The demand for juvenile labour has been for some time increasing—is still on the increase—will continue to be so as long as trade and manufactures are prosperous, unless some unlooked for and unlikely contingencies should change the direction of events, and modify the laws which regulate employment. The school cannot compete with the labour-market. When the choice is between paying twopence for schooling and receiving four or five shillings for labour, the instincts of the great mass of unlettered English parents can only be expected to choose in one way. Children then must continue to leave school with a very slender stock of knowledge—with a few miscellaneous historical, geographical, and physical facts, not very clearly or coherently grouped in their minds, and with a moderate degree of skill in reading, writing, and ciphering. But how long, if left to themselves, will they retain these accomplishments? Will the boy who, at the age of twelve, is able to read a page of English prose with average fluency and intelligence, retain much of that ability at sixteen, supposing the intervening years are spent in a factory or at the plough? No attempt, as far

as I know, has yet been made to ascertain the present intellectual condition of those boys and girls who left our best national schools four or five years ago. The fact, indeed, that above forty per cent. of the marrying population still continue to make their mark instead of signing their names in the register is significant, but it must not be too strongly insisted upon. It indicates imperfect skill rather than total inability to write. But, whatever advantages the national school may confer, it is certain that those advantages will be very imperfectly realized, and will in a very great degree become evanescent in the case of most of those who have enjoyed them, unless something can be done to carry on education concurrently with labour.

How is it again with the youth of the working classes generally, from fourteen years of age to twenty, as regards moral tone? Let those who know them speak, and they will confess that their condition is very unsatisfactory. They are difficult to get hold of, difficult to impress. They are fond of license, and call it liberty. They are rude, boisterous, given to appetite, fancying there is some connexion between manliness and vice. They are the despair of ordinary clergymen. They are seldom seen at church, but continually at the corners of the streets, though their occupation there is less edifying to their neighbours, and more unprofitable to themselves, than that of the Pharisees of old. There are, of course, very pleasing exceptions to this state of things, but in the main the description is neither exaggerated nor extravagant. I say nothing of the darker phases of life and morals which too often grow out of thisjuvenile recklessness and roughness. Sottish intemperance and gross impurity too frequently characterize the social condition of the people, and are too constantly the theme of philanthropic lamentation to make it necessary for any one to prove their existence, or to enlarge upon their evil.

And where must we look for a remedy or a palliative? Undoubtedly the first step towards finding one is to ascertain clearly the beginning of the mischief. Now, I would strongly insist upon it that the mischief takes its beginning from that age when the salutary influences of the national school are no longer in operation, and when no other checks and responsibilities have as yet been substituted. In the comparatively neglected condition of English lads from the age of thirteen to eighteen, lies the secret of a great deal of the vice of their maturity; and therefore we must somehow contrive to act vigorously on the young during this period of their lives, if we would infuse a better tone into the masses, and raise the standard of adult morality among them.

Now, what are the agencies at our disposal for effecting this?

I. There is, first of all, the time-honoured SUNDAY-SCHOOL. And this institution, which has been in existence for more than sixty years, is not without its merits. In some parts of the country—in Lancashire especially—it is by no means wholly inefficient, and certainly exercises a good deal of indirect influence over the young persons associated with it. At the same time there are many lets and hindrances to the thorough and substantial efficiency of the Sunday-school. One is the almost universal absence of method and organization. Little is taught, and that little is very imperfectly digested. The teachers are often very earnest and right-minded, but seldom very competent. *Courses of instruction* there can hardly be said to be, for in most cases the lessons consist of a chapter of the Bible selected for no particular reason, and on no particular principle; the book of Chronicles being, I believe, rather a favourite with volunteer teachers of the humbler class, as affording good scope for testing mechanical skill in reading hard words. But another hindrance to the usefulness of the Sunday-school is to be found in the fact that it is nothing more than a preliminary to attendance on a long service in church. Hence, not only is the time available for the Sunday-school contracted within the narrowest limits,

but young persons are tempted by the instinct of weariness to bring their connexion with the school to a hasty and premature conclusion. As a rule, boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen do not make their appearance in Sunday-schools; and, in those exceptional cases where they do, it is not unusual to hear complaints of their unruly conduct and their determined self-will—no unnatural consequence of the absence of moral control during six days, followed by imperfect and unmethodical efforts to enforce it on the seventh.

That something more might be done with Sunday towards advancing the moral, intellectual, and religious training of the youth of the working classes there can be no doubt. To effect this, however, it will be necessary to get rid of certain ingrained habits of routine and conventionality. We must learn to apprehend, more clearly than is generally done, the full significance of the position that "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." There must be some bold and felicitous innovations. Short, simple, and adapted religious services must, in the case of all under a certain age, be allowed to supersede, or rather to prepare the way for the full orthodox measure of public worship. A system of teaching must be adopted which shall not only instruct but allure. Interesting illustrations of Bible history, oral descriptions of those countries which are the fields of missionary labour, practical lessons on the social and moral virtues, a methodical but not unduly dogmatic exposition of Christian doctrine based on the apostles' creed, are amongst the obvious and easily available materials for furnishing forth such a system of teaching.

Again, the services of educated christian men and women must be more extensively enlisted; and, by a sufficient sub-division of labour and a sufficient variety of work, many may be induced to co-operate, while none are required to make too complete and continuous a sacrifice of their time and attention. Finally, it would be of great advantage to interweave with the Sunday-school system some sober and rational kinds of recreation. Sacred music would serve this purpose, as would also the reading aloud by a skilful and accomplished reader of select poetry or prose.

On the whole, however, the Sunday by itself supplies a very imperfect opportunity of carrying on the moral and intellectual training of the youth of the working classes. The work which it allows of must be supported and seconded by other agencies.

II. What else, then, have we at hand for the purpose? There is the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. It is now some thirty-five or thirty-six years since Mechanics' Institutes were first established, under the auspices of Dr. Birkbeck, and the patronage of Lord Brougham. The original design of these institutions was not so much to educate as to afford opportunities for self-education. *Educate* indeed they could not, for they had no provision in their constitution or machinery for doing so. They did not pretend, except very indirectly, to exercise any *moral* influence; they neither initiated nor carried on any processes of mental training. They opened reading-rooms; they established libraries; they provided courses of lectures on miscellaneous subjects. It is obvious, then, that they presupposed a taste for reading, a thirst for knowledge, a craving for self-improvement. They could only do a little, through the zeal of their promoters and the eloquence of their lecturers, to awaken these appetites. In the main, the supply took for granted the demand. And, as the demand was not great amongst the class for whom the Institutes were designed, the supply hung on hand. Mechanics' Institutes were not very actively patronized or supported; and the patronage and support which they did receive, came not from mechanics, but from the class above them. This was very soon seen. Lord Brougham referred to it in a speech delivered by him at the Manchester Institute, in 1835. There were, it seems, "nearly 1,400 indi-"viduals actually subscribing and placing "at the disposal of the directors a fund "quite sufficient to bear the current ex-

"penses, without involving the institution "in debt and difficulty." But these 1400 individuals were of the middle, and not of the working class. And this condition of things has characterized nearly every Institute throughout the country. When the middle classes have not come forward to maintain the Institute, the Institute has generally died of atrophy. One great reason of this is obvious enough. The middle classes had just such a measure of preparatory education as qualified them to take advantage of Mechanics' Institutes; the working classes did not reach that standard.

But this circumstance does not justify us in saying that Institutes have been a failure. It is something that they have found amongst the middle classes persons glad to take advantage of them. At the same time it must be confessed that, even with any class, theirs has been a very partial and imperfect success. There are, it is said, about eight hundred Institutes in the country; and their members are estimated at 130,000 in the aggregate. Of these 130,000 nearly one-half belong, as might be expected, to Yorkshire and Lancashire. On the whole, then, we see that fewer than one per cent. of the population are connected with Mechanics' Institutes; and we cannot, therefore, build much upon their assistance in accomplishing the work of popular education.

Efforts have, however, been made from time to time to extend their influence and increase their efficiency. One obvious expedient was to place them, as much as possible, under the management of the class for whose use they are intended; and accordingly the directorate of most Institutes contains a certain proportion of working men.

Again, the Institutes of a particular district have sought to strengthen themselves by entering into union. Among these the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes is prominent. Its affairs are managed by a President, two Vice-presidents, a Treasurer, two Secretaries, and ten members of Committee; it holds annual meetings, which are attended by delegates from each Institute in union; it arranges for delivery and interchange of lectures; it employs an agent, whose business it is to visit different Institutes for the purpose of lecturing, organizing, inspecting, and advising. The advantages derived from such a union are necessarily confined to countenance and sympathy, advice and direction. There is no intercommunion of funds, no interference with the internal management of the local establishments; each Institute must rely for success on its own resources, and finds the benefit of co-operation simply in the rules and examples furnished for its guidance, and in the prestige attached to a widely extended association.

The plan pursued in connexion with the lecture department has often been referred to as a weak point in the constitution of Mechanics' Institutes.

The usual practice is to provide a succession of lectures, to be delivered weekly or fortnightly during the session. Now, these lectures are, for the most part, isolated and unconnected with one another. There is no attempt at securing anything like a systematic course. A lecture on history will be followed by one on science, while the scientific lecture will, in its turn, be succeeded by a disquisition on literature or morals, or perhaps on some social question. It is obvious, therefore, that these lectures are of no great value in an educational point of view. They furnish the public with a few hours of intellectual pastime and recreation, but they do not contribute much toward the instruction of the ignorant or the guidance of the student.

It may very naturally be asked why the managers of Institutes do not set on foot a systematic series of lectures—why, for instance, they do not offer to their supporters and the public a course on English History at one time; a course on Political Economy or on some department of Physical Science at another. But an experiment of this kind was, I believe, tried at Bradford, and failed. One great difficulty would be to find lecturers. No one man would be able or willing to make himself responsible for an entire course; and it would be no

easy matter to preserve unity and coherence if a single subject were to be portioned out among a number of manipulators. Moreover, audiences like variety, and frequent lectures as much for the sake of entertainment as instruction. Still, perhaps, something might be done in this way; and, if so, the usefulness of Institutes as places of education would be proportionally increased. At all events, the lecturing system might be turned to better account as a means of stimulating a desire for knowledge, and of guiding the student to profitable courses of reading, and approved methods of study. It might also be made more use of to awaken attention to matters connected with health, economy, diet, habits and manners of daily life.

The desire to popularize Mechanics' Institutes, to secure for them a greater degree of support than they are able to achieve by their literary and scientific character, has led to the frequent practice of introducing musical and other entertainments into the programme. This tendency has been severely denounced by the more rigid and uncompromising champions of intellectual progress. They consider it a sign of degeneracy and an unworthy condescension to popular weakness. And unquestionably it scarcely harmonizes with the original constitution and design of Mechanics' Institutes. But, without stopping now to examine or discuss the question, I may find occasion, before bringing this paper to a close, to consider whether, in making provision for the entertainment of the people, we are not doing something for their education.

The consciousness, however, that Mechanics' Institutes were not enlisting the sympathy and support of the masses has of late years brought about a very important change, and introduced a very important novelty into their organization. The truth was apprehended that the great body of the people were not educated up to the standard which would qualify them to read books and profit by lectures. Hence an effort was made to remedy this defect by the institution of night-classes, where different branches of learning, more or less elementary, might be communicated to such pupils as chose to attend. This plan has now been very generally adopted, and constitutes the most useful and practical feature of ordinary institutes. An obvious difficulty in connexion with these classes has been the securing of a sufficient number of competent teachers. In most cases, recourse has necessarily been had to voluntary aid, and the classes have often suffered from the uncertainty, irregularity, imperfection, and want of method commonly attendant on voluntary service.

Again, the experiment has not always been successful in other respects. The classes have frequently been scantily filled, and the members of them have been irregular in their attendance. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the success has generally been proportionate to the goodness of the arrangements, and the zeal and efficiency of the teachers. The results of the experiment so far tend to show a wide-spread deficiency in the most elementary subjects of education. Thus, in the Yorkshire Union of Institutes, while above 5000 pupils were in attendance on the classes for reading, writing, and arithmetic, scarcely 900 were engaged in the study of grammar and composition, and the Natural Science classes did not contain, in the aggregate, more than 100 members. A similar condition of things appears in the Report of the "East Lancashire Union of Institutions having Evening Schools."

III. The plan adopted by Mechanics' Institutes indicates the direction in which we must look for the means of carrying on, to a more successful issue, the work of National Education. There is an increasing conviction, that if that work is to be done at all, it must be done through the agency of NIGHT SCHOOLS; and, accordingly, the experiment of Night Schools is in course of trial, not only in connexion with Institutes, but under the auspices of the clergy, the various dissenting denomina-

tions, mill-owners, and other employers of labour, and philanthropic landed proprietors.

Here again we may appeal to the judgment of the Education Commissioners. They enter with some minuteness into the subject of Evening Schools; they take a general survey of the efforts now making to carry them on, they discuss the difficulties and requirements involved, and they make the following recommendation in reference to them:—

"That, inasmuch as Evening Schools "appear to be a most effective and "popular means of education, the atten- "tion of the Committee of Council be "directed to the importance of organ- "izing them more perfectly, and ex- "tending them more widely than at "present."—Vol. i. p. 547.

The question then is, Are we to fall back on Night Schools as the best hope of Popular Education? It is a question which deserves to be examined and discussed.

In the first place, it must be conceded that the Day School is an imperfect agent in the work, from no fault of its own, but simply from the inevitable condition that it loses its pupils before it has had the opportunity of making them thoroughly proficient in the elements of knowledge. I call this condition *inevitable*, because it seems to be one which must continue in force as long as the openings for the employment of children in various kinds of labour are as numerous as they are at present, or until some scheme of compulsory education redresses the grievance, and perhaps generates other grievances in doing so. On this latter alternative I will not dwell. Compulsory education has undoubtedly succeeded so far as it has been tried in England, as the working of the half-time system in factories sufficiently proves; but it does not follow that it will be equally successful if extended, and made applicable to the whole body of youthful workers throughout the country—for it is easier to deal with children collected into masses and brought together in some great centre of employment than with children scattered through a wide parish and at the disposal of numerous employers.

It is argued, too, that, though the sentimentalist may deplore the sacrifice of the tender years of childhood to the engrossing demands of labour, and though the friend of social and intellectual progress may complain of the necessary check thus given to the cause of education, yet the provision is on the whole a fortunate and a merciful one, for that they whose lot in life is to be manual and physical labour should for their own sake be initiated early—that thus only will they acquire that dexterity which ensures full productiveness, and that use which is second nature. I am not prepared to indorse this view, but I cannot afford time or space to contravene it. The point to which I wish to call renewed attention is the simple fact that, as things are, the children of the working classes are almost universally thrown out of education at the age of twelve, and that, when they leave school, their really available attainments are limited to a moderate facility in reading and writing, with a more or less accurate knowledge of the ordinary rules of arithmetic.

Night-schools, or something equivalent, must be the machinery resorted to. The name is not essential—in some cases, perhaps, will be better dispensed with—but the thing, in some shape, we must have.

I have already said that a good deal is doing in this direction. I could refer to many examples of very fairly successful night-schools, though I am bound to say I know also of some cases where the experiment has resulted in complete and even discreditable failure.

The night-schools connected with the Farnley Iron Works, near Leeds, deserve to be mentioned as showing how much may be done when patrons are liberal and teachers able and zealous. In these schools a very considerable number of young persons receive instruction during five nights in the week. Many of them have made good progress in grammar and composition, and in elementary mathematics. Lectures in

history are delivered, illustrating the nature and growth of our political constitution; a class of more advanced pupils meets for discussion; and occasional readings from our standard literature diversify and relieve the ordinary course of study.

A very useful work is going on under the auspices of the East Lancashire Union of Institutes having night-schools. Fourteen Institutes belong to this union, and each Institute has a night-school attached to it. Each night-school is conducted by a paid teacher, who is assisted by a paid candidate for the office of teacher, and by such volunteer teachers as can be enlisted in the service. Moreover, the Union maintains two organizing masters who itinerate, and are required "to spend about "three hours of five nights in each week "in the personal instruction of the "classes of the several institutions." Saturday evening is devoted to a weekly class lecture. A system of examinations and prizes has also been introduced. The programme of studies is tolerably extensive, but the higher subjects are cultivated by a very limited number. For instance, the whole number of pupils is 1,244—while the number studying English history is 158; the number studying algebra, 15; Euclid, 33; chemistry, 44.

Reference may also be made to what is going on in connexion with the night-school movement in the manufacturing and mining districts of Cheshire and Staffordshire. From the report of the Rev. J. P. Norris, it appears that in 1857 upwards of fifty such schools were in operation in his district, and that clergymen, colliery owners, iron masters, and manufacturers, were all working in different ways to help on the movement. Probably there are few large towns in the country where the experiment has not been tried on a greater or less scale and generally with a certain amount of success. The rural districts are in a less favourable position for such a work, and those who wish to carry it on there have many difficulties to contend with. Still zeal and energy will do much to overcome these difficulties; and instances may be found where, in default of other agency, the clergyman himself has sacrificed some of his evenings to the task of school keeping, and has found his reward in doing so.

What has been said proves clearly that there is a wide-spread feeling as to the necessity of carrying on a system of evening instruction in schools and classes; it remains to consider how it may best be done, and what are the difficulties and hindrances in the way of doing it. The first and most indispensable condition is to secure the pupils. And it must be remembered that we want especially to get hold of young persons between the ages of twelve and eighteen. The tendency in night-schools has hitherto been to reject those who, from their extreme youth, ought, in the opinion of educational theorists, to be attending the day-school. There is some excuse for this policy; but it must be abandoned if night-schools are to be generally and permanently useful. Children between the ages of twelve and fourteen will certainly not be at school, let educational theorists theorise as they please. If, therefore, they are to wait two or three years before they can be admitted into the night-school, they will spend those years in forgetting what they have previously learned in the day-school, and in learning what the night-school—when they do enter it—will scarcely be able to make them forget.

This one position, then, I desire most emphatically to insist on, that the night-school must be open to receive boys and girls as soon as ever they cease to attend the day-school. There must be no interval—for, if there is, it will be the opposite of a *lucid* one; it will do much to darken the light already let in on the understanding, and to blunt whatever edge school influences may have set on the sensibilities and the conscience.

Moreover, it will be very much easier to secure the attendance of the scholars if the transfer to the night-school is to be immediate. The moment when a boy is leaving school belongs to the

mollia tempora fandi. The influence of the clergyman and schoolmaster is still potent; and, if the right course be then taken with him, he will suffer himself to be drawn during his evening hours to those accustomed desks and benches where he has for some time been spending his days. On the other hand, when he has once got well away and has been, as it were, whistled down the wind, it is not any common lure that will bring him back again. Give him two or three years of independence, and he will set his face like a flint equally against schoolmaster and parson. Accordingly, in a well developed system the night-school will be the natural and recognised supplement of the day-school, and no earnest schoolmaster will allow a pupil to leave the latter without an effort to place his name on the register of the former, and to secure his promise of regular attendance there. The influence of the clergyman, or other minister of religion, will, of course, be exerted in the same direction, and the cause will be greatly helped, if the employers of labour can be induced to co-operate.

I think, then, that, with tact and good management, a large percentage of those who leave our day-schools might be induced to continue their studies at evening schools, and that by degrees the practice would grow habitual, and come to be regarded as a simple matter of course.

But, if this consummation is to be realised, good and efficient evening schools must be established. To this end it is above all things necessary to secure the services of well qualified teachers. To do any real permanent good, the night-school must not be one whit behind the day-school in this respect. Nay, the work will be in many respects more difficult, more delicate, more exacting, and will therefore call for more judgment, ability, and experience.

It must be remembered that the night-school is not to be, what a friend of mine humorously calls "a shop where pennyworths of knowledge may be bought," but a scene as well of moral as of intellectual training. It can be made so, if its promoters think fit. But that it may be so, it will, I say again, be necessary to employ teachers of the right sort. Now there are many reasons why volunteers alone will not do. They are not to be depended upon for regularity or method, and their zeal is often greater than their knowledge or discretion. The *will* is certainly something in this matter, but the *deed* and the *power of doing it* cannot be dispensed with. I know, indeed, one school worked entirely by volunteers, and those, moreover, of the same rank in life as those for whom they work. This school is a decidedly successful one, and its success is more decidedly *moral* than *intellectual;* but it is exceptional, for it is connected with a a church and congregation into which, through the devotion of its clergyman, is breathed no common measure of earnestness and life.

As a rule, then, night-schools must have paid and professional teachers, and nothing will be lost to the country, if some of the most efficient of those who have acquired a large stock of knowledge to qualify them for imparting a little modicum in our day-schools, can be draughted off for this secondary service. Such a plan, however, involves the embarrassing question of finance. How are these night-schools to be maintained? The first step must be, to make them as nearly as possible self-supporting. Young persons in receipt of wages can generally afford to pay rather more than they do for their schooling; and it is a question whether we have not added, in some degree, to the educational difficulty in many districts, by unduly cheapening education throughout the country. Moreover, if the importance and utility of night-schools can once be established, they will have an increased claim upon such public grants as may be voted on behalf of education; and, by way of example, it would not be a misfortune if the money which is now paid to day-schools in the form of a capitation grant, and which, in the case of half-time scholars at all events, is a gross abuse, were transferred to the credit of the night-school. It may be proper to men-

tion in passing that, as things are now, evening-schools are permitted to claim capitation grants and certain other aids and allowances. In connexion with this part of the subject, the question arises whether it can ever be expedient partially to sacrifice the day-school to the night-school. I venture to answer in the affirmative just so far as to suggest that in small rural parishes, where teaching power and the means of purchasing it are equally scarce, it would perhaps be desirable to try the experiment of closing the day-school during the afternoon, and opening it in the evening for the attendance of the elder day-scholars, and of those who are at work during the day.

The next important consideration with regard to night-schools is their organization and management. Let it be borne in mind, then, that we have to aim at effective teaching and sound moral influence. Pupils who may come or go at their option have to be attracted to the school and attached to it, and yet have to be restrained and made subject to discipline.

With a view to the instruction, the scholars must, of course, be classified on very much the same principles as in a day-school; they must be made to understand that they are not the best judges of their own requirements, and that they must learn according to methods laid down for them. Care must be taken that all are well grounded in elementary subjects. To this end it will be expedient to arrange the school in two sections, the *elementary* and the *advanced*, each section, of course, being subdivided into classes, according to attainment or line of study. The work of the elementary section should be confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic; the advanced section may include all the other commonly recognised branches of instruction. It is very desirable, however, to adapt the more advanced instruction in night-schools as much as possible to the social requirements of the learners. In no school with which I am acquainted is any very systematic attempt made to do this; and yet I believe it might be done with great advantage. Thus, for instance, by explaining simply the nature of the laws and government, the rise and growth of the Constitution, the chief epochs in the national life, the progress of society, it is possible to bring English History more closely home to the business and bosoms of working men. In like manner geography may be dealt with. To enlarge on remote and obscure mountain ranges, to trace the course of unheard-of rivers through unheard-of regions, is no very edifying process when the audience are rustics; but to tell all about Canada or New Zealand, to point out the country of cotton and the country of tea, is a sensible and in its own way remunerative operation. Moreover, there is scope in night-schools for what it is the fashion to call lessons on common things. The rising generation of operatives and artisans will be no worse for having their minds enlightened on such subjects as wages, taxation, household expenditure, the manifold uses of water hot and cold, the general care and culture of the body.

Occasional lectures may with advantage be introduced into night-schools; and, where such lectures can be illustrated by diagrams or experiments, they will be found still more effective. Everything should be done to make the teaching attractive, and to impress the pupils with a sense of its practical value. At the best, attendance at the night-school on the part of those who have been working hard all day, is an act of considerable self-denial, requires physical as well as mental effort, and is a kind of pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. This must be taken into account in managing the discipline; but that discipline must be real. All anarchy, schism, independent action, must be excluded; the school must revolve on one centre, and "move together, if it move at all." To aid in preserving order, it would be well to select a staff of monitors from among the pupils, and to set each monitor over a company of five or six. The business of the monitors would be to check disorder by example, by influence, by word of command, and, if

necessary, to report disorderlies to the master of the school. In some cases it may be possible to introduce something of a military element into the discipline, and, perhaps, to form the pupils into a cadet corps in connexion with the Volunteer Rifle Movement. Where this can be done, the order of the school will be all the better for it, and its popularity greatly increased.

The admission of adults to evening schools calls for some observations. It will, perhaps, be felt that their presence must interfere in some degree with any attempt to carry out a thorough system of ordinary school discipline; and yet it is very desirable that they should be induced to avail themselves of opportunities of self-improvement. They must then be managed in a different way from their boyish comrades. Wherever it is possible, they should be classified by themselves, but at the same time they must be required to follow a particular system, and to accept the instruction of which they really stand in need.

Though I have said that volunteer teachers will not by themselves avail for the permanent working of night schools, yet I strongly advise that voluntary help should be accepted in co-operation with, and subordinate to, the regular and responsible master. If intelligent and earnest persons can be induced to lend their assistance, some of the advantages of private and individual teaching will be combined with the method and order of a school, and a good deal of indirect influence will be diffused, to the permanent moral improvement of the pupils. The clergyman will, of course, co-operate actively, will find opportunities of giving religious instruction, and will recruit, not unsuccessfully, for his Sunday-school, his congregation, and his choir.

Other conditions seem necessary to the probable success of a night-school.

It must not exhibit an instance of suspended animation during five or six months of the year, but must fight on in the face of long bright days, and the seductiveness of out-door recreations. The better to do this, it must have recreations and entertainments of its own. The cricket club will be no unkindly or unfitting graft on its solid and utilitarian trunk; and the clergyman himself, if not beneficed or desirous of being beneficed in the diocese of Rochester, may patronize the sport, and even wield a bat and deliver a ball. Music again will exercise a potent spell in favour of the cause. Brass bands and glee societies have already developed out of the sober work of the night-schools, and there is ample testimony to the civilizing effect of music on the masses. I sometimes wonder whether we shall ever be able to turn to good account the educating influences of the drama, and whether we shall, any of us, be clever enough to hit upon some modern substitute for the miracle plays and moralities of old. At all events, in dealing with the social condition of the people, we must remember that, if Bacon was right in thinking national ballads as important as national laws, it is equally true that the question of popular pastimes is not to be lost sight of in the question of popular education. We must deal with life as a whole; and, if we want to improve and elevate our fellow-countrymen, we must take account of all the elements of their nature, and not simply fasten our attention upon one. To sew the new patch of pedagogism on the old social habits of the people is a poor aim, and will prove an unsuccessful one. If on the other hand we can, in spite of the acknowledged difficulties of the undertaking, in spite of the antagonistic forces continually at work, succeed in causing night-schools to take root in all centres of population great and small—if we can so control and influence the youth of the working class, that attendance on evening classes shall become in some degree a regular practice with them, between the ages of twelve and eighteen—then, I think, we may hope to see results produced which, it is to be feared, the national system, with all its merits, is not producing. We must not of course expect too much. There is a formidable *vis*

inertiæ to contend against. No class in society is very ardently devoted to self-improvement, or very eager to make sacrifices for the sake of it. The percentage of studious boys at Eton and Rugby is not, I imagine, large; the percentage of hard-reading men at Oxford and Cambridge has in these last days of competitive examinations only come to be respectable. We must, therefore, wait long before we can hope to see in the flesh those earnest crowds of operatives and mechanics thirsting for knowledge which Lord Brougham, in the days when he so eloquently pleaded the cause of education, used to see in the spirit. In the meantime, it will be something achieved if men and women of the labouring class are brought into the condition of being able to read fluently and write legibly; if, during the years when the body is, and the mind should be, growing, the majority of them are made to spend some few hours of each week in a good moral atmosphere, among higher influences than those which they meet with in the streets and lanes of the city, or perhaps in their own homes. Then there will be some chance for more advanced schemes of education. Then Mechanics' Institutes may arouse themselves, and put forth their programmes, and enlarge their borders, and find an active demand for that which they have to supply. Then too will the Working Man's College become a more highly appreciated Institution, and what is now the resource of the few will become the heritage of the many.

But the less pedantry, and the more elasticity and adaptedness there is in this movement for evening education, the more likely is it to succeed. We must never forget that, as man does not live by bread alone, so neither can the people be elevated and society regenerated by sheer force of school work. We must not, in this age of instruction and examination, fancy that, because we can cram knowledge we can cram morals or manners, refinement or civilization. The great result is to be achieved as much by indirect as by direct agencies. The night-school will do something through the information it supplies, but it will often do more through the influences it diffuses. Books will teach the people a good deal if they can be made able and willing to read them; but more perhaps may be expected from the presence and sympathy of cultivated natures and the contagion of a pure example.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD SALTIRE'S VISIT, AND SOME OF HIS OPINIONS.

THERE followed on the events above narrated two or three quiet months—a time well remembered by Charles, as one of the quietest and most peaceful in his life, in all the times which followed. Every fine day there was a ramble with his father through the kennels and stables, and down through the wood, or over the farm. Charles, who at Oxford thought no day complete, after riding with the drag, or Drakes, or rowing to Sandford, without banquier, vingt-et-un, or loo, till three o'clock in the morning, now found, greatly to his astonishment, that he got more pleasure by leaning over a gate with his father, and looking at fat beasts and pigs, chewing a straw the while. A noisy wine party, where he met the same men he had met the night before, who sang the same songs, and told the same silly stories, was well enough; but he began to find that supper in the oak dining-room, sitting

between Mary and his father, and talking of the merest trifles, was a great deal pleasanter. He was astonished to find what a pleasant liquor tea was, and to "pitch into" gooseberry jam and clotted cream in a way which surprised no one more than Lord Saltire. Another noticeable fact was, that Father Mackworth's sarcasms were turned off with a good-natured laugh, and that battle was on all occasions refused to the worthy priest. In short, Charles, away from company and dissipation, was himself. The good worthy fellow, whom I learnt to love years ago! The man, whose history I am proud to write!

I mentioned Lord Saltire's name in connexion with gooseberry jam just now. Lord Saltire had written to Densil, to say that he was horribly bored; that he wished, as an ethical study, to settle, once for all, the amount of boredom a man could stand without dying under it; that, having looked carefully about him, to select a spot and a society where that object could be obtained, he had selected Ravenshoe, as being the most eligible; that he should wish his room to have a south aspect; and that his man would arrive with his things three days after date. To this Densil had written an appropriate reply, begging his kind old friend to come and make his house his home; and Lord Saltire had arrived one evening, when every one was out of the way but Mary, who received him in the hall.

She was in some little trepidation. She had read and heard enough of "the wild prince and Poyns," and of Lord Saltire's powers of sarcasm, to be thoroughly frightened at her awful position. She had pictured to herself a terrible old man, with overhanging eyebrows, and cruel gleaming eyes beneath them. Therefore she was astonished to see a gentleman, old it is true, but upright as a young oak, of such remarkable personal beauty, and such a pleasant expression of countenance as she had never seen before.

She was astonished, I said; but, mind you, Mary was too much of a lady to show astonishment. She sailed towards him through the gloom of the old hall with a frank smile, and just that amount of admiration in her sweet eyes, which paid Lord Saltire the truest compliment he had had for many a day.

"Mr. Ravenshoe will be so sorry to have missed receiving you, my lord," she said.

"If Mr. Ravenshoe is sorry," he said, "I certainly am not. Mr. Ravenshoe has done me the honour to show me the most beautiful thing in his house first. I rather think that is a pretty compliment, Miss Corby, unless I am getting out of practice."

"That is a very pretty compliment, indeed, my lord," she answered laughing. "I most heartily thank you for it. I know nothing in life so pleasant as being flattered. May I introduce Father Mackworth?"

Lord Saltire would be delighted. Father Mackworth came forward, and Mary saw them look at one another. She saw at a glance that either they had met before, or there was some secret which both of them knew. She never forgot Mackworth's defiant look, or Lord Saltire's calm considerate glance, which said as plain as words, "This fellow knows it."

This fellow knew it—had known it for years. The footman who had left Mackworth at the lodge of the French Lycée, the nameless domestic, who formed the last link with his former life—this man had worn Lord Saltire's livery, and he remembered it.

"I see," said Lord Saltire, "that Miss Corby is prepared for walking. I guess that she is going to meet Mr. Ravenshoe, and, if my surmise is correct, I beg to be allowed to accompany her."

"You are wonderfully correct, my lord. Cuthbert and Charles are shooting pheasants in the wood, and Mr. Ravenshoe is with them on his pony. If you will walk with me, we shall meet them."

So the grand old eagle and the pretty sweet-voiced Robin passed out on to the terrace, and stood looking together, under the dull December sky, at the whispering surges. Right and left the misty headlands seemed to float on the quiet gray

sea, which broke in sighs at their feet, as the long majestic groundswell rolled in from the ocean; and these two stood there for a minute or more without speaking.

"The new school of men," said Lord Saltire at last, looking out to sea, "have perhaps done wisely, in thinking more of scenery and the mere externals of nature than we did. We lived the life of clubs and crowds, and we are going to our places one after another. There are but few left now. These Stephensons and Paxtons are fine men enough. *They* are fighting inert matter, but *we* fought the armies of the Philistine. We had no time for botany and that sort of thing; which was unfortunate. You young folks shouldn't laugh at us though."

"I laugh at you!" she said suddenly and rapidly; "laugh at the giants who warred with the gods. My lord, the men of our time have not shown themselves equal to their fathers."

Lord Saltire laughed.

"No, not yet," she continued; "when the time comes they will. The time has not come yet."

"Not yet, Miss Corby. It will come, —mind the words of a very old man; an old fellow who has seen a confounded deal of the world."

"Are we to have any more wars, Lord Saltire?"

"Wars such as we never dreamt of, young lady."

"Is all this new inauguration of peace to go for nothing?"

"Only as the inauguration of a new series of wars, more terrible than those which have gone before."

"France and England combined can give the law to Europe."

Lord Saltire turned upon her and laughed. "And so you actually believe that France and England can actually combine for anything more important than a raid against Russia. Not that they will ever fight Russia you know. There will be no fight. If they threaten loud enough, Russia will yield. Nicholas knows his weakness, and will give way. If he is fool enough to fight the Western powers, it will end in another *duel a l'outrance* between France and England. They will never work together for long. If they do, Europe is enslaved, and England lost."

"But why, Lord Saltire?"

"Well, well; I think so. Allow me to say that I was not prepared to find a deep-thinking, though misguided politician in such an innocent-looking young lady. God defend the dear old land, for every fresh acre I see of it confirms my belief that it is the first country in the world."

They were crossing the old terraced garden towards the wood, where they heard the guns going rapidly, and both were silent for a minute or so. The leafless wood was before them, and the village at their feet. The church spire rose aloft among the trees. Some fisherman patriarch had gone to his well-earned rest that day, and the bell was tolling for him. Mary looked at the quiet village, at the calm winter's sea, and then up at the calm stern face of the man who walked beside her, and said:—

"Tell me one thing, Lord Saltire; you have travelled in many countries. Is there any land, east or west, that can give us what this dear old England does —settled order, in which each man knows his place and his duties? It is so easy to be good in England."

"Well, no. It is the first country in the world. A few bad harvests would make a hell of it, though. Has Ravenshoe got many pheasants down here?"

And, so talking, this strange pair wandered on towards the wood, side by side.

Charles was not without news in his retirement, for a few friends kept him pretty well *au fait* with what was going on in the world. First, there was news from Oxford; one sort of which was communicated by Charles Marston, and another sort by one Marker of Brasenose, otherwise known as "Bodger," though why, I know not, nor ever could get any one to tell me. He was purveyor of fashionable intelligence, while Charles Marston dealt more in example and advice. About this time the latter wrote as follows:—

"How goes Issachar? Is the ass stronger or weaker than formerly? Has my dearly-beloved ass profited, or otherwise, by his stay at Ranford? How is the other ass, my Lord Welter? He is undoubtedly a fool, but I think an honest one, so long as you keep temptation out of his way. He is shamefully in debt; but I suppose, if their horse wins the Derby, he will pay; otherwise I would sooner be my lord than his tradesmen. How goes the 'grand passion,'—has Chloe relented? She is a great fool if she does. Why, if she refuses you, she may marry Lord Welter, and he may settle his debts on her. A word in your ear. I have an invitation to Ranford. I must go, I suppose. The dear old woman, whose absurdities your honour is pleased to laugh at, has been always kind to me and mine; and I shall go. I shall pay my just tribute of flattery to the noble honest old soul, who is struggling to save a falling house. Don't you laugh at Lady Ascot, you impudent young rascal. I have no doubt that she offers some prominent points for the exercise of your excellency's wit, but she is unmeasurably superior to you, you young scapegrace.

"Bless your dear old face; how I long to see it again! I am coming to see it. I shall come to you at the beginning of the Christmas vacation. I shall come to you a beaten man, Charley. I shall only get a second. Never mind; I would sooner come to you and yours and hide my shame, than to any one else.

"Charles, old friend, if I get a third, I shall break my heart. Don't show this letter to any one. I have lost the trick of Greek prose. Oh, old Charley! believe this, that the day once lost can never, never come back any more! They preach a future hell; but what hell could be worse than the eternal contemplation of opportunities thrown away—of turning-points in the affairs of a man's life, when, instead of rising, he has fallen—not by a bold stroke, like Satan, but by laziness and neglect?"

Charles was very sorry, very grieved, and vexed, to find his shrewd old friend brought to this pass by over-reading, and over-anxiety about a subject, which, to a non-university man, does not seem of such vital importance. He carried the letter to his father, in spite of the prohibition contained in it, and he found his father alone with the good, honest Father Tiernay; to whom, not thinking that thereby he was serving his friend ill, he read it aloud.

"Charley dear," said his father, half rising from his chair, "he must come to us, my boy; he must come here to us, and stay with us till he forgets his disappointment. He is a noble lad. He has been a good friend to my boy; and, by George, the house is his own."

"I don't think, dad," said Charles, looking from Densil to Father Tiernay, "that he is at all justified in the dark view he is taking of matters. The clever fellows used to say that he was safe of his first. You know he is going in for mathematics as well."

"He is a good young man, any way," said Father Tiernay; "his sentiments do honour to him; and none the worst of them is his admiration for my heretic young friend here, which does him most honour of all. Mr. Ravenshoe, I'll take three to one against his double first; pity he 'aint a Catholic. What the divvle do ye Prothestants mean by absorbing, (to use no worse language) the rints and revenues left by Catholic testators for the good of the hooly Church, for the edication of heretics? Tell me that, now."

The other letter from Oxford was of a very different tenor. Mr. Marker, of Brazenose, began by remarking, that—

"He didn't know what was come over the place; it was getting confoundedly slow, somehow. They had had another Bloomer ball at Abingdon, but the thing was a dead failure, sir. Jemmy Dane, of University, had driven two of them home in a cart, by way of Nunenham. He had past the Pro's at Magdalen turnpike, and they never thought of stopping him, by George. Their weak intellects were not

capable of conceiving such glorious audacity. Both the Proctors were down at Coldharbour turnpike, stopping every man who came from Abingdon way. Toreker, of Exeter, was coming home on George Simmond's Darius, and, seeing the Proctors in the light of the turnpike-gate, had put his horse at the fence (Charles would remember it, a stubbed hedge and a ditch), had got over the back water by the White House, and so home by the Castle. Above forty men had been rusticated over this business, and some good fellows too." (Here followed a list of names, which I could produce, if necessary; but seeing that some names on the list are now rising at the bar or in the Church, think it better not.) "Pembroke had won the fours, very much in consequence of Worcester having gone round the flag, and, on being made to row again, of fouling them in the gut. The water was out heavily, and had spoilt the boating. The Christchurch grind had been slow, but the best that year. L—n was going down, and they said was going to take the Pychley. C—n was pretty safe of his first—so reading men said. Martin of Trinity had got his testamur, at which event astonishment, not unmixed with awe, had fallen on the University generally. That he himself was in for his *vivâ voce* two days after date, and he wished himself out of the hands of his enemies."

There was a postscript, which interested Charles as much as all the rest of the letter put together. It ran thus :—

"By-the-bye, Welter has muckered; you know that by this time. But, worse than that, they say that Charley Marston's classical first is fishy. The dear old cock has over-worked himself, they say."

Lord Saltire never went to bed without having Charley up into his drawing-room for a chat. "Not having," as his lordship most truly said, "any wig to take off, or any false teeth to come out, I cannot see why I should deny myself the pleasure of my young friend's company at night. Every evening, young gentleman, we are one day older, and one day wiser. I myself have got so confoundedly wise with my many years that I have nothing left to learn. But it amuses me to hear your exceedingly naive remarks on things in general, and it also flatters and soothes me to contrast my own consummate wisdom with your folly. Therefore, I will trouble you to come up to my dressing-room every night, and give me your crude reflections on the events of the day."

So Charley came up one night, with Mr. Marker's letter, which he read to Lord Saltire, while his valet was brushing his hair; and then Charles, by way of an easily answered question, asked Lord Saltire, What did he think of his friend's chances?

"I must really remark," said Lord Saltire, "even if I use unparliamentary language, which I should be very sorry to do, that that is one of the silliest questions I ever had put to me. When I held certain seals, I used to have some very foolish questions put to me (which, by the way, I never answered), but I don't know that I ever had such a foolish question put to me as that. Why, how on earth can I have any idea of what your friend's chances are? Do be reasonable."

"Dear Lord Saltire, don't be angry with me. Tell me, as far as your experience can, how far a man who knows his work, by George, as well as a man can know it, is likely to fail through nervousness. You have seen the same thing in Parliament. You know how much mischief nervousness may do. Now, do give me your opinion."

"Well, you are putting your question in a slightly more reasonable form; but it is a very silly one yet. I have seen a long sort of man, with black hair and a hook nose, like long Montague, for instance, who has been devilishly nervous till he got on his legs, and then has astonished every one, and no one more than myself, not so much by his power of declamation, as by the extraordinary logical tenacity with which he clung to his subject. Yes, I don't know but what I have heard more telling and

logical speeches from unprepared men than I ever have from one of the law lords. But I am a bad man to ask. I never was in the lower house. About your friend's chance;—well, I would not give two-pence for it; in after life he may succeed. But, from what you have told me, I should prepare myself for a disappointment."

Very shortly after this, good Lord Saltire had to retire for a time in the upper chambers; he had a severe attack of gout.

There had been no more quarrelling between Father Mackworth and Charles; Peace was proclaimed,—an armed truce; and Charles was watching, watching in silence. Never since he met her in the wood had he had an opportunity of speaking to Ellen. She always avoided him. William, being asked confidentially by Charles what he thought was the matter, said that Ellen had been "carrin on" with some one, and he had been blowing her up; which was all the explanation he offered. In the mean time, Charles lived under the comforting assurance that there was mischief brewing, and that Mackworth was at the bottom of it.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES'S "LIDDELL AND SCOTT."

A GROWING anxiety began to take possession of Charles shortly before Christmas, arising from the state of his father's health. Densil was failing. His memory was getting defective, and his sense dulled. His eye always was searching for Charles, and he was uneasy at his absence. So it was with a vague sense of impending misfortune that he got a letter from the dean of his college, summoning him back after the Christmas vacation.

Mr. Dean said, "That Mr. Ravenshoe's case had been re-considered, and that, at the warm, and, he thought, misguided, intercession of the Bursar, a determination had been come to, to allow Mr. Ravenshoe to come into residence again for the Lent term. He trusted that this would be a warning, and that, while there was time, he would arrest himself in that miserable career of vice and folly which could only have one termination —utter ruin in this world, and in the next."

A college "Don" by long practice, acquires a power of hurting a young man's feelings utterly beyond competition, save by a police magistrate. Charles winced under this letter; but the same day Mary, coming singing down stairs as was her wont, was alarmed by the descent of a large opaque body of considerable weight down the well of the staircase, which lodged in the wood basket at the bottom, and which, on examining, she found to be a Liddell and Scott's Lexicon. At which she rejoiced; for she concluded that Charley had taken to reading again, though why he should begin by throwing his books down stairs she could not well understand, until he joined her and explained that he had been dusting it on the landing, and that it had slipped out of his hand.

"What a crack it came down," added he; "I wish Father Mackworth's head had been underneath it."

"I have no doubt of it, young gentleman," said the priest quietly from behind; and there he was with his hand on the library door, and in he went and shut it behind him.

Mary and Charles were both awfully disconcerted. Mary felt horribly guilty; in fact, if the priest had remained quiet one moment more, he would undoubtedly have heard one or two candid, and far from complimentary remarks about himself from that young lady, which would have made his ears tingle.

"Confound him," said Charles; "how he glides about! He learned that trick, and a few others, at that precious Jesuit College of his. They teach them that sort of thing as the old Jews teach the young pick-pockets. The old father inquisitor puts the door ajar with a bell against it, and they all have to come in one after another. The one who rings it gets dropped on to like blazes."

Mary was going to ask what exact amount of personal suffering being dropped on to like blazes involved; but Charles stopped her and took her hand.

"Mary dear," he said, "do you ever think of the future."

"Night and day, Charles,—night and day."

"If he dies, Mary? When he dies?"

"Night and day, brother," she answered, taking one of his great brown hands between her two white little palms. "I dream in my sleep of the new regime which is to come, and I see only trouble, and again trouble."

"And then?"

"There is a God in heaven, Charles."

"Ay, but, Mary, what will you do?"

"I?" and she laughed the merriest little laugh ever you heard. "Little me? Why, go for a governess, to be sure. Charles, they shall love me so, that this life shall be a paradise. I will go into a family where there are two beautiful girls; and, when I am old and withered, there shall be two nurseries in which I shall be often welcome, where the children shall come babbling to my knee, the darlings, and shall tell me how they love me almost as well as their mother. There is my future. Would you change it?"

Charles was leaning against the oak banister; and, when he saw her there before him, when he saw that valiant true-hearted face, in the light which streamed from the old window above, he was rebuked, and bent down his head on the rail. The Dean's letter of that morning had done something; but the sight of that brave little woman so fearless with all the world before her did more. She weak, friendless, moneyless, and so courageous! He with the strong arm, so cowardly! It taught him a lesson indeed, a lesson he never forgot. But oh! for that terrible word—too late!

Ah! too late! What word is so terrible as that? You will see what I mean soon. That is the cry which one writer, who does not want in power, puts in the mouths of the lost spirits in hell. God's mercy is infinite, and it is yet a question whether it were better for Charles to have fallen into the groove of ordinary life, or to have gone through those few terrible humiliating years through which we must follow him.

"Charley dear," said Mary, laying her hand on his shoulder, "it is not about myself I am thinking; it is about you. What are you going to do when he is gone? are you going into the Church?"

"Oh, no!" said Charles, I could'nt bear the idea of that."

"Then, why are you at Oxford?"

"To get an education, I suppose."

"But what use will a university education be to you, Charles? Have you no plans?"

"I give you my word, my dear Mary, that I am as much in the dark about the future as a five days old puppy."

"Has he made any provision for you?"

"Oh, yes! I am to have six thousand."

"Do you know that the estate is involved, Charles?"

"No."

"I believe it is. There has been a great deal of state kept up here, and I believe it is the case."

"Cuthbert would soon bring that round."

"I tremble to think of the future, Charles. Are your debts at Oxford heavy?"

"Pretty well. Five hundred would clear me."

"Don't get any more in debt, that's a dear."

"No, Mary dear, I won't. I don't care for the future. I shall have 180*l.* a year. That will be enough for William and me. Then I shall go to the bar and make a deuce of a lot of money, and marry Adelaide. Then you will come to live with us, and we shall have such jolly times of it.—Take that, you villain!"

This last elegant apostrophe, was addressed to William (who at that moment had come in by the side door), and was accompanied by the dexterous delivery of the Liddell and Scott, in the manner of a cricket ball. Our friend William stood to catch it in a style worthy of

Box, with his knees a yard apart, and one palm over the other; but, as ill luck would have it, he missed it, and it alighted full on the shins of Father Mackworth, who had selected that time for coming out of the library; and so it lay sillily open at λαμ, λεμ, at his feet.

Mackworth really thought that it was intentional, and was furious. He went back into the library; and Charles, seeing what must come, followed him, while Mary fled upstairs. There was no one in the room but Cuthbert and Father Tiernay.

"I will be protected from insult in this house," began Mackworth; "twice to-day I have been insulted by Mr. Charles Ravenshoe, and I demand protection."

"What have you been doing, Charley?" said Cuthbert; "I thought you two had given up quarrelling. You will wear my life out. Sometimes, what with one thing and another, I wish I were dead. Oh! if the great problem were solved! Surely my brother may avoid brawling with a priest, a man sacred by his office, though of another faith. Surely my brother has taste enough to see the propriety of that."

"Your brother has no taste or sense, sir," said Father Mackworth. "He has no decency. He has no gentlemanly feeling. Within ten minutes he has dropped a book down stairs, and lamented, to my face, that it hadn't fallen on my head; and just now he has thrown the same book at me, and hit me with it."

"I thank God, Charles," said poor weary Cuthbert, "that our father is spared this. It would kill him. Brother, brother, why do you vex me like this? I have always stood on your side, Charley. Don't let me be killed with these ceaseless brawls."

"They will soon cease, sir," said Father Mackworth; "I leave this house to-morrow."

"Cuthbert, hear me now. I never intended to insult him."

"Why did you throw your book at him, Charley? It is not decorous. You must know when you wound him you wound me. And I have fought such battles for you, Charley."

"Cuthbert! brother! do hear me. And let him hear me. And let Father Tiernay hear me. Cuthbert, you know I love you. Father Tiernay, you are a good and honest man; hear what I have to say. You Mackworth, you are a scoundrel. You are a double-dyed villain. What were you doing with that girl in the wood, the day you hunted the black hare a month ago? Cuthbert, tell me, like an honest gentleman, did you ever walk in the wood with Ellen?"

"I?" said Cuthbert, scared; "I never walked with Ellen there. I have walked with Mary there, brother. Why should I not?"

"There, look at the lie that this man has put into her mouth. She told me that he had found you and her walking together there."

"I am not answerable for any young woman's lies;" said Father Mackworth. "I decline to continue this discussion. It is humiliating. As for you, you poor little moth," he said, turning to Charles, "when the time comes, I will crash you with my thumb against the wall. My liking for your father prevents my doing my duty as yet. In that I err. Wait."

Charles had been in a passion before this; but, seeing danger, and real danger abroad, he got cool, and said—

"Wait."

And they both waited, and we shall see who waited the longest.

"I have done it now, Mary dear," said Charles, returning upstairs with the unlucky lexicon; "it is all over now."

"Has there been a scene?"

"A terrible scene. I swore at him, and called him a villain."

"Why did you do that, Charles? Why are you so violent? You are not yourself, Charles, when you give way to your temper like that."

"Well, I'll tell you, my Robin. He is a villain."

"I don't think so, Charles. I believe he is a high-minded man."

"I know he is not, birdie. At least, I believe he is not."

"I believe him to be so, Charles."

"I know him to be otherwise; at least I think so."

"Are you doing him justice, Charley dear? Are you sure you are doing him justice?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. When the end of all things comes, and you and I are thrown abroad like two corks on the great sea, you will know. But I cannot tell you."

"I believe, dear, that you are so honest that you would not do injustice even to him. But, oh! be sure that you are right. Hush! Change the subject. What were you going to read when that unlucky book fell down stairs?"

"Demosthenes."

"Let me come in and sit with you, Charley dear, and look out the words; you don't know how clever I am. Is it the "De Coronâ?"

"Charles took her hand and kissed it; and so they two poor fools went on with their Demosthenes."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARSTON'S ARRIVAL.

The night after the terrible lexicon quarrel, which, you will observe, arose entirely from Charles's good resolution to set to work reading—whereby we should take warning not to be too sanguine of good resolutions, taken late, bringing forth good fruit—the very evening I say after this fracas, Charles, his father, and Mary, were sitting in the library together. Of course Densil had heard nothing of the disturbance, and was, good old gentleman, as happy as you please; all his elements of pleasure were there. Father Mackworth was absent. Father Tiernay was throwing his whole hearty soul into a splendid copy of Bewick's birds, date 1799. Cuthbert was before the upper fireplace, beyond the pillar, poring over goodness only knows what monkish lore; while close to him was bird Mary sewing, and Charles reading aloud a book, very often quoted in everyday life, unconsciously.

Charles read how Mr. Quilp begged Mr. Brass would take particular care of himself, or he would never forgive him; how there was a dog in the lane who had killed a boy on Tuesday, and bitten a man on Friday; how the dog lived on the right hand side, but generally lurked on the left, ready for a spring: and they were laughing over Mr. Brass's horror, when there came a noise of wheels on the gravel.

"That is Marston, father, for a thousand pounds," said Charles.

He hurried into the hall, as the men were undoing the door; Mary, dropping her work, went after him; and Densil, taking his stick, came too. Cuthbert looked up from the further end of the room, and then bent his head over his book again. Father Tiernay looked up, inquisitive and interested, but sat still. They who followed into the hall saw this.

Charles stood in front of the hall door, and out of the winter's darkness came a man, with whom, as Mary once playfully said, she had fallen in love at once. It was Marston.

Charles went up to him quickly with both hands out, and said—

"We are so glad."

"It is very kind of you. God bless you; how did you know it?"

"We know nothing, my dear Marston, except that you are welcome. Now put me out of my pain."

"Why, well," said the other, "I don't know how it has happened; but I have got my double first."

Charles gave a wild cheer, and the others were all on him directly—Densil, Tiernay, Cuthbert, and all. Never was such a welcome; not one of them, save Charles, had ever seen him before, yet they welcomed him as an old friend.

"You have not been to Ranford then?" said Charles.

"Why, no. I did not feel inclined

for it after so much work. I must take it on my way back."

Lord Saltire's gout was better to-night, and he was down stairs. He proceeded to remark that, having been in ——; well, he wouldn't shock Miss Corby by saying where—for a day or so, he had suddenly, through no merit of his own, got promoted back into purgatory. That, having fought against the blue devils, and come down stairs, for the sole purpose of making himself disagreeable, he had been rewarded, for that display of personal energy and self-sacrifice, by most unexpectedly meeting a son of his old friend, Jackdaw Marston. He begged to welcome his old friend's son, and to say that, by Jove, he was proud of him. His young friend's father had not been a brilliant scholar, as his young friend was; but, had been one of the first whist-players in Europe. His young friend had turned his attention to scholastic honours, in preference to whist, which might or might not be a mistake: though he believed he was committing no breach of trust in saying that the position had been thrust on his young friend from pecuniary motives. Property had an infernal trick of deteriorating. His own property had not happened to deteriorate (none knew why, for he had given it every chance); but, the property of his young friend's father having deteriorated in a confounded rapid sort of way, he must say that it was exceedingly creditable in his young friend to have made such a decided step towards bringing matters right again as he had."

"My father's son, my Lord, thanks you for your kind remembrance of his father. I have always desired to see and meet my father's old friends, of whom you, Mr. Ravenshoe, were among the kindest. We have given up the greater vices lately, my Lord, but we do our best among the smaller ones."

There was a quiet supper, at which Lord Saltire consented to stay, provided no one used the expression "cheese;" in which case he said he should have to retire. There wasn't cheese on the table, but there was more than cheese; there was scolloped cockles, and Lord Saltire ate some. He said at the time that they would have the same effect on him as swallowing the fireshovel. But, to relieve your mind at once, I may tell you that they didn't do him any harm at all, and he was as well as ever next morning.

Father Tierney said grace; and, when the meal was half over, in came Father Mackworth. Densil said "Father Mackworth, Mr. Marston;" and Marston said, after a moment's glance at him, "How do you do, sir?"

Possibly a more courteous form of speaking to a new acquaintance might have been used. But Marston had his opinions about Father Mackworth, and had no objection that the holy father should know them.

"We got, Mary," said Cuthbert suddenly, "more cocks than pheasants to-day. Charles killed five couple, and I four. I was very vexed at being beaten by Charles, because I am so much the better shot."

Charles looked up and met his eyes—a look he never forgot. Accompanying the apparent petulance of the remark was a look of intense love and pity and sorrow. It pleased him, above everything, during the events which were to come, to recall that look, and say, "Well, he liked me once."

That evening Charles and Marston retired to Charles's study (a deal of study had been carried on there, you may depend), and had a long talk over future prospects. Charles began by telling him all about Madam Adelaide, and Marston said, "Oh, indeed! what are you going to do, Charley, boy, to keep her? She comes out of an extravagant house, you know."

"I must get called to the bar."

"Hard work for nothing, for many years, you know."

"I know. But I won't go into the Church; and what else is there?"

"Nothing I know of, except billiard marking and steeple-chace riding."

"Then, you approve of it?"

"I do, most heartily. The work will

be good for you. You have worked before, and can do it again. Remember how well you got on at Shrewsbury."

Then Charles told him about the relations between himself and Father Mackworth, and what had happened that day.

"You and he have had disgraceful scenes like this before, haven't you?"

"Yes, but never so bad as this.

"He is a very passionate man, isn't he? You took utterly wrong grounds for what you did to-day. Don't you see that you have no earthly grounds for what you said, except your own suspicions? The girl's own account of the matter seems natural enough. That she was walking with your most saint-like brother, and the priest found them, and sent them to the right-about with fleas in their ears."

"I believe that man to be a great villain," said Charles.

"So may I," said the other, "but I shan't tell him so till I can prove it. As for that quarrel between William and his sister the night you came home, that proves nothing, except that she has been going too far with some one. But who? What have you been doing that empowers him to say that he will crush you like a moth."

"Oh, bravado, I take it! You should have seen how mad he looked when he said it."

"I am glad I did not. Let us talk no more about him." Is that sweet little bird Mary Corby?"

"You know it is."

"Well, so I do know, but I wanted an excuse for saying the name over again. Charles, you are a fool."

"That is such a very novel discovery of yours," said Charles, laughing. "What have I been a-doing of now?"

"Why didn't you fall in love with Mary Corby instead of Madam Adelaide?"

"I am sure I don't know. Why, I never thought of such a thing as that."

"Then you ought to have done so. Now, go to bed."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH THERE IS ANOTHER SHIPWRECK.

Time jogged on very pleasantly to the party assembled at Ravenshoe that Christmas. There were woodcocks and pheasants in the woods; there were hares, snipes, and rabbits on the moor. In the sea there were fish; and many a long excursion they had in the herring boats—sometimes standing boldly out to sea towards the distant blue island in the main, sometimes crawling lazily along under the lofty shoreless cliffs which towered above their heads from 200 to 1,100 feet high.

It was three days before Christmas day, and they were returning from fishing along the coast, and were about ten miles or so from home. I say returning, though in fact there was not a breath of wind, and the boat was drifting idly along on the tide. Two handsome simple-looking young men were lolling by the useless tiller; an old man, hale and strong as a lion, with a courteous highbred look about him, was splicing a rope; and a tall, pale, black-haired man was looking steadily seaward, with his arms in his pockets, while Charles and Marston were standing in the bows smoking.

"What a curious, dreamy, dosy, delicious kind of winter you have down here," said Marston.

"I am very fond of it," said Charles; "it keeps you in continual hope for the spring that is coming. In the middle of frost and snow and ice one is apt to lose one's faith in waving boughs and shady pools."

"I have had such a peaceful happy time with you down here, Charley. I am so pleased with the way in which you are going on. You are quite an altered man. I think we shall both look back to the last few quiet weeks as a happy time."

Here the tall dark man, who was looking out to sea, suddenly said—

"Rain and hail, snow and tempest, stormy wind fulfilling his word."

"Ay, ay," said the old man; "going to blow to-night, I expect."

"We shall go home pretty fast, may be."

"Not us, Master Charles dear," said the tall man. "We are going to have it from south and by west, and so through west round to north. Before which time there'll be souls in glory, praise be to God."

The old man took off his hat reverently.

"There won't be amuch surf on when we beaches she," said one of the young men. "It won't get up afore the wind be full round west for an hour."

"You're a spaking like a printed buke, Jan," said the old man.

"I'm a thinking differently, Master Evans," said the dark man. "It will chop round very sudden, and be west before we know where we are. I speak with humility to a man who has seen the Lord's wonders in the deep so many years longer nor me. But I think, under God, I am right."

"You most in general be right. They as converses with the Lord night and day, day and night, like as you do, knows likely more of his works nor we, as ain't your gifts,"

"The Lord has vouchsafed me nothing in the way of a vision, about this afternoon, Master Evans."

"Didn't 'ee dream never at all last night?" said one of the young men, "Think 'ee now."

"Nought to bear on wind or weather, Jan. I judges from the glass. It's a dropping fast."

Jan would have had more faith in one of Mathews's dreams, and didn't seem to think much of the barometer. Meanwhile Marston had whispered Charles—

"Who is Mathews? What sect is he?"

"Oh, he's a Brianite."

"What is that?"

"A sort of Ranter, I believe."

Marston looked up, and saw the two great black eyes under the lofty forehead fixed full upon him. With the instinct of a gentleman, he said at once—

"I was asking Mr. Charles what sect you were of; that was all. He tells me you are a Brianite, and I had never heard of that sect before. I hope you will let me talk to you about your matters of belief some day."

Mathews took off his hat, and said—"That with the Lord's will he would speak to his honour. Will your honour bear with a poor fisherman, ignorant of the world's learning, but who has had matters revealed to him by the Lord in dreams and visions of the night. Peter was only a fisherman, your honour, and, oh, if we could only hear him speak now."

He paused, and looked again to seaward. Charles had gone again into the bow, and Marston was standing among the men right aft. Suddenly Mathews turned again upon him, and said—

"In the beaching of this here boat to-night, your honour, there may be danger. In such casé my place will be alongside of him," pointing to Charles. "There'd be a many kind hearts aching, if aught happened to him. You stick close to these young men. They'll see after you, sir."

"You keep close alongside of we, sir. You hold on of we, sir. We'll see you all right, sir," said the two young men.

"But, my dear good souls, I am as good a swimmer as any in England, and as active as a cat. Pray, don't mind me."

"You keep hold of we and run, sir," said one of the young men, "that's all you're a'got to do, sir."

"I shall most certainly run," said Marston laughing, but I decline drowning any one but myself—"

Charles said at this moment, "Do come here, and look at this."

It was worth looking at, indeed. They were about a mile from shore, floating about anyhow on an oily smooth sea; for the tide had changed, and they were making no headway. Before them one of the noblest headlands on the coast, an abrupt cone of slate, nigh a thousand feet high, covered almost entirely with grass, sloped suddenly into the water; and in advance of it, but slightly on one side, a rugged mound of black rock, nearly six hundred feet, stood out into the sea, and contrasted its horrid jagged lines with the smooth green of the peak

behind. Round its base, dividing it from the glossy sea, ran a delicate line of silver—the surf caused by the ground swell ; and in front the whole promotory was dimly mirrored in the quietly heaving ocean.

"What a noble headland," said Marston ; "is that grass on the further peak too steep to walk upon?"

"There's some one a'walking on it now," said old Evans. "There's a woman a'walking on it."

None could see it but he, except Mathews, who said he couldn't tell if it was a sheep or no.

Charles got out his glass, and the old man was right. A woman was walking rapidly along the peak, about the third of the way down.

"What a curious place for a woman to be in!" he remarked. "It is almost terrible to look at."

"I never saw any one there before, safe the shepherd," said the old man.

"It's a sheep path," said one of the young ones. "I have been along there myself. It is the short way round to Coombe."

Charles would have thought more of the solitary female figure on that awful precipice, but that their attention was diverted by something else. From the south-westward black flaws of wind began to creep towards them, alternated with long irregular bands of oily calm. Soon the calm bands disappeared, and the wind reached them. Then they had steerage, and in a very short time were roaring out to sea close hauled, with a brisk and ever increasing breeze.

They saw that they would have to fetch a very long leg, and make a great offing, in order to reach Ravenshoe at all. The wind was freshening every moment, changing to the west, and the sea was getting up. It took them three hours to open Ravenshoe bay; and, being about five miles from the shore, they could see that already there was an ugly side surf sweeping in, and that the people were busy on the beach, hauling up their boats out of harm's way.

"How beautifully these craft sail," said Marston, as they were all hanging on by her weather gunwale, and the green sea was rushing past to leeward, almost under their feet, in sheets of angry foam.

"It is amazing what speed is got out of them on a wind," said Charles, "but they are dangerous craft."

"Why so?"

"These lug-sails are so awkward in tacking, you will see."

They ran considerably past Ravenshoe and about six miles to sea, when the word was given to go about. In an instant the half-deck was lumbered with the heavy red sails ; and, after five minutes of unutterable confusion, she got about. Marston was expecting her to broach to every moment during this long five minutes, but fortune favoured them. They went freer on this tack, for the wind was now north of west, and the brave little craft went nearly before it at her finest pace. The men kept on her as much sail as she could stand, but that was very little ; fast as they went, the great seas went faster, as though determined to be at the dreadful rendezvous before the boat. Still the waves rose higher and the wind howled louder. They were nearing the shore rapidly.

Now they began to see, through the mist, the people gathered in a crowd on the shore, densest at one point, but with a few restless stragglers right and left of that point, who kept coming and going. This spot was where they expected to come ashore. They were apparently the last boat out, and all the village was watching them with the deepest anxiety.

They began to hear a sound other than the howling of the wind in the rigging, and the rush of waters around them—a continuous thunder, growing louder each moment as the boat swept onward. The thunder of the surf upon the sand! And, looking forward, they could see just the top of it as it leapt madly up.

It was a nervous moment. They stood ready in their shirts and trousers, for a rush, should it be necessary. And the old man was at the helm. They saw the seas begin to curl. Then they were

in the middle of them. Then the water left them on the sand, and three brave fellows from the shore dashed to hook on the tackles; but they were too late. Back with a roar like a hungry lion came the sea; the poor boat broached to, and took the whole force of the deluge on her broad side. In a moment more, blinded and stunned, they were all in the water, trying to stand against the backward rush which took them near midthigh. Old Master Evans was nearest to Marston; he was tottering to fall when Marston got hold of him, and saved him. The two young men got hold of both of them. Then three men from the shore dashed in and got hold of Charles; and then, as the water went down and they dared moved their feet, they all ran for their lives. Marston and his party got on to dry land on their feet, but Charles and his assistants were tumbled over and over, and washed up ignominiously covered with sand. Charles, however, soon recovered himself, and, looking round to thank those who had done him this service, found that one of them was William, who, when the gale had come on had, with that bland indifference to the stud-groom's personal feelings which we have seen him exhibit before, left his work, and dressed in a Jersey and blue trousers, and come down to lend a hand. He had come in time to help his foster-brother out of the surf.

"I am so very thankful to you," said Charles to the two others. "I will never forget you. I should have been drowned but for you. William, when I am in trouble I am sure to find you at my elbow."

"You won't find me far off, Master Charles," said William. They didn't say any more to one another, those two. There was no need.

The tall man Mathews had been cast up with a broken head, and, on the whole, seemed rather disappointed at not finding himself in paradise. He had stumbled in leaping out of the boat, and hurt his foot, and had had a hard time of it, poor fellow.

As Charles and William stood watching the poor boat breaking up, and the men venturing their lives to get the nets out of her, a hand was laid on Charles's shoulder, and, turning round, he faced Cuthbert.

"Oh, Charles, Charles, I thought I had lost you. Come home and let us dry you, and take care of you. William, you have risked your life for one who is very dear to us. God reward you for it! Brother, you are shivering with cold, and you have nothing but your trousers and Jersey on, and your head and feet are bare, and your poor hair is wet and full of sand; let me carry you up, Charles, the stones will cut your feet. Let me carry you, Charles. I used to do it when you were little."

There was water in Charles's eyes, (the salt water out 'of his hair, you understand,) as he answered.

"I think I can walk, Cuthbert; my feet are as hard as iron."

"No, but I must carry you," said Cuthbert. "Get up, brother."

Charles prepared to comply, and Cuthbert suddenly pulled off his shoes and stockings, and made ready.

"Oh, Cuthbert, don't do that," said Charles, "You break my heart."

"Do let me, dear Charles. I seldom ask you a favour. If I didn't know that it was acceptable to God, do you think I would do it?"

Charles hesitated one moment; but he caught William's eye, and William's eye and William's face said so plainly "do it," that Charles hesitated no longer, but got on his brother's back. Cuthbert ordered William, who was bare-foot, to put on the discarded shoes and stockings, which William did; and then Cuthbert went toiling up the stony path towards the hall with his brother on his back,—glorying in his penance.

Is this ridiculous? I cannot say I can see it in this light. I may laugh to scorn the religion which teaches men that, by artificially producing misery and nervous terror, and in that state flying to religion as a comfort and refuge, we in any way glorify God, or benefit ourselves. I can laugh, I say, at

a form of religion like this; but I cannot laugh at the men who believe in it, and act up to it. No. I may smoke my pipe, and say that the fool Cuthbert Ravenshoe took off his shoes, and gave them to the groom, and carried a twelve stone brother for a quarter of a mile barefoot, and what a fool he must be, and so forth. But the sneer is a failure, and the laugh dies away; and I say, "Well, Cuthbert, if you are a fool, you are a consistent and manly one at all events."

Let us leave these three toiling up the steep rocky path, and take a glance elsewhere. When the gale had come on, little Mary had left Densil, and, putting on her bonnet, gone down to the beach. She had asked the elder fishermen whether there would be any danger in beaching the boat, and they had said in chorus, "Oh, bless her sweet ladyship's heart, no. The young men would have the tackles on her and have her up, oh, ever so quick;" and so she had been reassured, and walked up and down. But, as the wind came stronger and stronger, and she had seen the last boat taken in half full of water—and as the women kept walking up and down uneasily, with their hands under their aprons—and as she saw many an old eagle eye, shaded by a horny hand, gazing anxiously seaward, at the two brown sails plunging about in the offing—she had lost heart again, and had sat her down on a windlass apart, with a pale face, and a sick heart.

A tall gaunt brown woman came up to her and said,

"My lady musn't fret. My lady would never do for a fisherman's wife. Why, my dear tender flesh, there's a hundred strong arms on the beach now, as would fetch a Ravenshoe out of any where a'most. 'Tis a cross surf, Miss Mary; but, Lord love ye, they'll have the tackles on her afore she's in it. Don't ye fret, dear, don't ye fret."

But she had sat apart and fretted nevertheless; and, when she saw the brown bows rushing madly through the yellow surf, she had shut her eyes and prayed, and had opened them to see the boat on her beam ends, and a dozen struggling figures in the pitiless water.

Then she had stood up and wrung her hands.

They were safe. She heard that, and she buried her face in her hands, and murmured a prayer of thanksgiving.

Some one stood beside her. It was Marston, bareheaded and barefooted.

"Oh, thank God," she said.

"We have given you a sad fright."

"I have been terribly frightened. But you must not stand dripping there. Please, come up, and let me attend you."

So she got him a pair of shoes, and they went up together. The penance procession had passed on before; and a curious circumstance is this, that, although on ordinary occasions Marston was as lively a talker as need be, on this he was an uncommonly stupid one, as he never said one word all the way up to the hall, and then separated from her with a formal little salutation.

To be continued.

GRAINS OF CORN, TAKEN FROM LEGAL MUMMIES.

BY KNIGHTLEY HOWMAN.

"A land of settled Government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From Precedent to Precedent."
TENNYSON.

THERE is a certain triple-arched and bridge-like pile whose influence in creating street difficulties is but too well known to every pilgrim between the city and west-end of London. Bridge-like, overarching, as it does, a living tide such as flows only through the main arteries of the greatest city of the world, its bridge-like functions are limited to that office, for its span is traversed by none save, perchance, the ghostly feet once appertaining to the heads that, of yore, served as its ghastly balustrade.

Time, which has swept away the rival obstructive power of the river—old London Bridge—has dealt more gently with Temple Bar, and but transferred its relative position from the circumference of ancient to the centre of modern London; sparing what appears to be so apt a type of the obstructo-conservative element which pervades the Englishman, and as such the fitting entrance of his traditional metropolis.

There are sermons, as well as songs, "without words," and Temple Bar urges its voiceless text as forcibly, if more silently, than did the preacher of St. Paul's Cross. So thought we, as we marked how the busy circulation of the streets, whose life-blood is human souls, grew languid and stagnant on its approach to this aneurism of the city's heart; how the passenger on horse and on foot, the carriage of the peer, and the costermonger's barrow, the omnibus containing the living (we could not write the *quick*), and the hearse bearing the dead, were wedged in one motionless, entangled, chafing mass of humanity. And as we, in common with some hundreds of fellow-impatients, were at length brought to a full stop, we fell into an unconscious calculation of the sum total of men of business who would make default at their appointments, of the travellers who would miss their trains, and of the number of watches and purses which would prove a harvest to certain conveyancers who figure in a peculiar law-list of their own, and who are ever in professional attendance on such occasions. And somewhat sadly thinking how this scene of daily occurrence typified the spirit of the Englishman, impatient of delay, though long suffering of its cause, we meekly bowed to the Moloch of precedent embodied in that sooty pile which looked down in grim mockery of human impatience, and, as if exulting in the sacrifice of time and temper at which we were a reluctant votary. Standing in close alliance with "the dusky purlieus of the law," it then seemed no unfit representative of the dark side of our legislature—the idea being intensified by the remembrance of the grisly balustrade before alluded to, while the crowd at its foot was equally suggestive of law's delay. Alike in cause and effect, the scene we witnessed shadowed forth the obsoleteness and obstructiveness of another favourite legal edifice of John Bull,—to wit, his Statute-book. Like Temple Bar, the impression it creates depends pretty much on the circumstances under which it is observed; whether by the client weary with all the sickness of hope deferred, or by the student eager in quest of curiosities and

historical associations. For this legal edifice has its picturesque as well as its repulsive aspect. It presents many an ivy-grown and owl-frequented nook, many a shattered, though yet grotesque, effigy of beings that have passed away, and (incongruously enough, withal) the latest improvements of the Cubitts of St. Stephen's, connected with the more antique structure by full many an obscure and lengthy passage.

Of this same ancient building, it is now our purpose to speak; and, as the old housekeeper gossips of the extent, number of rooms, and curiosities of the family mansion, we would say something of the multiplicity of our statutes, their curiosities, and the incongruities they present, disclaiming at the outset any intention of exploring the whole of the vast pile, or of giving a ponderous antiquarian or legal dissertation thereupon.

This same multiplicity of laws is, according to Montesquieu, the price we pay for our freedom. If this be so, and the price paid is in any degree a just measure of value received, any one who turns to our Statute-book will be convinced that the lines prefixed to these remarks contain no empty boast. It is well to be thankful that such is the case; it is also well to remember that they present but one phase of the truth, and that the most flattering to the Englishman. Civilization breeds its intellectual difficulties as well as its physical diseases; and how to deal with our statutes and our sewage seems to be the two main problems which we, "the ancients of the earth," are now, at last, driven to solve. Our national temperament is peculiarly unfavourable to the solution of the former problem, and, meanwhile, the accumulation bids fair to overwhelm us. The "nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari," at this moment recorded in the pages of our Statute-book, is, after the lapse of six centuries and a quarter, as characteristic of our nation as when first uttered by the barons of Henry. Despite our affected enthusiasm in the cause of law-reform, and statute consolidation, our genuine—though sneaking—fondness for all that is ancient in our legislation is precisely such as Bacon would have classified among the "Idola Specus;" or, to use more familiar language than that of the Novum Organum, it is closely akin to that sentiment which the country squire entertains towards his old and well-worn shooting-jacket and small-clothes. Old and threadbare they may be, tight and uncomfortable for the bulky proportions to which he has attained; he will nevertheless patch and repatch them many a time ere he will give up wearing them; and, when dismissed from active service, he will find them a resting-place on the shelf of his wardrobe sooner than make up his mind to part with them for ever.

Now, as Squire Bull is, to say the least, middle-aged among his compeers, and bulky as befits one of ripe middle age and robust constitutional tendency, we shall be right in supposing that his garments, from his infancy downwards, have varied widely both in size and fashion, and have been alike manifold in number and multiform in shape. Coupling this with the fact that his reluctance to part with them amounts well nigh to monomania, and that he was never remarkable for order in the arrangement of his wardrobe, we shall further infer that the said wardrobe, with its accumulated contents and miscellaneous fashions of centuries, will be more suggestive of Rag Fair and Monmouth Street than befits a gentleman of his respectability. And thus in sober earnest, if we open our Statute-book, our wildest notions of confusion will be more than realized. The survey is one of no great difficulty; as, about six years ago, under the auspices of the then existing Statute-Law Commission, a careful examination of the entire body of statutes was undertaken and accomplished, and a catalogue was framed of those which were respectively obsolete, expired, or virtually repealed. The results of these labours are embodied in various Blue-books, and on these we shall venture to draw largely both for facts and statistics. There is a certain

class of books which, to the general reader, are no books, "*Biblia abibla*," as Charles Lamb terms them, and in which he includes "Court Ca- "lendars, Directories, Pocket Books, "Draughtboards bound and lettered on "the back, Almanacs and Statutes at "large, and books which no gentleman's "library should be without," and which, consequently, no gentleman thinks of reading, blue books among the number; and from the two last of these items, viz. Statute-books and Blue-books, will be derived the materials which we shall endeavour to present in as readable a form as the subject will admit of.

The Expurgatory Catalogue above referred to commences with the great Charter of Henry II. and ends with the Parliamentary Session of the year 1853. It extends over no less than 250 pages of Blue-book. The entire report contains much that is curious in facts and figures; of the latter it will suffice to subjoin the following brief extracts, prefacing them with the fact, that in July, 1853, the statutory census amounted to a general total of 39,733 Acts of Parliament, of which is given the annexed classification.

Statistical Account of the Statute-book.

Public General Acts	16,442
Local and Personal Acts	9,058
Private Acts	14,233
	39,733

Of the Public General Acts.

Acts repealed	2,707
Virtually repealed	2,617
Obsolete	436
Expired, or virtually expired . . .	4,287
Relating exclusively to Scotland . .	419
" " Ireland . .	610
" " the Colonies .	400
Of a merely local or personal application	2,468
	13,944

If this number (13,944) be subtracted from the total number of Public General Acts, it will be seen that there are remaining in force 2,498 Public General Acts relating, some to the United Kingdom generally, others exclusively to England, others to Great Britain. Report of Statute-Law Commission, p. 110. (1853.)

Upwards of 10,000 virtually extinct Statutes!—ova of legislation wherein is no vitality! The fact is suggestive of many curious considerations. It has been calculated that a single female fish contains in its body 200,000,000 of eggs, and thus might of itself replenish the seas, were all fostered into life. But this portentous power of reproduction is counterpoised by an infinity of checks. The superfluity of one race is disposed of by the voracity of another, and the balance of nature thus maintained in spite of her prodigality. *We* rival the constructive, but neglect the destructive, process of which nature sets us the example. Our desideratum is an activorous race of animals—a race, unhappily, not yet developed, possibly from the extreme dryness of the food on which they would be doomed to subsist. The difficulty is great, though perhaps not insuperable. Galvanism was said to have produced from flint a species of mite, subsisting, presumably, like mites, on the substance which gave them birth. Why should not the application of the same agent to the Statute-book be crowned with similar success? A strong argument in favour of the experiment lies in the fact that, sixteen years ago, our Statute-law occupied thirty closely-printed volumes, and that they have since that time increased by one-third of that number. And a careful investigation, ranging over a period only commencing with the Union, and terminating with the session of 1858, indicates a sum total of 6,887 Acts—the offspring of our legislation during that interval only.

The main source of the evil, its results, and the remedy proper to counteract it, are thus pointed out.

"The multiplicity of enactments is in a great measure owing to the faulty or unskilful mode in which Amendment Acts are at present drawn up. Instead of being a simple warrant for a new edition of the original act, the act amending it assumes the form of an indepen-

dent enactment; and it takes its place in the Statute-book, not according to the order of subject, but according to the order of date. The error or defect which it is meant to set right may be merely clerical, or one of substance. In either case the course taken is the same; AND THE INQUIRER MUST REFER IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER TO EVERY SUCCEEDING VOLUME IN THE STATUTE BOOK, BEFORE HE IS TOLERABLY SURE THAT HE HAS BEFORE HIM NOT ONLY THE ORIGINAL ENACTMENT, BUT ALSO THE WHOLE OF THE AMENDING ENACTMENTS. We recommend a simpler method for the future. The existing statute-law being once consolidated, all further amendments should be made the object and occasion of a new edition of the original statute; and the amending act should be suffered to remain in force only until such new edition is duly and accurately made; which done, the expiration of the amending act ought to be declared and enacted by an 'expiring laws declaratory repeal act,' to be passed periodically for that purpose."—*Report Stat. Law Commission*, p. 120.

But another phase of this surprising increase is visible in the enormous bulk of legislation which has, in the present day, collected round many special departments of our law, and which, in some cases, equals the total aggregate of our Statute-law of some centuries back. "There is such an accumulation "of statutes (complains Lord Bacon) "concerning one matter, and they so "cross and intricate, that the certainty "is lost in the heap." When this complaint was uttered, the whole of the statutes of the realm occupied less than three volumes. "The law relating to "the Bank of England alone is spread "over several hundreds of statutes" (says the author of a well-known treatise on banking)[1], *and the titles alone of these statutes fill about two hundred pages of the Statute-book.* The Stamp Law is in a still more hopeless state of entanglement. Innumerable alterations have been made since the passing of the General Stamp Act of 1815; but independently of that, the laws affecting those duties date from the time of William and Mary, and various provisions enacted in that reign, and of Anne, and every succeeding sovereign are still in force. "Within the whole range of sub-"jects embraced by the English Statute "Law, there is not one so complicated "and so far beyond the power of ordi-"nary diligence to unravel."[2]

And yet there is hardly a single branch of the law which is oftener brought to bear on the most important transactions of every day life! Again, if we look to the Poor Law, a digest of this subject (completed in 1854 by Mr. Coode, a gentleman peculiarly conversant with the subject), embodied no less than 342 acts of Parliament, consisting of eight thousand, six hundred and thirty-six sections! A draft act for the consolidation of the laws relating to the national debt (prepared by the Statute Law Commission) melts down upwards of one hundred and sixty acts of Parliament.

This unwieldiness, of which it would be easy to multiply examples, perpetuates its own evil. Patchwork legislation is both the result and occasion of the increasing difficulty of obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of even any single branch of the law, and of ascertaining its bearing on the whole. As in the case of modern natural philosophy, the study of law becomes departmental, and the race of great lawyers dwindles into legal mechanics, each conversant with the special wheelwork of his own department, but unable to appreciate its bearing on the entire machine.

It is in many cases true that the division of labour insures its perfection. Thus the vast enlargement of the field of natural science has necessarily divided that field among many labourers, who severally devote themselves to a specific branch of investigation, each willing to abandon so much as is not immediately connected with the peculiar section which he may have chosen. Astronomers are content to divide the heavens among themselves; one will for years patiently contemplate the star dust of the milky way, another will register each meteor as it falls, a third will direct his undivided attention to the motion of "some bright particular star,"—each satisfied with contributing the result of

[1] See Grant on "Banking:" Preface.

[2] Stamp's "Index to the Statutes, title Stamps."

his individual labour to the common fund of knowledge. And experience has proved it to be the best working system for the advancement of natural philosophy. But this does not hold equally good in the science of the law. The view of the true lawyer, whether in the capacity of advocate, judge, or legislator, should be panoramic, as that of a general who would marshal his forces to battle. In the absolute impossibility of obtaining this view, has been the cause of the apparent degeneracy and want of breadth of principle so often apparent in modern legislation, rather than in the punier intellect of the legislator. The burden under which the gigantic intellect of Bacon groaned, augmented as it now is tenfold, may well paralyse, if it does not crush, those who have in the present day to work under it. Expedients and makeshifts are the result. Thrice at least since the beginning of the present century has the entire body of Customs' law been revised and consolidated, and its accumulated provisions brought to a new starting point. Twice within half the same period has the Law of Bankruptcy been consolidated and amended, besides having been the subject of innumerable supplementary enactments; and already a third Bankruptcy Consolidation and Amendment Act is announced as on the eve of maturity. To the same cause may be traced the practice, now happily disused, of including in one statute a multiplicity of enactments relating to subjects perfectly incongruous and disconnected with each other.

The 23d Geo. II. c. 26, is quoted by the commissioners as a specimen of what is familiar to lawyers as a Hodge-podge Act. Its provisions comprise the following miscellaneous items.

Deal Pilots—Excise on Rum—Frauds in Measurements of Coals in Westminster—Locks and Weirs on the Thames—Seamen in the Merchant Service—Preservation of Salmon on the Ribble—Fees in Trial at the Assizes—Justices' Warrants—How long the Excise-office may be kept open—*Turnip Stealing*—and for the Regulation of Attornies and Solicitors.

The connection between Deal pilots and turnip stealing, coupled with the preservation of salmon and the regulations of attornies, is apparently as subtle as the well known derivation of cucumbers from King Jeremiah. Again, in an act for explaining the window tax (20th Geo. II. c. 42) a provision is introduced (section 3), "*that all existing and future "acts which mention England shall also "extend to Berwick-upon-Tweed.*"

Statutes like these form the very Plica Polonica of legislation; the mass becomes difficult to disentangle, and yet more dangerous to cut; and, in addition to the patient's constitutional dislike to change, the morbid growth itself renders change almost impossible. But a further source of difficulty and obscurity exists in the language in which the earlier statutes address themselves to the reader. Up to the 51st *Henry III.* Latin is their language; that statute is, however, the first enacted in French—which is *generally* used up to the 1st Richard III. But to the reign of Edward IV. they were enacted in Latin and Norman-French: the same statute occasionally (as that of Westminster II. c. 48-9), abruptly changing from one tongue to the other. The 34th of Westminster II. is also in French, between two in Latin. The best general rule, says Mr. Daines Barrington, which can be given for an act of Parliament being in Latin or French, is that, when the interests of the clergy are particularly concerned, the statute is in Latin.

The last instance of the use of Norman-French occurs in the reign of Edward V. The 39th Henry VI. the first chapter of which is in French, the second in Latin, is the last enacted in both tongues; and the 33rd Henry VI. is the last wholly in Latin. It is somewhat singular that, after a statute of Edward III. had prohibited the use of the French in law pleadings, it should so long have continued to be the language of the Statute-book. The reason assigned by Mr. Daines Barrington, p. 59, for this incongruity, is that there was a standing committee in Parliament, to receive petitions from the provinces of France, which formerly belonged to the Crown

of England; as these petitions, therefore, were in French, and the answers likewise in that language, it might probably be a reason why all the Parliamentary translations should be in French by way of uniformity. And this conjecture, he adds, is confirmed by the statutes having continued to be in English from the time when we were dispossessed of our French provinces.

Yet more remarkable is it that, although an ordinance of 1650 directed the translation of all the reports from the Law-French into English, and the translation of all the law proceedings from Latin into English, and an ordinance of the following year, that the translation should be referred to the Lords Commissioners, Speaker, and Judges, no means (if we may credit the commissioners), to secure uniformity in the translation of the statutes, should up to the present moment have been taken. In one respect, however, the earlier race of statutes has the advantage over that of later date, viz. in the absence of prolixity and tautology; one of the first, and perhaps most striking examples of which occurs in the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. in an act for the settlement of the Crown.

But, turning awhile from these gloomy statistics, it is refreshing to observe that the law of compensation, universal throughout nature, extends even to the grave subjects here treated of. The most arid desert has its well; the Gentian flower peeps upwards through the Alpine snows; and even the Statute-book contains more than one humorous piece of legislation, worthier perhaps of Theodore Hook than of Solon. Thus in an Act for the Better Regulating of Parish Registers (52nd Geo. III. c. 146) the eighteenth section provides for the application of penalties, and directs that one half of them shall go to the person who shall inform, or sue for the same, and the remainder to the poor of the parish. The only penalty, imposed by the Statute, is that of *transportation for fourteen years.* Even our very efforts in the cause of statutory reform, like efforts alien to the nature of those who make them, are apt to savour of the ludicrous. Like Mr. Caxton, we become the fathers of anachronisms, and of the strangest kind. Thus the introduction of free-trade precedes the abolition of an act which prohibits the wearing of cloth buttons; and Railway Legislation is well nigh contemporaneous with an Act for the Repeal of the Ordeal of Battle.

Our love of precedent is, by the by, well instanced in the mode in which one of our earliest legal writers commends this same ordeal of battle to his countrymen. The author[1] of the "Miroir des Justices" urges that the appeal of battle is allowable *upon the warrant of the combat between David and the people of Israel for the one part, and Goliath for the Philistines of the other part.* A reason which, says Blackstone, Pope Nicholas I. very seriously decides to be inconclusive. The consequences of the non-repeal of this obsolete custom are remarkable. For, though at the time when Blackstone thus wrote, the last occasion on which this appeal had been resorted to was on the Northern Circuit in 1638, and the practice had, with one exception, remained dormant since the third year of the reign of Elizabeth, it slept but to revive in the memory of the present generation. This was in the celebrated case of Ashford *v.* Thornton, which occurred on the Midland Circuit in 1817, and led to the final abolition of the practice two years later by the 59th Geo. III. c. 46.

It is perhaps less remarkable that the nineteenth century, which has witnessed a widely-spread belief in "spirit-rapping," should have retained, even subsequently to the abolition of the ordeal of battle, a statute against witchcraft. But such is the fact; for the 28th Eliz. cap. 2, an Irish Statute against Witchcraft, made by an Irish Parliament, was only repealed in 1821 by 1st, 2nd Geo. IV. c. 18.

[1] "Reputed to be Andrew Horne, a native of Gloucester. Lord Coke supposes the greater part of it to have been written previously to the Conquest, and that Horne added many things to it in the reign of Edward the First." —*Crabbe's History of English Law*, p. 214.

It is well that we should be reminded of our own inconsistencies. Loudly as we censure our American brothers for retaining the institution of slavery, and boast, if truly at least somewhat pharisaically, "that we are not as other men," "in our self-laudation we find it conve-" nient to ignore its recent existence in "our own island." It is, perhaps, but natural that Tony Foster the Puritan should avoid any allusions to the peccadilloes of Tony Fire the Faggot! Though the last claim of villanage in the records of English courts was made as far back as the 15th of James I.,[1] and even at an earlier period it had well-nigh disappeared, it is most true that slavery existed in Scotland till actually within eight years of the act which crowned Wilberforce's labour.

Witness the preamble of an act passed in 1799 (39th Geo. III. c. 56), which runs as follows :—

"Whereas, before the passing of an Act of the fifteenth of his present Majesty, many Colliers, Coalbearers, and Salters *were bound for life to, and transferable with, the Collieries and Salt works where* they worked, but by the said Act their Bondage was taken off and they were declared to be free, *notwithstanding which many Colliers and Coalbearers and Salters still continue in a state of Bondage from not having complied with the Provisions, or from having become subject to the Penalties of that Act.*"

It then proceeds to declare them free from servitude, as if they had obtained a decree under the preceding act of 1775, to which it alludes, and which commences in these significant terms :—

"Whereas by the Statute Law of Scotland as explained by the Judges of the Court of Law there, many Colliers and Coalbearers and Salters are in a state of Slavery or Bondage, bound to the Collieries and Salt works, where they work for life, transferable with the Collieries and Salt works when their original masters have no further use for them."

"That," said Tony, on being reminded of the share he had in broiling two heretical bishops, "that was while I was in "the gall of bitterness and bond of ini-" quity, and applies not to my walk or "my ways now that I am called forth "into the lists!"

A curious contrast to the tendency to perpetuity and precedent exhibited in our own legislation may be found in the fundamental constitutions of Carolina, framed by the celebrated John Locke. To avoid the confusion arising from multiplicity of laws, all acts of the provincial Parliament were appointed to endure only one hundred years, after which they were to cease and expire of themselves, without the formality of an express repeal; and, to avoid the perplexity created by a multiplicity of commentators, all written comments whatever on the fundamental constitutions, or on any part of the common or statute laws of Carolina, were strictly prohibited. Equally instructive is the contrast presented by the brief existence of this constitution, transplanted as it was ready-made into the colony, compared with that of our own country, which has been the growth of the habits, feelings, and prejudices of centuries. The constitutions of Carolina lasted only some thirty years, being framed in 1668, and formally abrogated in 1700; when, "because they had no root they withered away." So true was the saying of Sir James Mackintosh, "*that constitutions are not made, but grown!*" On the other hand it would almost seem that the offspring of our own legislation laboured under the fatal gift of Tithonus, that of immortality without youth; or that, like the race of Swift's ghastly imagination, although useless, impotent, and unintelligible by reason of their great age, they were physically incapable of death.

The miserable race of Laputa has yet many an antitype in our own Statute-book, although but three years ago an Act for the repeal of disused Statutes annihilated one hundred and nineteen of these legal Struldbrugs, and consigned them to that limbo of Milton, whither works,

"Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on earth, fleet ever and in vain,
Till final dissolution wander there,
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dreamed."

Paradise Lost, Book III. 456.

[1] See II. "State Trials," p. 342.

The act alluded to is the 19th and 20th of her present Majesty, c. 64, which received the royal assent on the 21st of May, 1856; and it is worthy of remark that the majority of the statutes which figure in this obituary are pointed out by the Statute Law Commission of 1834 (twenty-two years previously) as proper subjects for repeal; a fair sample of the *vis inertiæ* inseparable from Legislative Reform. But, in protesting against delay of this nature, we must not lose sight of the fact that hasty and inconsiderate repeal defeats its own object, and complicates the difficulties which it would fain remove. A single instance cited by the Commission will suffice as illustration. A portion of the 13th Eliz. c. 20, makes void all charges or benefices having a cure attached to them. This was repealed by a Statute which was itself subsequently repealed. The result verified the description of Hudibras, of

"The rectifier of wry Law,
Who would make three to cure one flaw."

For by the repeal of Statute number two, the Statute number one revived;[1] but, before its resuscitation was discovered, many mortgages and other charges had been made under the advice of counsel of eminence, which were invalid, and as such were declared void by the decisions of the Courts, to the no small discomfiture of those who had advanced their money on a supposed legal security.

We must, however, accept this Act of 1856 as an instalment, albeit a tardy one, of the destructive progress which is the first advance towards reconstruction. The obituary which it contains (small as is the proportion it bears to the mass which has formed the material of Mr. Froude's recent work) presents a very curious longitudinal section of English history.

Perchance it might be no impossible feat for some historical Cuvier, who may disinter these fragments (when all other traces of the English constitution are merged in oblivion), to reconstruct from them a tolerably faithful ideal of what was the whole, of which this once formed a part.

With the reader's permission we will select a few specimens of this legislation of bygone days; and, if we wander with him into a by-lane from the somewhat dry and dusty main road of our subject, we will venture to hope that the ramble may be not without its interest.

One of the earliest on the list is the tenth of Edward the Third, called the Statute of Nottingham, "De Cibariis utendis." The preamble is very characteristic, and the whole will be best appreciated in the original language and spelling.

"Pur ce qe avant ces heures par outrajouses et trop maneres de coustouses viandes qe les gentz du Roialme unt usez plus que nul part aillours moultz des mescheefs sont avenuz as gentz du dit Roialme . . . nostre Seigneur le Roi ad ordene qe nul de quel estat ou condition qil soit se face servir en son houstel ne nul part aillour a diner manger ne souper ne nul autretemps forsque de deux cours et chacun mees de maneres des viandes a plus soient ils des chares ove des peschons ov communes pottages sans sawes forspriz le plus grantz festes del an cest assavoir la veile et le jour de Noel, le jour de St. Estiephne le jour del au renoef, les jours de la Typhanei—queux festes et jours chescun se puisse servir de trois cours aux plus en la manere avant dit."

But our obituary of 1856 presents yet quainter specimens. A little farther down in the list appears the 4th of Henry IV. c. 27, bearing for title, "There shall be no Wasters or Vagabonds in Wales:"—

"Item pur eschuir pluseurs diseases et meschiefs quont advenuz devant ces heures en la terre des Gales par pluseurs Westours, rymours ministralx et autres vacabondes, ordeignez est et etabliz que nul westour rymour ministrall ne vacabond soit aucunement sustenuz en la terre de Galles pur faire Kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune people illoeques."

As a pendant to the above, and also, perhaps unadvisedly, repealed four years ago, the 1st of Henry VI. is entitled, "What sort of Irishmen may come to England." It runs thus:—

"Forasmuch as divers Manslaughters, Murders, Rapes, Riots, conventicles, and offences now late have been done in England by people born in Ireland repairing to the Town of Oxenford and there dwelling under the Jurisdiction of the University of Oxenford, it is enacted

[1] See Report of 1834.

that all people born in Ireland shall depart the Realm within one month after the proclamation of this ordinance upon pain to lose their goods and be imprisoned at the King's will; saving graduates of the University and such as could find surety."

The 4th Henry V. stat. 2. c. 6, is also levelled against Irishmen, and imposes penalties on Irish prelates for "bringing an Irishman to Parliament "to discover the counsels of Englishmen "to rebels." Still more severe are the provisions of 22d Henry VIII. entitled, "An Act against Egyptians" (better known under the modern appellation of gipsies), declaring, "that none of those "outlandish people, calling themselves "Egyptians, are to be suffered to come "within the king's realm, but be com- "manded to avoid it within fifteen days "of this commandment on pain of im- "prisonment and loss of goods." And, by 1st and 2d of Philip and Mary, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, for Egyptians to remain one month within the realm.

But a little farther on we find traces of even a worse plague than that of Irishmen and Egyptians. The fearful sweating sickness which swept over England in the reign of the Seventh Henry has left its imprint in the form of "An Act against Upholsterers:"—

"Forasmuch as by the manufacture of certain corrupt stuffs in Featherbeds whereof by the heat of mans body the savour and taste is so abominable and contagious that many of the King's subjects have been thereby destroyed, be it ordained that from henceforth no person ne persons shall make, utter or put to sale in Fairs ne in Markets within this realm any Featherbeds bolsters or pillows except they be stuffed with one manner of stuffe, that is to say with dry pulled feathers, or else with cleane downe alone, and with no scalded feathers nor Fen down nor other unlawful and corrupt stuffs as is before rehearsed, *but utterly be damned for ever.*"[1]

It would seem that birds of ecclesiastical plumage, whether in feathers or flocks, found little favour in the eyes of Henry VIII. Indeed, the following act reads almost as a symbol of, and satire on, the work of extermination which marked the reign of that monarch, and, in the doom of rook and crow, furnishes a true augury of that which awaited the monk and friar, round whose shady cloisters they were wont to build.

"Forasmuch as innumerable Rooks Crows and Choughs do daily breed and increase throughout this Realm which Rooks Crows and Choughs do yearly destroy devour and consume a wonderful and marvellous great quantity of Corn and grain of all kinds, that is to wit as well in the sowing of the same Corn and Grain as also at the ripening and kenelling of the same, and over that a marvellous destruction and decay of the covertures of thatched houses, Barns, Reeks and stacks and other such like; Every one shall do his best to destroy Crows etc. upon pain of amerciament. Every town Hamlet etc. shall provide and maintain Crow nets during ten years. The inhabitants shall during Ten years assemble and take order to destroy Crows and Rooks. The defaults shall be given in charge of (Court) Leets. Any man with licence of the owner of the ground may take Crows &c. The taker of Crows shall have after the rate of twopence the dozen. None under pretence of this Act shall kill Pigeons, upon pain limited by the Laws and Customs of the Realm."

The former part of the above statute, which is here cited at length, gives a specimen of the verbosity and repetition which has been before noticed as characteristic of the enactments of this reign.

The list from which these selections have been given, furnishes a very curious epitome of the restrictions to which trade in its infancy was subjected. The swaddling-clothes and leading-strings of the infant were retained, as if in testimony of the robustness of the constitution which could survive such restrictions, and thus were not dismissed as repealed until some time after the adoption of free trade by this country. Hardly any department was exempted from the supervision of the State; and how strict was that supervision may be judged from a few from the many instances that might be selected.

The 13th Richard II. c. 8, directs

[1] *I.e.* the stuffs, not the upholsterers, as might at first appear. So (by 3 Henry VIII. c. 4) the Lord Mayor is empowered to *damn* and cast away unlawful oils; the modern equivalent of speech being simply "condemn," as we now speak of goods condemned by the Custom House. In this sense the word is used in the Communion Service of our Prayer-Book, "eat and drink to their own *damnation*, not considering," &c.

that the rates of labourers' wages shall be assessed and proclaimed by justices of the peace, who shall make proclamation by their discretion, according to the dearth of victuals, how much every mason, carpenter, tiler, and other craftsmen, as well in harvest as in other time of the year, after their degree, shall take by the day, with or without meat and drink.

Victuallers "shall have reasonable "gains according to the discretion and "limitation of the said justices, and no "more, upon pain to be grievously "punished according to the discretion of "the said Justices."

And "no Hosteller shall make horse "bread in his Hostelry, nor without, but "bakers shall make it."

If on the one hand we find that trade in its infancy was fettered by close restrictions, it is equally plain on the other that the infant was by no means exempt from original sin. We are somewhat too inclined to adopt the theory of a well-known statesman on the subject, who declared that "all babies were born good," and to believe that the frauds of trade were wholly due to its riper years, and the maturer development of the present day.

> "But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind;
> Who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's wares or his word?"

Such is the poet's bitter comment on our present code of mercantile morality. But there is enough even on this list of repealed Statutes to disabuse us of any idea of its purity in former times, although the rogue of the nineteenth century undoubtedly cheats both more cleverly, and on a far greater scale, than did his forefathers.

So also, war was conducted on far more scientific principles, and the numbers of slain were far greater, in the trenches of Sebastopol than at the battle of Hastings. But, as we should hardly argue that the modern soldier is more bloodthirsty than his predecessors of olden time, so do we hold the theory of the increase of commercial immorality to be equally untenable; admitting nevertheless that the victims are more numerous, and the engines more cunningly devised. Our entire Statute-book is indeed a practical comment on the words of the wise man of old, "Say "not thou What is the cause that the for-"mer days were better than these, for "thou dost not inquire wisely concerning "this."

The race of swindling clothiers seems to be of ancient date, if we may judge from the following statute, the 11th Henry VII. c. 28. "To avoid deceitful sleights used upon fustians."

> "For that divers persons by subtil and undue sleights and means have deceivably imagined and contrived instruments of Iron, with the which Iron in the most highest and secret places of their houses, they strike and draw the said Irons over the said fustians unshorn, by means whereof they pluck off both the Nap and Cotton of the said Fustians and break commonly both the ground and Threads in sunder; and after by crafty sleeking they make the same Fustians to appear to the Common people fine whole and sound; and also they raise up the cotton of such Fustians, and then they take a light candle and set it in the Fustian burning, which singeth and burneth away the cotton of the same Fustian from the one end to the other down to the hard threads instead of shearing, and after that put them in colour, and so subtilly dress them that their false work cannot be espied—and so by such subtilties, whereas Fustians made in doublets were wont and might endure the space of two years and more, will not endure now whole by the space of four months scarcely, to the great hurt of the poor Commons and serving men of this Realm."

For remedy the Act prohibits the dressing of Fustians "save with the "broad shears, upon pain of forfeiture "of twenty shillings."

Wax was adulterated by being mingled with rosin, tallow, and turpentine; and hence an Act of Elizabeth, "touching the true making and melting of wax," by a clause in which penalties are imposed for "corrupting honey," and trade forgeries, "by counterfeiting of marks or marking with another's mark," are rendered punishable by the Court of Chancery.

Earlier still, the 27th Edward VI. complains of certain deceitful forged Iron, called Bilbow Iron, like to the fashion and manner of Gadds of steel, whereby the greatest part of edged

tools and weapons are of little or no value or goodness; and imposes a penalty of fourpence on each forged gad.

The 19th Henry VII. bears the somewhat singular title of "*Pewterer's walking*," and is levelled against travelling tinkers and traffickers in metal, the prototypes in fact of our modern "Marine Storedealer." They appear to have been somewhat sharp practitioners, if we may credit the statement of the Act, that

> "They have deceivable and untrue Beams and Scales, so that one of them would stand even with Twelve Pounds weight at one end against a quarter of a pound at the other end, to the singular advantage of themselves, and to the great deceit and loss of your subjects buyers and sellers with them."

"The thing that hath been it is that "which shall be, and that which is done "is that which shall be done; and there "is no new thing under the sun." This text is true alike of evil deeds and good intentions; and of the latter, the reform of our Statute-book is a fitting instance. The cry for the remedy, like the grievance against which it is the protest, is no new one. Generation after generation has raised it, and generation after generation has but transmitted to its successor a weightier burden than that under which itself had groaned. With but few exceptions each law-maker has but added a stone to the mighty cairn under which justice now struggles, well-nigh overwhelmed. Those who would search into the history of this subject (a melancholy chronicle of theory halting on the threshold of practice, of good intentions unfulfilled, and grand schemes abandoned) will find a compendious abstract in the report on the consolidation of the Statute Law of 1835. They will find how good King Edward the Sixth has recorded his wish that, "when time "shall serve, the superfluous and tedious "Statutes were brought into one sum "together, and made more plain and "short to the intent that men might "better understand them." They will find how, under Queen Elizabeth, Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon drew out a short plan for reducing and printing the Statutes of the Realm. How Sir Francis his son, in conjunction with Noy and others, actually made considerable progress in arranging what his master, James the First, termed "the crosse and cuffing Statutes." How with the fall of the minister the work itself fell to the ground. How the undertaking was resumed during the usurpation of Cromwell, and how committees were formed, whose reports and proceedings are now untraceable as the dust of those who presided at them. How, subsequently to the Restoration, a Committee was appointed in 1666, to confer with gentlemen of the long robe, and the conference was just as ineffectual as those which had preceded it. How Mr. Pepys the garrulous discoursed with Mr. Prynne the learned "about the laws of England, "which he is about to abstract out of, "all of a sort, and which, as he lives "and Parliaments come, he will get put "into Laws, and other Statutes repealed: "and then it will be short work to know "the Law."

Alas, Mr. Prynne lived and died, and Parliaments came and went, and "the work to know the law" got longer and longer! In 1806, the Commissioners of Public Records "turned their attention to"—the old story. In 1816, the House of Lords "came to "two resolutions declaring the expe-"diency of &c. &c." In 1826 their Lordships' attention is called by the Commissioners of the Revenue "to the confusion and difficulty in forming accurate conclusions as to the real state of the Law relative to their department. In 1833 the Committee of the House on Fisheries recommend a division of the Statutes in their department, "as being very numerous, and "filled with inconsistent, partial, and "imperfect regulations." And so we come to the year 1835, when Commissioners are appointed to inquire into the consolidation of the Statute Law; and then, after the production of a little Blue-book, the subject, exhausted by the effort, takes a nap of about twenty years or so, and wakes up in a fresh Commission of

1855. This Commission has for issue a few more and bigger Blue-books, and ultimately, on the refusal of the House to vote the funds necessary to defray the expenses of its continuation, joins the ghosts of its predecessors, furnishing to the history "a conclusion wherein nothing is concluded," at once lame, impotent, and appropriate. The results actually effected are at present lamentably disproportionate to the efforts made, and expenses incurred, though the future is big with promise. Even whilst these lines are being written, a further and far more extensive repeal of obsolete statutes is about to take place, and a posthumous child of the defunct Statute Commission of more gigantic proportions than his elder brethren, in the form of a consolidation of the Criminal Law, is announced as shortly coming to the birth. The work has been already attempted and partially effected by the Acts of the late Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Lansdown.

The Law of Bankruptcy is also to be remodelled; though this department of our Law has within little more than ten years formed the subject of a tolerably expansive piece of legislation—as any one who looks to the two hundred and seventy-eight sections of an Act passed in the twelfth and thirteenth years of her present Majesty, entitled "the Bankrupt Law Consolidation Act, 1859," will be in condition to testify. The Acts of the late Sir John Jervis, which consolidate and embody the entire system of magistrates' procedure, form notable results of well-directed efforts towards simplifying our Code. But perhaps the healthiest and most vigorous symptoms of modern legislation are to be found in the series of Consolidation Acts, framed during the present reign, of which a list is subjoined. It is impossible to over-estimate their value as checks to the morbid growth of our Statute-book, induced by the ever increasing demands of human progress and civilization. Each of the following Acts can be incorporated by reference into any fresh Act falling within its special province. The testimony given in the report of the Statute Commission of 1853-4, "that the total amount of saving "of repetition effected by their adoption "might then be safely estimated in round "numbers at a *hundred thousand pages* "*of Statute-book*," is the best comment on their practical value. And the result of the six years which have since elapsed would greatly add to its force.

List of Consolidation Acts. Report of Commission of 1853-4, p. 210.

	Number of Statutes by which the Consolidation Acts were adopted.
Companies' Clauses Act	538
Lands Clauses	878
Railway Clauses	371
Markets and Fairs	37
Gas Companies	55
Commissioners' Clauses Act	72
Waterworks	60
Towns Improvement	39
Cemeteries	12
Towns Police	30
Public Health	40
Lands Clauses (amendment, Ireland)	
General Inclosure	115

To these results of past and promises of future legislation, we should in fairness add, by way of assets, the valuable stock in hand resulting from the labours of Mr. Anstey and other gentlemen, acting under the Statute Law Commission; which will form a sound basis for any future reconstruction of our Statute-book.

It speaks not a little for the energy and ability of those who are charged with the administration of justice, that they do their work under a pressure such as has been but imperfectly indicated. Enactments have accumulated much in the ratio of our National Debt, and we pay a heavy interest in the delay and uncertainty inseparable from conflicting legislation and overgrown precedent. The collection at length "æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi." We hail the repeal of the obsolete as the adoption of a safety-valve for brains and bookshelves labouring under a perilously high pressure, and welcome Consolidation as the condensing apparatus most efficient in aid of the Safety-Valve.

SANT' AMBROGIO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSTI.

The "Sant' Ambrogio' of Giusti is one of his most peculiar and beautiful poems. Commencing in his ordinary tone of laughing satire and bitterly delicate irony, couched in the plainest and most vernacular Tuscan, it rises into a tenderness of sentiment, and a loftiness of poetical expression, of which his usual style might hardly be supposed capable. In the form of a letter to the Imperial Viceroy, the Governor of Milan, or the head of the police in Lombardy, Giusti describes his sudden revulsion of feeling towards the human instruments of the Austrian tyranny, on finding himself one day in the same congregation with an Austrian regiment in the Milanese church of St. Ambrose. He enters the church with the ordinary suppressed disgust of an Italian at the sight of the white uniforms, which meet him in his own streets every day, and whose sturdy wearers are placed there to keep him and his nation in enforced peace and stagnation. He leaves it with a feeling that, after all, these hated tools of foreign despotism, whether Croats, Hungarians, or Bohemians, are his brothers in common servitude as well as in common humanity. The machinery of the composition is too simple to need any remark. Many of Giusti's poems may fairly be qualified as quite untranslatable; and the "Sant' Ambrogio," though more capable of translation than his satirical lyrics, is yet one which it is most difficult to render adequately. Any reader whom the subjoined version may entice into the study of the original will be well repaid by learning to what a pitch of strength and sweetness the compact harmony of the most familiar Italian language can reach in the nineteenth century.

The poem itself was written in the end of 1846. What was true then of Lombardy and Venetia alike, is now true of Venetia only. The churches of Venice and Verona are still, in 1861, liable to be filled with Austrian uniforms, and to echo to German hymns, in the sight and hearing of many Italians who know Giusti's lines by heart, and feel their beauty. But the fourteen years of history which have intervened between the composition of this poem and the present moment have familiarized not only Italy but Austria with the truth and the depth of the sentiment which its stanzas convey. Let us hope that sooner or later she will draw and put in use the only true moral.

Your Excellency looks with sapient frown
  On my poor jests that catch the vulgar ear,
And for an "Anti-Austrian" sets me down
  Because I'd have all scamps the galleys fear:—
Listen, and what befel me in this town,
  Strolling one morning lately, you shall hear,
How, suddenly, upon a church I came—
St. Ambrose's, you know, of ancient name.

Entering, I found a warlike congregation,
  A mass of soldiers of that northern make—
Bohemian they might be, or else Croatian—
  Planted, as in a vineyard, stake by stake:
Indeed, like very stakes they kept their station,
  Drilled in a rigid order none might break:
With tow moustachios, and those stolid faces,
Stuck up like spindles round the holy places.

I shrank a little, for—excuse me, Sir,
But to deny the fact I won't endeavour—
Certain antipathies within me stir;
(You're raised above them, by official favour;)
A smell—a very odious smell—was there;
Saving your presence, 'twas a tallowy savour,
That seemed in this fair temple to exhale
From even the high altar's candles pale.

But, when the officiating priest retired
To consecrate the mystic elements,
With sudden sweetness was my soul inspired
By rising harmony of instruments:
From martial trumpets blown, the notes expired
Softly, like voice of prayer from warrior-tents
Of people under deep oppression lying,
And for their long-lost treasures fondly sighing.

Verdi's the work—that cry to Heaven up-flung
By hapless Lombards that of thirst are dying:
"Lord, from our childhood's homes," thus it has rung
To many a heart with ardent leap replying;
I know not how, I too was all unstrung,
Drawn by a strange emotion in me crying
"These are thy fellow-men"—and at the word
Unwittingly I mingled with the herd.

Well, Sir, 'twas natural—the music fine,
Our own besides, and admirably played;
And, if to spells of art the mind incline,
Prejudice soon is thrust into the shade.
But, when the sounds had ceased, my fancy's line
I straight drew in—when lo! on me was played
Another trick—at least I found it so,
For from those dormouse lips in frigid row

A German chant, with slow and soft vibration,
Rose on the sacred air toward God's throne;
A prayer, but falling like a lamentation,
So liquid, earnest, reverent in tone,
That still my heart recalls the strange pulsation,
And marvels how those carcases o'ergrown,
Those wooden-throated blocks from northern clime,
Could breathe a sweetness of such heavenly chime.

A mournful tenderness the hymn pervaded,
As when the simple notes in childhood heard
Fall in their later years on spirits jaded,
And all domestic memories are stirred;
A mother's darling face, seen yet unfaded,
A longing after love and peace deferred,
A horror of long exile: all my sense
Delirious ran with the strange eloquence.

And, when 'twas hushed, thus spoke my heart, affected
By earnest thoughts more gentle and more grave :—
"A fearful king, who needs must be protected
"Alike from Lombard impulse and from Slave,
"Sends hither, abjects to hold us subjected,
"These men, whom from their distant homes he drave,
"From their own lakes and hills, no respite given,
"Like herds to winter in the marshes driven.

"Through dreary work and discipline severe,
"Speechless, derided, lonely, they drag on,
"Blind instruments of one whose sight is clear
"For rapine—aim perchance to them unknown ;
"And, if the course of years brings not more near
"The Lombard to the German, blame alone
"Him who by discord reigns, and shrinks from dealing
"With adverse races linked in brother-feeling.

"Poor fellows ! far from all that's dear and kind,
"A soil whose growth is hate for ever pacing,
"Who knows but in the bottom of their mind
"The Sovereign to Jericho they're chasing :
"I'll wager, their disgust lags not behind—
"— Off, quick ! or I shall find myself embracing
"Some corporal, with his doughty walnut mace
"Rigidly planted in his proper place."

A LETTER ON "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

TO THE EDITOR OF MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I am not sure whether you will regard the subject of "Essays and Reviews," and the storm now raging in connexion with that remarkable book, as one suitable for introduction into your pages. Certainly if it is to be dealt with as one of purely theological controversy you will decide against it, and if I were intending to treat the book from this point of view I should solicit the indulgence of some other editor; but it appears to me that there is one aspect of the book, and its concomitant storm, which is independent of questions technically theological, which is deeply interesting to intelligent lay people, and which may therefore, with advantage, be offered to the readers of your magazine.

It is dangerous, in the midst of a great ferment, to accuse the great and overwhelming majority of being mad, because there is the obvious probability, not to say certainty, of the charge being retorted and of being outvoted. Nevertheless, experience teaches us that in both religious and political matters large bodies of men are liable to panic, and that in the midst of panic exaggerated views are taken of men and things which are almost incredible to minds in a condition of calm equilibrium. The state of feeling in this country, on occasion of the papal aggression, in the matter of ecclesiastical titles, fostered as it was by the notable Durham letter, is a recent case in point. Is the excitement now stirred up by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" of this kind? Is the Church, and is a part of the nation, now in a condition of

panic? These are questions which, at all events, are worth asking; and if they can be answered in anything approaching the affirmative, a few quiet remarks, tending to lead thinking people to a just appreciation of the real condition of things, may be not without interest and value.

Now, it is not my intention to attempt a complete discussion of the volume which has given rise to a movement throughout the country in some respects almost unparalleled. This would require another volume, or at least an elaborate review, and a review not suited to your pages. My purpose is, with your permission, to put before your readers one single and simple view of the subject, which seems to me of first-rate importance, and also very likely to be overlooked by many in their panic-stricken zeal. I wish to make it appear that the present vigorous and almost unanimous outcry against the writers of "Essays and Reviews" may, if not tempered with discretion, have an effect different from that which sober reflecting people would most desire. It may overshoot its mark: the artillery aimed against the enemy may be so heavily shotted as to explode and do mischief in the camp of truth; not only may rationalism receive, as it is intended that she should receive, a heavy blow and great discouragement, but reason may be put to shame, and reasonable investigation of things divine (the highest aim of the human intellect) may be discouraged for the next half-century.

Fearing, as I do, the possible results of the existing excitement against "Essays and Reviews," I am not altogether surprised at it; and I will set down briefly a few points which seem to explain the excitement, and even in a certain manner to justify it.

1. It can scarcely be denied that some of the writers, though not all, make statements which it is (to say the least) difficult to reconcile with that view of the Christian revelation in general, and of the character of the Bible in particular, to which six out of seven of the writers are pledged as priests of the English Church. The consternation of friends, and the exulting joy of foes, combine to prove this. According to some, every important doctrine of Christianity, or thereabouts, has been flatly denied. This is an exaggeration; but, to take examples, prophecy and miracles are both very roughly handled, and even where no case can be made out for a board of heresy, there is frequently a tone of writing which, to the great majority of Christians, cannot fail to be very strange and very painful.

2. It must also be admitted that there is in one of the contributions—the review of Baron Bunsen's "Biblical Researches"—a tone of remark which is so offensive as to have the appearance of being intended to vex and insult. For my own part I would willingly acquit the writer of such intention; nevertheless, if the charge should be made, it would seem to be one difficult to refute. Take the following specimen:—"The attitude of too many "English Scholars," writes Dr. Williams, "before the last monster out of the deep, "is that of the degenerate Senators before "Tiberius. They stand, balancing terror "against mutual shame. Even with those "in our universities who no longer repeat "fully the required Shibboleths, the ex-"plicitness of truth is rare. He who "assents most, committing himself least "to baseness, is reckoned wisest." If this charge be true, it certainly discloses an alarming condition of things; and it must be a satisfaction to Cambridge that she has one divine at least who shows no facility of assent to ordinary views; but, however this be, no one can be surprised that a review written in harmony with the above extract should be received with groans and hisses.

3. The circumstance of six clergymen coming forward for the purpose of enlightening their brethren on theological matters of the deepest moment, in conjunction with one who has acknowledged his own views to be inconsistent with the reception of holy orders, could not fail to make simple folks rub their eyes and wonder whether they were or were not dreaming. The fact of such a union may be a significant sign of the times; I think it is: but certainly it is one

which could hardly fail to bring into suspicion the orthodoxy of the clerical contributors, and to cause great doubts as to the safety and wisdom of the "free handling" which the volume recommends and exemplifies.

4. It is impossible to admit the plea that each contributor is only answerable for his own production. While the internal evidence quite supports the allegation that the several essays were written independently, there is equal evidence of a common purpose; they are connected as examples of "free handling," and the practical English intellect will never disconnect them. At all events, when the English intellect has taken this view, there is no way of disabusing it except a formal dissolution of partnership; and until this has been effected, no writer must complain if popularly he be considered as subscribing to the views of each of the others.

Thus much for the charges against the Essayists and Reviewers. For myself, I am quite prepared to grant the substantial reality of the charges; and I do not altogether regret the storm which the book has raised, because that storm does certainly testify to a wide-spread amount of religious earnestness, however true it may be that the earnestness is in many cases mixed with ignorance and conjoined with much narrow-mindedness. But grant that the grounds of complaint are well founded, still it does not follow that there is nothing to be said for the writers, or that it is wise to join in an indiscriminate effort to silence them, and shame them by censures, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise.

I. In the first place, take a broad view of the subject, depending upon a quaint and wise maxim of Coleridge. "Until," said Coleridge, "you under-"stand a man's ignorance, suppose your-"self to be ignorant of his understanding." Now, if these writers were in reality and in heart the *septem contra Christum*, which they have been represented to be, we should certainly have in the "Essays and Reviews" one of the most remarkable specimens of literary turpitude that ever came from the press. That six clergymen—to say nothing of the layman—should combine for the purpose of undermining the faith of Christians in Him whom they all own as their Master and their Lord, must indeed be a fact of which the strangeness would be surpassed only by its abominable wickedness. I am not now saying that the views of the clergymen in question are orthodox, or that the remark just made is even an argument in favour of their orthodoxy. I am only suggesting that it is almost incredible that they should have consciously combined with an anti-Christian purpose—that the supposition is almost too horrible to be entertained. Yet this is, I fancy, hardly an exaggeration of the view taken by some good people. It is said that clergymen have openly written infidelity; it is implied that they have endeavoured to make their brethren infidels. To say nothing, however, of the character of the writers—to say nothing of the positive absurdity of attributing such a design to Dr. Temple (for example) or to Professor Jowett—the internal evidence of the book negatives the supposition. It is, I think, clear that, speaking generally, the writers offer their thoughts to their countrymen with the persuasion that the candid consideration of their thoughts will make them better Christians—with the firm belief that they are fighting *for* Christ, not *against* Him, with the desire of removing obstacles in the way of men coming to Christ. The writers may do their work in a very clumsy manner; they may, by their clumsiness, play into the hands of those who would deny Christ altogether; it might have been much better for the Church, and the world too, if they had left essaying and reviewing alone; it may even be that at this present time some of them in their hearts think so themselves; but still we cannot support the notion of the writers being consciously *contra Christum;* and it remains for us not so much to scold them, and tell them that they are *contra Christum,* and shall be so, as to grant the honesty of the writers, and then inquire how it has

come about that the clergy and laity of England have looked so severely upon an effort (by hypothesis) well meant, and how it can be that such different views can be taken by two parties having the same facts before them.

II. In order to help us in this inquiry, it will be well, if possible, to bring under one view the several works which constitute the volume of "Essays and Reviews." I do not wish to assert any organic connexion, which the authors would themselves disallow, but only to endeavour to put in some kind of formula that general kind of mutual relationship, which certainly impresses the reader of the book with a sense of unity in plurality.

May it not be said, then, that the "Essays and Reviews," in the order in which they stand, treat of Holy Scripture as follows?—

(1.) In its relation to conscience.

(2.) In its historical and prophetical character.

(3.) With reference to its miraculous contents.

(4.) With reference to ideological, as contrasted with literal, interpretation.

(5.) In its connexion with the conclusions of science.

(6.) With regard to the general principles of interpretation.

The numbers above refer to the "Essays and Reviews" in the order in which they stand in the volume. I omit the sixth, because it seems to be generally allowed to have had no share in producing the feeling of excitement and opposition. It will be enough for my purpose to direct attention to the six which I have numbered and described; and the most important remark suggested by the description is also, perhaps, the most obvious one—namely, that the six "Essays and Reviews," regarded in their bearing upon Holy Scripture (and this, be it observed, is the only light in which I am regarding them), do in reality stir up some of the deepest and most important questions with which theological thinkers can busy themselves. They are not new questions, of course; few questions, comparatively speaking, are new in the present day; and even if all that is said in the volume has been said before by German neologians, which may or may not be true, still the essential importance of the questions is not diminished—rather is it proved that the questions are of a kind which will force themselves upon the attention of minds of a certain class or certain construction, and certain educational habits, and demand an answer, or at least a discussion.

No notion can be more foolish than that which some good folks seem to hold, namely, that questions of the kind alluded to would never be stirred if mischievous people, chiefly Germans, would leave them alone. Will our young barristers, will our young fellows of colleges, will our highly educated mechanics leave them alone? True, they may be handled injudiciously, and the profession of having handled them *freely* does not guarantee that the handling has been *wise;* it is no mark of wisdom to handle freely a delicate piece of china, or a valuable codex, or the heir-apparent of a great kingdom, when he is a baby in arms; and yet these instances will suggest that there may be things which will not bear free handling, and yet may be very valuable after all. But, as I have suggested, there is a large class of men, and women too, in this country, who cannot and will not be content without allowing their minds to dwell upon deep questions concerning the Christian faith, the authority of Holy Scripture, and the like. Do not the authors of "Essays and Reviews" know this? may they not have felt the truth of it (painfully perhaps) in their own experience? may they not have thought that they could do good service to some of their brethren in difficulty by holding up to them such light as they could find?

Just look for a moment at the questions stirred by the "Essays and Reviews," according to my mode of describing them. The general subject brought before us is the manner in which we are to regard Holy Scripture:

the volume evidently hinges upon this. Now, is not this subject confessedly one of *the* subjects of the day? Has not the progress of science, the progress of criticism, the progress of philosophy compelled us to reopen questions which were perhaps deemed closed for ever, and to reconsider the conclusions of our forefathers, to examine what those conclusions mean, or whether in all cases they mean anything? I do not say this as though I thought that Holy Scripture had anything to fear from the progress of the human mind; I believe that in many ways that progress makes us feel our need of Holy Scripture more than we ever yet felt it; but still there are questions to be asked again, and answered again; and the true description and definition of Holy Scripture can hardly be said to have been yet given in such a manner as to leave nothing for future inquirers to do.

But—to be more particular—take the question of the relation of Holy Scripture to the conscience, which is probably the feature in Dr. Temple's essay which has given it most interest for the public. Dr. Temple may or may not have put this relation upon a satisfactory footing; he may or may not have cleared away difficulties; he may or may not have written what is mischievous; but is the question an easy one to answer? can people in general put down on paper the answer to it, as they could write down their own names, or describe the condition of the weather? Have we not here, as in many cases, opposite though not contradictory truths,—the Bible claiming to be the voice of God, the conscience claiming to be the voice of God too? And is it not obviously a difficult thing to represent these two voices, both acknowledged to be genuine, in their proper relation of mutual support, and mutual subordination to each other?

Again, Dr. Williams may have dealt rashly and unwisely with the questions raised by the Bible as a record of the past, and as purporting in certain cases to contain prophecies of the future; yet no one will deny that the questions raised in the form of a review of Bunsen's "Biblical Researches" are most important questions, and questions not easy to answer. Whether Baron Bunsen has or has not cleared up difficulties with reference to early chronology, and with reference to the meaning and interpretation of the earlier Biblical records, certainly difficulties exist—difficulties which cannot be smothered, and which become the more formidable in proportion as we adopt a narrower view of the character of the Old Testament as a collection of divine books; and, however unable many of us may feel to follow Baron Bunsen and his reviewer in their views respecting prophecy, it would be idle to deny that the subject is one of very great obscurity, and one concerning which there is no view which can be regarded as *par excellence* orthodox.

Perhaps the essay of the late Professor Powell is the one which causes most amazement and most pain. I have no desire to defend it, though it ought to be remembered that in the Lower House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury a member did undertake to show that, rightly understood, the essay does not contain the poison usually supposed to be in it; if, however, this be so, it may still be urged reasonably enough that no clergyman ought to publish that which to nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand appears to contain rank infidelity. My purpose is neither to defend the essay nor to condemn it; but only to remark that, when Professor Powell engaged himself with the question of the evidences of the Christian faith, regarded as bound up with a miraculous history, he undertook to deal with a subject of the highest order of difficulty, and one the difficulty of which every thinking man, especially every man trained in the school of mathematico-physical science, must have felt often and deeply.

The fourth essay has probably been deemed objectionable on other grounds: but, so far as the view which I am now taking of the subject is concerned, the most important feature of it is the ideological theory which it has propounded. The

writer admits that the principle may be carried to excess, but thinks that a larger basis of agreement would be established if some persons could be allowed to hold the Scriptures literally, some ideally, and neither class of interpreters say of the other that it undervalued the Sacred Writings, or questioned their proper inspiration. A very dangerous principle this, undoubtedly, and the writer seems to admit as much; and yet it cannot be said that he has gratuitously invented a dangerous new principle; some such principle is absolutely necessary in the case of a book which professedly deals with the supernatural; and for this simple reason, that the literal is of necessity limited by the natural. When I speak (for instance) of *seeing* an angel, it is clear that I am not speaking literally, but am using language which expresses, as nearly as the nature of language will permit, the truth which I intend to convey. Hence there must be, by the nature of the case, in some kind and degree, an ideological interpretation of Scripture; and this is so, whatever may be thought of the application of the principle by the essayist.

Similar remarks apply to the next essay. What is the relation in which Scripture stands to natural science? Many well-disposed, but unscientific, persons would uphold views on this subject which it is entirely impossible for a scientific man to receive; and they will endeavour to enforce these views as orthodox under pain of anathema: it is impossible for any one to have conversed on such subjects with average country clergymen, and not to know that this is so. Therefore the desire to reconcile Scripture and science is in itself laudable; and whether the essay of which I am now speaking be successful in this respect is (comparatively speaking) a minor matter: parts of it are probably liable to just censure, but the question which is discussed is one which deserves and needs discussion, and one of which we might well feel thankful if any person more discreet and clear-sighted than his fellows could give us a satisfactory solution.

Lastly, Professor Jowett's essay avowedly treats of one of the most important subjects in theology, and one confessedly surrounded with difficulty; and this he does with a reverential earnestness which has won the admiration of some of those who have criticized him most severely. That he has made mistakes in his essay I have no wish to deny; that he may be wrong on some very important points is quite possible; but, however erroneous his conclusions may be, nay, even if his whole method of treating the interpretation of Scripture be fundamentally wrong, still it must be conceded, not only that he has written on an important subject with all the appearance of a man who would come at the truth if he knew how, but that he has dealt with a subject which very much requires to be dealt with in this country. For the interpretation of Scripture does in reality touch upon the general question of the character of Scripture, the character of the Bible as a unique book, the sense in which it is to be called the Word of God, the manner and nature of its inspiration: and upon points of this kind it is certain that there is a school who hold views untenable *in foro scientiæ*, and would press them as matters of faith upon others. The intolerance of this school leads to "Confessions of Inquiring Spirits," and incites men to a chivalrous desire to free the necks of their brethren from the weight of a yoke which neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear.

III. Now it is because the "Essays and Reviews," regarded from their favourable side, produce the impression upon my mind which I have just been endeavouring to describe, that I look with fear and apprehension at the tremendous onslaught which is being made upon them. It may be said, indeed, that it is very cheering to find that some eight or ten thousand clergymen are prepared to rush forward and assert that they have no sympathy with a book containing infidel views, written chiefly by clergymen; but who would have suspected any such sympathy? and may not a very serious evil result from this combination

of such a body of clergymen, together with the bishops, in the condemnation of the book? The dangers which I apprehend are of this kind, — I fear that for years to come thoughtful men will shrink from publishing their thoughts on theology for fear of being mobbed. Sir Isaac Newton was almost prevented from putting forth some of his discoveries, by the dread of the trouble in which he was sure, as he thought, to involve himself; the pressure of critics, and of the religious press, and of the religious world, has already been terribly stringent; henceforth, we may expect that it will be more stringent than ever. Geologists have for many years been looked upon by a certain class of religious people as no better than wicked ones; henceforth there is every reason to fear that the ignorant intolerance of the class will be greater than ever. The criticism of Holy Scriptures has been a subject in which we were just beginning to breathe a freer air than formerly, but it is much to be feared that for years to come critics will be looked upon with suspicion. The tendency also of the movement is so to diminish the number of open questions, so to narrow the limits of opinion, so to define upon points which the Church has wisely left indefinite, that it is impossible not to fear lest the minds of the more thoughtful young men should revolt, and lest the ranks of the ministry should be unrecruited by candidates from this first class of intelligence and scholarship. Already we hear it asserted that the most promising Oxford youths are not seeking Holy Orders. The Bishop of Oxford bemoans it. What is likely to be the case, if the strings be drawn still tighter than at present?

It may be said that whatever mischief ensues must be set at the doors of the Essayists and Reviewers, and not at the doors of those who oppose them. This is in a certain sense true; I deplore the existence of the volume as a volume, and I wish from my heart that the bundle of sticks had been untied, so that each might have relied on its own strength; as it is, the tone of certain passages has given a tone to the whole, and has afforded colour for the popular notion that the book is an attack upon Christianity, which undoubtedly it was not intended to be. Speaking generally, I do not think the book a wise book, and I am not at all surprised at the hubbub that it has created. But then, I think that the batteries which are being brought to bear may let fly some shot very dangerous to the cause of truth. I recommend no sparing of the book so far as reviewers and critics are concerned: demolish it, if you can, O Reviewers! at all events show us the errors, and do so conscientiously, judiciously, and charitably. Mr. Cazenove's Essay on Professor Jowett is an admirable specimen of what may be done in this way. But this is a very different thing from overwhelming a book with protests, and ruridecanal meetings, and letters of archbishops and bishops, and committees of convocation, and the rest. This well-meant opposition may possibly, in its ultimate effects, be more injurious than the evil it is intended to correct; the Essays and Reviews have stirred up a blaze which possibly might have been put out by the ordinary engines, and the ordinary appliances of cold water; as it is, the crowd who have come to help and to cheer the firemen, and express their sympathy, and make themselves generally useful, may perhaps tend to keep up the blaze, may produce a panic about incendiary fires, and may do unwittingly much more mischief than they can possibly do good, — especially if the property be insured, as (thank God) we believe it in this case to be.

It is useless to give advice when people have taken their course definitively; but it may not be without its use that a voice or two should be raised even now, in opposition to the course which has been generally followed by those who have taken any part in this unhappy business. I have urged that the Essayists and Reviewers are certainly not consciously or intentionally the *septem contra Christum*, which they have been flippantly said to be; I should equally deprecate the notion of regarding them

as the Seven Champions of Christendom. They are neither the one nor the other; but they have honestly written a book which they have supposed to contain valuable views, and which will eventually be set at its right value by the sifting which it will assuredly receive. If any one of the clergymen has done anything for which he can be punished by Ecclesiastical law, it may possibly be right that he should be so punished; but then it is to be remarked that the present agitation does not bring about this result; rather is it like a confession that Ecclesiastical law is not available, and that Lynch law must be applied; and meanwhile eight or ten editions of a book not generally thought to be very readable or attractive have been sold in a few months. But, indeed, it may well be questioned, even taking the strongest view of the book, whether any attempt at punishment is desirable. The purity and integrity of the clergy with regard to matters of doctrine cannot be preserved by such means; it is a question, or rather, perhaps, it is not a question, whether it is not better to confine judicial proceedings to questions of morality, and leave it to clergymen of high character and spotless reputation to determine for themselves whether their views are or are not consistent with their position as clergymen. The experience of late years has shown that there is no lack of that spirit of manly honesty which leads men to give up their position, when they find that it is not tenable.

I feel that I have now occupied more of your columns than I have any right to claim, and therefore I will bring my letter to an end with one more remark. I have treated the "Essays and Reviews" simply in their bearing upon Holy Scripture, not because that is the only subject discussed in them, but because it is certainly in this aspect that they have chiefly become obnoxious. It is worthy of consideration, therefore, how the present state of feeling will affect other writers besides the Essayists and Reviewers. I abstain from mentioning names; but one or two notable persons have already been pointed at by the newspapers and periodicals as having committed themselves to opinions akin to those which have given so much offence, when brought out by the Essayists and Reviewers in a bold unqualified way. Is it not just within the bounds of possibility, that some, whom we delight to honour as amongst the glories and the bulwarks of the Church of England, though they may have written nothing in the unwise, offensive, irritating tone which characterises parts of this volume, may yet have propounded, and be prepared to uphold, views esteemed heterodox by a large majority of those who have joined in the condemnation of the "Essays and Reviews?"

I am, your obedient Servant,

D. E. F. G.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER-BAG.

"Dear Katie,—At home, you see, without having answered your last kind letter of counsel and sympathy. But I couldn't write in town, I was in such a queer state all the time. I enjoyed nothing, not even the match at Lords, or the race; only walking at night in the square, and watching her window, and seeing her at a distance in Rotten Row.

"I followed your advice at last, though it went against the grain uncom-

monly. It did seem so unlike what I had a right to expect from them—after all the kindness my father and mother had shown them when they came into our neighbourhood, and after I had been so intimate there, running in and out just like a son of their own—that they shouldn't take the slightest notice of me all the time I was in London. I shouldn't have wondered if you hadn't explained; but after that, and after you had told them my direction, and when they knew that I was within five minutes' walk of their house constantly (for they knew all about Grey's schools, and that I was there three or four times a-week), I do think it was too bad. However, as I was going to tell you, I went at last, for I couldn't leave town without trying to see her; and I believe I have finished it all off. I don't know. I'm very low about it, at any rate, and want to tell you all that passed, and to hear what you think. I have no one to consult but you, Katie. What should I do without you? But you were born to help and comfort all the world. I sha'n't rest till I know what you think about this last crisis in my history.

"I put off going till my last day in town, and then called twice. The first time, 'not at home.' But I was determined now to see somebody and make out something; so I left my card, and a message that, as I was leaving town next day, I would call again. When I called again at about six o'clock I was shown into the library, and presently your uncle came in. I felt very uncomfortable, and I think he did too; but he shook hands cordially enough, asked why I had not called before, and said he was sorry to hear I was going out of town so soon. Do you believe he meant it? I didn't. But it put me out, because it made it look as if it had been my fault that I hadn't been there before. I said I didn't know that he would have liked me to call, but I felt that he had got the best of the start.

"Then he asked after all at home, and talked of his boys, and how they were getting on at school. By this time I had got my head again; so I went back to my calling, and said that I had felt I could never come to their house as a common acquaintance, and, as I did not know whether they would ever let me come in any other capacity, I had kept away till now.

"Your uncle didn't like it, I know; for he got up and walked about, and then said he didn't understand me. Well, I had got quite reckless by this time. It was my last chance I felt; so I looked hard into my hat, and said that I had been over head and ears in love with Mary for two years. Of course there was no getting out of the business after that. I kept on staring into my hat; so I don't know how he took it; but the first thing he said was that he had had some suspicions of this, and now my confession gave him a right to ask me several questions. In the first place, Had I ever spoken to her? No; never directly. What did I mean by directly? I meant that I had never either spoken or written to her on the subject—in fact, I hadn't seen her except at a distance for the last two years—but I could not say that she might not have found it out from my manner. Had I ever told any one else? No; and this was quite true, Katie, for both you and Hardy found it out.

"He took a good many more turns before speaking again. Then he said I had acted as a gentleman hitherto, and he should be very plain with me. Of course I must see that, looking at my prospects and his daughter's, it could not be an engagement which he could look on with much favour from a worldly point of view. Nevertheless, he had the highest respect and regard for my family, so that, if in some years' time I was in a position to marry, he should not object on this score; but there were other matters which were in his eyes of more importance. He had heard (who could have told him?) that I had taken up very violent opinions—opinions which, to say nothing more of them, would very much damage my prospects of success in life; and that I was in the habit of associating with the advocates of such opinions—persons who, he must

say, were not fit companions for a gentleman—and of writing violent articles in low revolutionary newspapers, such as the *Wessex Freeman*. Yes, I confessed I had written. Would I give up these things? I had a great mind to say flat, No, and I believe I ought to have; but as his tone was kind I couldn't help trying to meet him. So I said I would give up writing or speaking publicly about such matters, but I couldn't pretend not to believe what I did believe. Perhaps, as my opinions had altered so much already, very likely they might again.

He seemed to be rather amused at that, and said he sincerely hoped they might. But now came the most serious point: he had heard very bad stories of me at Oxford, but he would not press me with them. There were too few young men whose lives would bear looking into for him to insist much on such matters, and he was ready to let bygones be bygones. But I must remember that he had himself seen me in one very awkward position. I broke in, and said I had hoped that had been explained to him. I could not defend my Oxford life; I could not defend myself as to this particular case at one time; but there had been nothing in it that I was ashamed of since before the time I knew his daughter.

On my honour had I absolutely and entirely broken off all relations with her? He had been told that I still kept up a correspondence with her.

Yes, I still wrote to her, and saw her occasionally; but it was only to give her news of a young man from her village, who was now serving in India. He had no other way of communicating with her.

It was a most curious arrangement; did I mean that this young man was going to be married to her?

I hoped so.

Why should he not write to her at once, if they were engaged to be married?

They were not exactly engaged; it was rather hard to explain. Here your uncle seemed to lose patience, for he interrupted me and said, 'Really it must be clear to me, as a reasonable man, that, if this connexion were not absolutely broken off, there must be an end of everything, so far as his daughter was concerned. Would I give my word of honour to break it off at once, and completely?' I tried to explain again; but he would have nothing but yes or no. Dear Katie, what could I do? I have written to Patty that, till I die, she may always reckon on me as on a brother; and I have promised Harry never to lose sight of her, and to let her know everything that happens to him. Your uncle would not hear me; so I said, No. And he said, 'Then our interview had better end,' and rang the bell. Somebody, I'm sure, has been slandering me to him; who can it be?

I didn't say another word, or offer to shake hands, but got up and walked out of the room, as it was no good waiting for the servant to come. When I got into the hall the front door was open, and I heard her voice. I stopped dead short. She was saying something to some people who had been riding with her. The next moment the door shut, and she tripped in in her riding-habit, and grey gloves, and hat, with the dearest little grey plume in it. She went humming along, and up six or eight steps, without seeing me. Then I moved a step, and she stopped and looked, and gave a start. I don't know whether my face was awfully miserable, but, when our eyes met, hers seemed to fill with pity, and uneasiness, and inquiry, and the bright look to melt away altogether; and then she blushed, and ran down stairs again, and held out her hand, saying, 'I am so glad to see you, after all this long time.' I pressed it, but I don't think I said anything. I forget; the butler came into the hall, and stood by the door. She paused another moment, looked confused, and then, as the library door opened, went away up stairs, with a kind 'good-bye.' She dropped a little bunch of violets, which she had worn in the breast of her habit, as she went away. I went and picked them up, although your uncle

had now come out of the library, and then made the best of my way into the street.

"There, Katie, I have told you everything, exactly as it happened. Do write to me, dear, and tell me, now, what you think. Is it all over? What can I do? Can you do anything for me? I feel it is better in one respect. Her father can never say now that I didn't tell him all about it. But what is to happen? I am so restless. I can settle to nothing, and do nothing, but fish. I moon away all my time by the water-side, dreaming. But I don't mean to let it beat me much longer. Here's the fourth day since I saw her. I came away the next morning. I shall give myself a week; and, dear, do write me a long letter at once, and interpret it all to me. A woman knows so wonderfully what things mean. But don't make it out better than you really think. Nobody can stop my going on loving her, that's a comfort; and while I can do that, and don't know that she loves anybody else, I ought to be happier than any other man in the world. Yes, I ought to be, but I ain't. I will be, though; see if I won't. Heigho! Do write directly, my dear counsellor, to your affectionate cousin,

"T. B.

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten my usual budget. I enclose my last from India. You will see by it that Harry is getting on famously. I am more glad than I can tell you that my friend East has taken him as his servant. He couldn't be under a better master. Poor Harry! I sometimes think his case is more hopeless than my own. How is it to come right? or mine?"

"Englebourn.

"Dear Cousin,—You will believe how I devoured your letter; though, when I had read the first few lines and saw what was coming, it made me stop and tremble. At first I could have cried over it for vexation; but, now I have thought about it a little, I really do not see any reason to be discouraged. At any rate, Uncle Robert now knows all about it, and will get used to the idea, and Mary seems to have received you just as you ought to have wished that she should. I am thankful that you have left off pressing me to write to her about you, for I am sure that would not be honourable; and, to reward you, I enclose a letter of hers, which came yesterday. You will see that she speaks with such pleasure of having just caught a glimpse of you, that you need not regret the shortness of the interview. You could not expect her to say more, because, after all, she can only guess; and I cannot do more than answer as if I were quite innocent too. I am sure you will be very thankful to me some day for not having been your mouthpiece, as I was so very near being. You need not return the letter. I suppose I am getting more hopeful as I grow older—indeed, I am sure I am; for three or four years ago I should have been in despair about you, and now I am nearly sure that all will come right.

"But, indeed, cousin Tom, you cannot, or ought not to wonder at Uncle Robert's objecting to your opinions. And then I am so surprised to find you saying that you think you may very likely change them. Because, if that is the case, it would be so much better if you would not write and talk about them. Unless you are quite convinced of such things as you write in that dreadful paper, you really ought not to go on writing them so very much as if you believed them.

"And now I am speaking to you about this, which I have often had on my mind to speak to you about, I must ask you not to send me that *Wessex Freeman* any more. I am always delighted to hear what you think; and there is a great deal in the articles you mark for me which seems very fine; and I dare say you quite believe it all when you write it. Only I am quite afraid lest papa or any of the servants should open the papers, or get hold of them after I have opened them; for I am sure there are a great many wicked things in the other parts of the paper. So, please do not send it me, but write and tell me yourself anything that you wish me to know

of what you are thinking about and doing. As I did not like to burn the papers, and was afraid to keep them here, I have generally sent them on to your friend Mr. Hardy. He does not know who sends them; and now you might send them yourself straight to him, as I do not know his address in the country. As you are going up again to keep a term, I wish you would talk them over with him, and see what he thinks about them. You will think this very odd of me, but you know you have always said how much you rely on his judgment, and that you have learnt so much from him. So I am sure you would wish to consult him; and, if he thinks you ought to go on writing, it will be a great help to you to know it.

"I am so very glad to be able to tell you how well Martha is going on. I have always read to her the extracts from your letters from India which you have sent me, and she is very much obliged to you for sending them. I think there is no doubt that she is, and always has been, attached to poor widow Winburn's son, and, now that he is behaving so well, I can see that it gives her great pleasure to hear about him. Only, I hope, he will be able to come back before very long, because she is very much admired, and is likely to have so many chances of settling in life, that it is a great chance whether her attachment to him will be strong enough to keep her single if he should be absent for many years.

"Do you know I have a sort of superstition, that your fate hangs upon theirs in some curious manner—the two stories have been so interwoven—and that they will both be settled happily much sooner than we dare to hope even just now.

"Don't think, my dear cousin, that this letter is cold or that I do not take the very deepest interest in all that concerns you. You and Mary are always in my thoughts, and there is nothing in the world I would not do for you both which I thought would help you. I am sure it would do you harm to be only a go-between. Papa is much as usual. He gets out a good deal in his chair in the sun this fine weather. He desires me to say how glad he should be if you will come over soon and pay us a visit. I hope you will come *very soon.*

"Ever believe me, dear Tom,
"Your affectionate cousin,
"KATIE."

"*November.*

"DEAR TOM,—I hear that what you in England call a mail is to leave camp this evening; so, that you may have no excuse for not writing to me constantly, I am setting to spin you such a yarn as I can under the disadvantageous circumstances in which this will leave me.

"This time last year, or somewhere thereabouts, I was enjoying academic life with you at Oxford; and now here I am, encamped at some unpronounceable place beyond Umbala. You won't be much the wiser for that. What do you know about Umbala? I didn't myself know that there was such a place till a month ago, when we were ordered to march up here. But one lives and learns. Marching over India has its disagreeables, of which dysentery and dust are about the worst. A lot of our fellows are down with the former; amongst others my captain; so I'm in command of the company. If it were not for the glorious privilege of grumbling, I thing we should all own that we liked the life. Moving about, though one does get frozen and broiled regularly once in the twenty-four hours, suits me; besides, they talk of matters coming to a crisis, and no end of fighting to be done directly. You'll know more about what's going on from the papers than we do, but here they say the ball may begin any day; so we are making forced marches to be up in time. I wonder how I shall like it. Perhaps, in my next, I may tell you how a bullet sounds when it comes at you. If there is any fighting I expect our regiment will make their mark. We are in tip-top order; the colonel is a grand fellow, and the regiment feels his hand down to the youngest drummer boy. What a deal of good I will do when I'm a colonel.

"I duly delivered the enclosure in your last to your convict, who is rapidly ascending the ladder of promotion. I am disgusted at this myself, for I have had to give him up, and there never was such a jewel of a servant; but, of course, it's a great thing for him. He is covering serjeant of my company, and the smartest coverer we have too. I have got a regular broth of a boy, an Irishman, in his place, who leads me a dog of a life. I took him chiefly because he very nearly beat me in a foot-race. Our senior major is a Pat himself, and, it seems, knew something of Larry's powers. So, one day at mess, he offered to back him against any one in the regiment for 200 yards. My captain took him and named me, and it came off next day; and a precious narrow thing it was, but I managed to win by a neck for the honour of the old school. He is a lazy scatter-brained creature, utterly indifferent to fact, and I am obliged to keep the brandy flask under lock and key; but the humour and absolute good temper of the animal impose upon me, and I really think he is attached to me. So I keep him on, grumbling horribly at the change from that orderly, punctual, clean, accurate convict. Depend upon it, that fellow will do. He makes his way everywhere, with officers and men. He is a gentleman at heart, and, by the way, you would be surprised at the improvement in his manners and, speech. There is hardly a taste of Berkshire left in his *deealect.* He has read all the books I could lend him, or borrow for him, and is fast picking up Hindustanee. So you see, after all, I am come round to your opinion that we did a good afternoon's work on that precious stormy common, when we carried off the convict from the authorities of his native land, and I was first under fire. As you are a performer in that line, couldn't you carry off his sweetheart, and send her out here? After the sea voyage there isn't much above 1,000 miles to come by dauk; and tell her, with my compliments, he is well worth coming twice the distance for. Poor fellow, it is a bad look-out for him I'm afraid, as he may not get home this ten years; and, though he isn't a kind to be easily killed, there are serious odds against him, even if he keeps all right. I almost wish you had never told me his story.

"We are going into cantonments as soon as this expedition is over in a splendid pig district, and I look forward to some real sport. All the men who have had any tell me it beats the best fox-hunt all to fits for excitement. I have got my eye on a famous Arab, who is to be had cheap. The brute is in the habit of kneeling on his masters, and tearing them with his teeth when he gets them off, but nothing can touch him while you keep on his back. Howsumdever, as your countrymen say, I shall have a shy at him, if I can get him at my price, I've nothing more to say. There's nobody you know here, except the convict serjeant, and it's awfully hard to fill a letter home unless you've somebody to talk about. Yes, by the way, there is one little fellow, an ensign, just joined, who says he remembers us at school. He can't be more than eighteen or nineteen, and was an urchin in the lower school, I suppose, when we were leaving. I don't remember his face, but it's a very good one, and he is a bright gentlemanly youngster as you would wish to see. His name is Jones. Do you remember him? He will be a God-send to me. I have him to chum with me on this march.

"Keep up your letters as you love me. You at home little know what it is to enjoy a letter. Never mind what you put in it; anything will do from home, and I've nobody else much to write to me.

"There goes the 'assembly.' Why, I can't think, seeing we have done our day's march. However, I must turn out and see what's up.

* * * * *

"*December.*

"I have just fallen on this letter, which I had quite forgotten, or, rather, had fancied I had sent off to you three weeks and more ago. My baggage has

just come to hand, and the scrawl turned up in my paper case. Well, I have plenty to tell you now, at any rate, if I had time to tell it. That 'assembly' which stopped me short sounded in consequence of the arrival of one of the commander-in-chief's aides in our camp with the news that the enemy was over the Sutlej. We were to march at once, with two six-pounders and a squadron of cavalry, on a fort occupied by an outlying lot of them, which commanded a ford, and was to be taken and destroyed, and the rascals who held it dispersed; after which we were to join the main army. Our colonel had the command; so we were on the route within an hour, leaving a company and the baggage to follow as it could; and from that time to this forced marching and hard fighting have been the order of the day.

"We drew first blood next morning. The enemy were in some force outside the fort, and showed fight in very rough ground covered with bushes; out of which we had to drive them—which we did after a sharp struggle, and the main body drew off altogether. Then the fort had to be taken. Our two guns worked away at it till dark. In the night two of the gunners, who volunteered for the service, crept close up to the place, and reported that there was nothing to hinder our running right into it. Accordingly the colonel resolved to rush it at daybreak, and my company was told off to lead. The captain being absent, I had to command. I was with the dear old chief the last thing at night, getting his instructions: ten minutes with him before going into action would make a hare fight.

"There was cover to within one hundred and fifty yards of the place; and there I, and poor little Jones, and the men, spent the night in a dry ditch. An hour before daybreak we were on the alert, and served out rations, and then they began playing tricks on one another as if we were out for a junketing. I sat with my watch in my hand, feeling queer, and wondering whether I was a greater coward than the rest. Then came a streak of light. I put up my watch, formed the men; up went a rocket, my signal, and out into the open we went at the double. We hadn't got over a third of the ground when bang went the fort guns, and the grape-shot were whistling about our ears; so I shouted 'Forward!' and away we went as hard as we could go. I was obliged to go ahead, you see, because every man of them knew I had beaten Larry, their best runner, when he had no gun to carry; but I didn't half like it, and should have blessed any hole or bramble which would have sent me over and given them time to catch me. But the ground was provokingly level; and so I was at the first mound and over it several lengths in front of the men, and among a lot of black fellows serving the guns. They came at me like wild cats, and how I got off is a mystery. I parried a cut from one fellow, and dodged a second; a third rushed at my left side. I just caught the flash of his tulwar, and thought it was all up, when he jumped into the air, shot through the heart by Sergeant Winburn; and the next moment Master Larry rushed by me and plunged his bayonet into my friend in front. It turned me as sick as a dog. I can't fancy anything more disagreeable than seeing the operation for the first time, except being stuck oneself. The supporting companies were in in another minute, with the dear old chief himself, who came up and shook hands with me, and said I had done credit to the regiment. Then I began to look about, and missed poor little Jones. We found him about twenty yards from the place, with two grape-shot through him, stone dead, and smiling like a child asleep. We buried him in the fort. I cut off some of his hair, and sent it home to his mother. Her last letter was in his breast pocket, and a lock of bright brown hair of some one's. I sent them back, too, and his sword.

"Since then we have been with the army, and had three or four general actions; about which I can tell you nothing, except that we have lost about a third of the regiment, and have always been told we have won. Steps go fast

enough; my captain died of wounds and dysentery a week ago; so I have the company in earnest. How long I shall hold it is another question; for, though there's a slack, we haven't done with sharp work yet, I can see.

"How often we've talked, years ago, of what it must feel like going into battle! Well, the chief thing I felt when the grape came down pretty thick for the first time, as we were advancing, was a sort of gripes in the stomach which made me want to go forward stooping. But I didn't give in to it; the chief was riding close behind us, joking the youngsters who were ducking their heads, and so cheery and cool, that he made old soldiers of us at once. What with smoke, and dust, and excitement, you know scarcely anything of what is going on. The finest sight I have seen is the artillery going into action. Nothing stops those fellows. Places you would crane at out hunting they go right over, guns, carriages, men, and all, leaving any cavalry we've got out here well behind. Do you know what a nullah is? Well, it's a great gap, like a huge dry canal, fifteen or twenty feet deep. We were halted behind one in the last great fight, waiting the order to advance, when a battery came up at full gallop. We all made sure they must be pulled up by the nullah. They never pulled bridle. 'Leading gun, right turn!' sang out the subaltern; and down they went sideways into the nullah. Then, 'Left turn;' up the other bank, one gun after another, the horses scrambling like cats up and down places that my men had to use their hands to scramble up, and away the other side to within 200 yards of the enemy; and then, round like lightning, and look out in front.

"Altogether it's sickening work, though there's a grand sort of feeling of carrying your life in your hand. They say the Sepoy regiments have behaved shamefully. There is no sign of anything like funk amongst our fellows that I have seen. Sergeant Winburn has distinguished himself everywhere. He is like my shadow, and I can see tries to watch over my precious carcase, and get between me and danger. He would be a deal more missed in the world than I. Except you, old friend, I don't know who would care much if I were knocked over to-morrow. Aunts and cousins are my nearest relations. You know I never was a snuffler; but this sort of life makes one serious, if one has any reverence at all in one. You'll be glad to have this line, if you don't hear from me again. I've often thought in the last month that we shall never see one another again in this world. But, whether in this world or any other, you know I am and always shall be your affectionate friend,

"H. East."

"Camp on the Sutlej,

"*January.*

"Dear Master Tom,—The captain's last words was, if anything happened I was to be sure to write and tell you. And so I take up my pen, though you will know as I am not used to writing, to tell you the misfortune as has happened to our regiment. Because, if you was to ask any man in our regiment, let it be who it would, he would say as the captain was the best officer as ever led men. Not but what there's a many of them as will go to the front as brave as lions, and don't value shot no more than if it was rotten apples; and men as is men will go after such. But 'tis the captain's manner and ways, with a kind word for any poor fellow as is hurt, or sick and tired, and making no account of hisself, and, as you may say, no bounce with him; that's what makes the difference.

"As it might be last Saturday, we came upon the enemy where he was posted very strong, with guns all along his front, and served till we got right up to them, the gunners being cut down and bayoneted when we got right up amongst them, and no quarter given; and there was great banks of earth, too, to clamber over, and more guns behind; so, with the marching up in front and losing so many officers and men, our regiment was that wild when we got amongst them 'twas awful to see, and, if

there was any prisoners taken, it was more by mistake than not.

"Me and three or four more settled, when the word came to prepare for action, to keep with the captain, because 'twas known to every one as no odds would stop him, and he would never mind hisself. The dust and smoke and noise was that thick you couldn't see nor hear anything after our regiment was in action; but, so far as I seen, when we was wheeled into line, and got the word to advance, there was as it might be as far as from our old cottage to the Hawk's Lynch to go over before we got to the guns, which was playing into us all the way. Our line went up very steady, only where men was knocked down; and, when we come to within a matter of sixty yards, the officers jumped out and waved their swords, for 'twas no use to give words, and the ranks was broken by reason of the running up to take the guns from the enemy. Me and the rest went after the captain; but he, being so light of foot, was first, by may be ten yards or so, at the mound, and so up before we was by him. But, though they was all round him like bees when we got to him, 'twas not then as he was hit. There was more guns further on, and we and they drove on altogether; and, though they was beaten, being fine tall men and desperate, there was many of them fighting hard, and, as you might say, a man scarcely knowed how he got hit. I kept to the captain as close as ever I could, but there was times when I had to mind myself. Just as we come to the last guns, Larry, that's the captain's servant, was trying by his self to turn one of them round, so as to fire on the enemy as they took the river to the back of their lines all in a huddle. So I turned to lend him a hand; and, when I looked round next moment, there was the captain a staggering like a drunken man, and he so strong and lissom up to then, and never had a scratch since the war begun, and this the last minute of it pretty nigh, for the enemy was all cut to pieces and drowned that day. I got to him before he fell, and we laid him down gently, and did the best we could for him. But he was bleeding dreadful with a great gash in his side, and his arm broke, and two gunshot wounds. Our surgeon was killed, and 'twas hours before his wounds was dressed, and 'twill be God's mercy if ever he gets round; though they do say, if the fever and dysentery keeps off, and he can get out of this country and home, there's no knowing but he may get the better of it all, but not to serve with the regiment again for years to come.

"I hope, Master Tom, as I've told you all the captain would like as you should know; only, not being much used to writing, I hope you will excuse mistakes. And, if so be that it won't be too much troubling of you, and the captain should go home, and you could write to say how things was going on at home as before, which the captain always gave to me to read when the mail come in, it would be a great help towards keeping up of a good heart in a foreign land, which is hard at times to do. There is some things which I make bold to send by a comrade going home sick. I don't know as they will seem much, but I hope as you will accept of the sword, which belonged to one of their officers, and the rest to her. Also, on account of what was in the last piece as you forwarded, I send a letter to go along with the things, if Miss Winter, who have been so kind, or you, would deliver the same. To whom I make bold to send my respects as well as to yourself, and hoping this will find you well and all friends, and

"From your respecful,
"Henry Winburn,
"Colour-Serjeant 101st Regiment."

"*March.*

"My dear Tom,—I begin to think I may see you again yet, but it has been a near shave. I hope Serjeant Winburn's letter, and the returns, in which I see I was put down "dangerously wounded," will not have frightened you very much. The war is over; and, if I live to get down to Calcutta you will see me in the

summer, please God. The end was like the beginning—going right up to guns. Our regiment is frightfully cut up; there are only 300 men left under arms—the rest dead or in hospital. I am sick at heart at it, and weak in body, and can only write a few lines at a time, but will get on with this as I can, in time for next mail.

* * * * *

"Since beginning this letter I have had another relapse. So, in case I should never finish it, I will say at once what I most want to say. Winburn has saved my life more than once, and is besides one of the noblest and bravest fellows in the world; so I mean to provide for him in case anything should happen to me. I have made a will, and appointed you my executor, and left him a legacy. You must buy his discharge, and get him home and married to the Englebourn beauty as soon as possible. But what I want you to understand is that, if the legacy isn't enough to do this, and make all straight with her old curmudgeon of a father, it is my first wish that whatever will do it should be made up to him. He has been in hospital with a bad flesh wound, and has let out to me the whole of his story, of which you had only given me the heads. If that young woman does not wait for him, and book him, I shall give up all faith in petticoats. Now that's done I feel more at ease.

"Let me see. I haven't written for six weeks and more, just before our last great fight. You'll know all about it from the papers long before you get this—a bloody business—I am loath to think of it. I was knocked over in the last of their entrenchments, and should then and there have bled to death had it not been for Winburn. He never left me, though the killing, and plundering, and roystering afterwards, was going on all round, and strong temptation to a fellow when his blood is up, and he sees his comrades at it, after such work as we had had. What's more, he caught my Irish fellow and made him stay by me too, and between them they managed to prop me up and stop the bleeding, though it was touch and go. I never thought they would manage it. You can't think what a curious feeling it is, the life going out of you. I was perfectly conscious, and knew all they were doing and saying, and thought quite clearly, though in a sort of dreamy way, about you, and a whole jumble of people and things at home. It was the most curious painless mixture of dream and life, getting more dreamy every minute. I don't suppose I could have opened my eyes or spoken; at any rate I had no wish to do so, and didn't try. Several times the thought of death came close to me; and, whether it was the odd state I was in, or what else I don't know, but the only feeling I had, was one of intense curiosity. I should think I must have lain there, with Winburn supporting my head, and moistening my lips with rum-and-water, for four or five hours, before a doctor could be got. He had managed to drive Larry about till he had found, or borrowed, or stolen the drink, and then kept him making short cruises in search of help in the shape of hospital-staff, ambulances, or doctors, from which Master Larry always came back without the slightest success. My belief is, he employed those precious minutes, when he was from under his sergeant's eye, in looting. At last, Winburn got impatient, and I heard him telling Larry what he was to do while he was gone himself to find a doctor; and then I was moved as gently as if I had been a sick girl. I heard him go off with a limp, but did not know till long after of his wound.

"Larry had made such a wailing and to-do when they first found me, that a natural reaction now set in, and he began gently and tenderly to run over in his mind what could be made out of 'the captin,' and what would become of his things. I found out this, partly through his habit of talking to himself, and partly from the precaution which he took of ascertaining where my watch and purse were, and what else I had upon me. It tickled me immensely to hear him. Presently I found he was examining my boots, which he pro-

nounced 'iligant entirely,' and wondered whether he could get them on. The 'serjint' would never want them. And he then proceeded to assert, while he actually began unlacing them, that the captin would never have '*bet him*' but for the boots, which 'was worth ten feet in a furlong to any man.' 'Shure 'tis too late now; but wouldn't I like to run him agin with the bare feet?' I couldn't stand that, and just opened my eyes a little, and moved my hand, and said, 'Done.' I wanted to add, 'you rascal,' but that was too much for me. Larry's face of horror, which I just caught through my half-opened eyes, would have made me roar, if I had had strength for it. I believe the resolution I made that he should never go about in my boots helped me to pull through; but, as soon as Winburn came back with the doctor, Master Larry departed, and I much doubt whether I shall ever set eyes on him again in the flesh; not if he can help it, certainly. The regiment, what's left of it, is away in the Punjaub, and he with it. Winburn, as I told you, is hard hit, but no danger. I have great hopes that he will be invalided. You may depend upon it he will escort me home, if any interest of mine can manage it; and the dear old chief is so kind to me that I think he will arrange it somehow.

"I must be wonderfully better to have spun such a yarn. Writing those first ten lines nearly finished me, a week ago, and now I am scarcely tired after all this scrawl. If that rascal, Larry, escapes hanging another year, and comes back home, I will run him yet, and thrash his head off.

"There is something marvellously life-giving in the idea of sailing for old England again; and I mean to make a strong fight for seeing you again, old boy. God bless you. Write again for the chance, directing to my agents at Calcutta, as before. Ever your half-alive, but whole-hearted and affectionate friend,

"H. East."

CHAPTER XLV.

MASTER'S TERM.

One more look into the old college where we have spent so much time already, not, I hope, altogether unpleasantly. Our hero is up in the summer term, keeping his three weeks' residence, the necessary preliminary to an M.A. degree. We find him sitting in Hardy's rooms; tea is over, scouts out of college, candles lighted, and silence reigning, except when distant sounds of mirth come from some undergraduates' rooms on the opposite side of quad, through the open windows.

Hardy is deep in the budget of Indian letters, some of which we have read in the last chapter; and Tom reads them over again as his friend finishes them, and then carefully folds them up and puts them back in their places in a large pocket case. Except an occasional explanatory remark, or exclamation of interest, no word passes until Hardy finishes the last letter. Then he breaks out into praises of the two Harrys, which gladden Tom's heart as he fastens the case, and puts it back in his pocket, saying, "Yes, you won't find two finer fellows in a long summer's day; no, nor in twenty."

"And you expect them home, then, in a week or two?"

"Yes, I think so. Just about the time I shall be going down."

"Don't talk about going down. You haven't been here a week."

"Just a week. One out of three. Three weeks wasted in keeping one's Master's term! Why can't you give a fellow his degree quietly, without making him come and kick his heels here for three weeks?"

"You ungrateful dog! Do you mean to say you haven't enjoyed coming back, and sitting in dignity in the bachelors' seats in chapel, and at the bachelors' table in hall, and thinking how much wiser you are than the undergraduates. Besides, your old friends want to see you, and you ought to want to see them."

"Well, I'm very glad to see something of you again, old fellow. I don't find that a year's absence has made any change in you. But who else is there that I care to see? My old friends are gone, and the year has made a great gap between me and the youngsters. They look on me as a sort of don."

"Of course they do. Why, you are a sort of don. You will be an M.A. in a fortnight, and a member of Convocation."

"Very likely; but I don't appreciate the dignity; I can tell you being up here now is anything but enjoyable. You have never broken with the place. And then, you always did your duty, and have done the college credit. You can't enter into the feelings of a fellow whose connexion with Oxford has been quite broken off, and who wasted three parts of his time here, when he comes back to keep his Master's."

"Come, come, Tom. You might have read more certainly, with benefit to yourself and the college, and taken a higher degree. But, after all, didn't the place do you a great deal of good? and you didn't do it much harm. I don't like to see you in this sort of gloomy state; it isn't natural to you."

"It is becoming natural. You haven't seen much of me during the last year, or you would have remarked it. And then, as I tell you, Oxford, when one has nothing to do in it but to moon about, thinking over one's past follies and sins, isn't cheerful. It never was a very cheerful place to me at the best of times."

"Not even at pulling times?"

"Well, the river is the part I like best to think of. But even the river makes me rather melancholy now. One feels one has done with it."

"Why, Tom, I believe your melancholy comes from their not having asked you to pull in the boat."

"Perhaps it does. Don't you call it degrading to be pulling in the torpid in one's old age?"

"Mortified vanity, man! They have a capital boat. I wonder how we should have liked to have been turned out for some bachelor just because he had pulled a good oar in his day?"

"Not at all. I don't blame the young ones, and I hope I do my duty in the torpid. By the way, they're an uncommonly nice set of youngsters. Much better behaved in every way than we were, unless it is that they put on their best manners before me."

"No, I don't think they do. The fact is, they are really fine young fellows."

"So I think. And I'll tell you what, Jack; since we are sitting and talking our minds to one another at last, like old times, somebody has made the most wonderful change in this college. I rather think it is seeing what St. Ambrose's is now, and thinking what it was in my time, and what an uncommon member of society I should have turned out if I had had the luck to have been here now instead of then, that makes me down in the mouth—more even than having to pull in the torpid instead of the racing boat."

"You do think it is improved, then?"

"Think! Why it is a different place altogether; and, as you are the only new tutor, it must have been your doing. Now, I want to know your secret."

"I've no secret, except taking a real interest in all that the men do, and living with them as much as I can. You may fancy it isn't much of a trial to me to steer the boat down, or run on the bank and coach the crew."

"Ah! I remember; you were beginning that before I left, in your first year. I knew that would answer."

"Yes. The fact is, I find that just what I like best is the very best thing for the men. With very few exceptions they are all glad to be stirred up, and meet me nearly half way in reading, and three-quarters in everything else. I believe they would make me captain tomorrow."

"And why don't you let them, then?"

"No; there's a time for everything. I go in in the scratch fours for the pewters, and—more by token—my crew won them two years running. Look at my trophies," and he pointed to two

pewter pots, engraved with the college arms, which stood on his side-board.

"Well, I dare say you're right. But what does the president say?"

"Oh, he is a convert. Didn't you see him on the bank when you torpids made your bump the other night?"

"No, you don't mean it? Well, do you know, a sort of vision of black tights, and a broad-brimmed hat, crossed me, but I never gave it a second thought. And so the president comes out to see the St. Ambrose boat row?"

"Seldom misses two nights running."

"Then, carry me out, and bury me decently. Have you seen old Tom walking round Peckwater lately on his clapper, smoking a cigar with the Dean of Christchurch? Don't be afraid. I am ready for anything you like to tell me. Draw any amount you like on my faith; I shall honour the draft after that."

"The president isn't a bad judge of an oar, when he sets his mind to it."

"Isn't he? But, I say, Jack—no sell—how in the world did it happen?"

"I believe it happened chiefly through his talks with me. When I was first made tutor he sent for me and told me he had heard I encouraged the young men in boating, and he must positively forbid it. I didn't much care about staying up; so I was pretty plain with him, and said if I was not allowed to take the line I thought best in such matters I must resign at the end of term. He assented, but afterwards thought better of it, and sent for me again, and we had several encounters. I took my ground very civilly but firmly, and he had to give up one objection after another. I think the turning point was when he quoted St. Paul on me, and said I was teaching boys to worship physical strength, instead of teaching them to keep under their bodies and bring them into subjection. Of course I countered him there with tremendous effect. The old boy took it very well, only saying he feared it was no use to argue further—in this matter of boat-racing he had come to a conclusion, not without serious thought, many years before. However, he came round quietly. And so he has on other points. In fact, he is a wonderfully open-minded man for his age, if you only put things to him the right way."

"Has he come round about gentlemen commoners? I see you've only two or three up."

"Yes. We haven't given up taking them altogether. I hope that may come soon. But I and another tutor took to plucking them ruthlessly at matriculation, unless they were quite up to the commoner standard. The consequence was, a row in common room. We stood out, and won. Luckily, as you know, it has always been given out here that all undergraduates, gentlemen-commoners, and commoners, have to pass the same college examinations, and to attend the same courses of lectures. You know also what a mere sham and pretence the rule had become. Well, we simply made a reality of it, and in answer to all objectors said, Is it our rule or not? If it is, we are bound to act on it. If you want to alter it, there are the regular ways of doing so. After a little grumbling they let us have our way, and the consequence is, that velvet is getting scarce at St. Ambrose."

"What a blessing! What other miracles have you been performing?"

"The best reform we have carried is throwing the kitchen and cellar open to the undergraduates."

"W-h-e-w! That's just the sort of reform we should have appreciated. Fancy Drysdale's lot with the key of the college cellars, at about ten o'clock on a shiny night."

"You don't quite understand the reform. You remember, when you were an undergraduate you couldn't give a dinner in college, and you had to buy your wine anywhere?"

"Yes. And awful firewater we used to get. The governor supplied me, like a wise man."

"Well, we have placed the college in the relation of benevolent father. Every undergraduate now can give two dinners a term in his own room, from the kitchen; or more, if he comes and asks, and has any reason to give. We

take care that they have a good dinner at a reasonable rate, and the men are delighted with the arrangement. I don't believe there are three men in the college now who have hotel bills. And we let them have all their wine out of the college cellars."

"That's what I call good common-sense. Of course it must answer in every way. And you find they all come to you?"

"Almost all. They can't get anything like the wine we give them at the price, and they know it."

"Do you make them pay ready money?"

"The dinners and wine are charged in their battel bills; so they have to pay once a term, just as they do for their ordinary commons."

"It must swell their battel bills awfully."

"Yes, but battel bills always come in at the beginning of term, when they are flush of money. Besides, they all know that battel bills must be paid. In a small way it is the best thing that ever was done for St. Ambrose's. You see it cuts so many ways. Keeps men in college, knocks off the most objectionable bills at inns and pastry-cooks, keeps them from being poisoned, makes them pay their bills regularly, shows them that we like them to be able to live like gentlemen—"

"And lets you dons know what they are all about, and how much they spend in the way of entertaining."

"Yes; and a very good thing for them too. They know that we shall not interfere while they behave like gentlemen."

"Oh, I'm not objecting. And was this your doing too?"

"No; a joint business. We hatched it in the common room, and then the bursar spoke to the president, who was furious, and said we were giving the sanction of the college to disgraceful luxury and extravagance. Luckily he had not the power of stopping us, and now is convinced."

"The goddess of common-sense seems to have alighted again in the quad of St. Ambrose. You'll never leave the place, Jack, now you're beginning to get everything your own way."

"On the contrary, I don't mean to stop up more than another year at the outside. I have been tutor nearly three years now; that's about long enough."

"Do you think you're right? You seem to have hit on your line in life wonderfully. You like the work, and the work likes you. You are doing a heap of good up here. You'll be president in a year or two, depend on it. I should say you had better stick to Oxford."

"No. I should be of no use in a year or two. We want a constant current of fresh blood here."

"In a general way. But you don't get a man every day who can throw himself into the men's pursuits, and can get hold of them in the right way. And then, after all, when a fellow has got such work cut out for him as you have, Oxford must be an uncommonly pleasant place to live in."

"Pleasant enough in many ways. But you seem to have forgotten how you used to rail against it."

"Yes. Because I never hit off the right ways of the place. But, if I had taken a first and got a fellowship, I should like it well enough, I dare say."

"Being a fellow, on the contrary, makes it worse. While one was an undergraduate one could feel virtuous and indignant at the vices of Oxford, at least at those which one did not indulge in, particularly at the flunkeyism and money-worship which are our most prevalent and disgraceful sins. But when one is a fellow it is quite another affair. They become a sore burthen then, enough to break one's heart."

"Why, Jack, we're changing characters to-night. Fancy your coming out in the abusive line! Why, I never said harder things of Alma Mater myself. However, there's plenty of flunkeyism and money-worship everywhere else."

"Yes; but it is not so heart-breaking in other places. When one thinks what a great centre of learning and faith like Oxford ought to be—that its highest edu-

cational work should just be the deliverance of us all from flunkeyism and money-worship—and then looks at matters here without rose-coloured spectacles, it gives one sometimes a sort of chilly leaden despondency, which is very hard to struggle against."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Jack, for one can't help loving the place after all."

"So I do, God knows. If I didn't I shouldn't care for its shortcomings."

"Well, the flunkeyism and money-worship were bad enough, but I don't think they were the worst things—at least not in my day. Our neglects were almost worse than our worships."

"You mean the want of all reverence for parents? Well, perhaps that lies at the root of the false worships. They spring up on the vacant soil."

"And the want of reverence for women, Jack. The worst of all, to my mind!"

"Perhaps you are right. But we are not at the bottom yet."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that we must worship God before we can reverence parents or women, or root out flunkeyism and money-worship."

"Yes. But after all can we fairly lay that sin on Oxford? Surely, whatever may be growing up side by side with it, there's more Christianity here than almost anywhere else."

"Plenty of common-room Christianity—belief in a dead God. There, I have never said it to any one but you, but that is the slough we have to get out of. Don't think that I despair for us. We shall do it yet; but it will be sore work, stripping off the comfortable wine-party religion in which we are wrapped up—work for our strongest and our wisest."

"And yet you think of leaving?"

"There are other reasons. I will tell you some day. But now, to turn to other matters, how have you been getting on this last year? You write so seldom that I am all behindhand."

"Oh, much the same as usual."

"Then you are still like one of those who went out to David?"

"No, I'm not in debt."

"But discontented?"

"Pretty much like you there, Jack. However, content is no virtue, that I can see, while there's anything to mend. Who is going to be contented with game-preserving, and corn-laws, and grinding the faces of the poor? David's camp was a better place than Saul's, any day."

Hardy got up, opened a drawer, and took out a bundle of papers, which Tom recognized as the *Wessex Freeman*. He felt rather uncomfortable, as his friend seated himself again, and began looking them over.

"You see what I have here?" he said.

Tom nodded.

"Well, there are some of the articles I should like to ask you about, if you don't object."

"No; go on."

"Here is one, then, to begin with. I won't read it all. Let me see; here is what I was looking for," and he began reading: "'One would think, to hear these landlords, our rulers, talk, that the glorious green fields, the deep woods, the everlasting hills, and the rivers that run among them, were made for the sole purpose of ministering to their greedy lusts and mean ambitions; that they may roll out amongst unrealities their pitiful mock lives, from their silk and lace cradles to their spangled coffins, studded with silver nobs, and lying coats of arms, reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have not strewed; making the omer small and the ephah great, that they may sell the refuse of the wheat——'"

"That'll do, Jack. But what's the date of that paper?"

"July last. Is it yours, then?"

"Yes. And I allow it's too strong and one-sided. I have given up writing altogether; will that satisfy you? I don't see my own way clear enough yet, but for all that I'm not ashamed of what I wrote in that paper."

"I have nothing more to say after that, except that I'm heartily glad you have given up writing for the present."

"But, I say old fellow, how did you

get these papers, and know about my articles?"

"They were sent me. Shall I burn them now, or would you like to have them? We needn't say anything more about them."

"Burn them, by all means. I suppose a friend sent them to you?"

"I suppose so." Hardy went on burning the papers in silence; and, as Tom watched him, a sudden light seemed to break upon him.

"I say, Jack," he said presently, "a little bird has been whispering something to me about that friend." Hardy winced a little, and redoubled his diligence in burning the papers. Tom looked on smiling, and thinking how to go on now that he had so unexpectedly turned the tables on his monitor, when the clock struck twelve.

"Hullo!" he said, getting up; "time for me to knock out, or old Copas will be in bed. To go back to where we started from to-night—as soon as East and Harry Winburn get back we shall have some jolly doings at Englebourn. There'll be a wedding, I hope, and you'll come over and do parson for us, won't you?"

"You mean for Patty? Of course I will."

"The little bird whispered to me that you wouldn't dislike visiting that part of the old county. Good night, Jack. I wish you success, old fellow, with all my heart, and I hope after all that you may leave St. Ambrose's within the year."

To be continued.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED, M.A. F.R.S.

It is now about four centuries ago that a Portuguese navigator, the pioneer of African discovery in modern times, first succeeded in rounding the great westerly projection of Africa, and entering the gulf of Guinea, thus laying the foundation of all that has since been done in this department of geography. But this, after all, was only a re-discovery, for there is little doubt that the Carthaginians and Romans, if not the Greeks and Phœnicians, were much better acquainted with the interior of the country, and even the general extension of the East African coast north of the equator, than any Europeans up to the middle of the last century. Near the close of the fifteenth century the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Bartholomew Diaz, nearly at the same time that Christopher Colon traversed the Atlantic. Shortly afterwards, Vasco de Gama completed his celebrated voyage from the Straits of Gibraltar to the entrance of the Red Sea; and thus the whole coast of Africa was sailed round. Within the succeeding two centuries, the Portuguese further succeeded in penetrating, at various points, into the interior of the continent, and obtained much information on various points concerning its physical geography. The Arabs had long before penetrated Africa from the east and made important settlements, from which Arabic habits, customs, and religion have since spread in various directions, chiefly north of the equator. Still, with the exception of the establishment of the French settlement at Senegal, and visits to the interior from that colony, no discovery was made and little interest was felt in Europe as to the condition of the vast tract of land so immediately adjacent.

Even the Nile, that great river, with its wonderful Delta, and its annual mysterious overflow, leaving behind the fertile soil on which the agricultural wealth of Egypt depends,—even this remarkable stream was only known to Europe, in the year 1750, by the accounts of Strabo, Herodotus, and

Ptolemy of Alexandria. The Carthaginians, and afterwards the Romans, had indeed occupied parts of the north or Mediterranean coast far to the west of Egypt, and had advanced into the desert; but most of their monuments were obliterated, and their records lost. Africa offered at that time to European geographers a *tabula rasa*, and a mere outline map best represented all that was truly known.

When, therefore, Bruce proceeded to Egypt in 1768, with a view, if possible, to seek the sources of the Nile in the mountains of Abyssinia, he had before him a vast unknown area; no pioneer had preceded him—no information beyond the vaguest reports and the accounts of the ancient geographers suggested his best course, or hinted at the difficulties he might have to encounter. It is not to be wondered at, that this brave and intelligent traveller, having, as he believed, determined with sufficient certainty which was the most important and essential branch, selected the Blue Nile for the purpose of exploration. At the point of bifurcation this part of the river has, it is now known, not only the quickest stream, but really is the wider of the two great branches; and when therefore, after entering Abyssinia from the coast, he penetrated successfully to Gondar, and, after great privations, reached the supposed sources of the Blue Nile, in the complicated knot of the Abyssinian highlands, he honestly believed he had accomplished his mission and cleared up the great geographical problem.

The problem of the Nile, however, was not to be thus solved, and numerous expeditions succeeded, the most important being those sent by the late Mohammed Ali between 1835 and 1841, and those of Mr. Petherick in 1853—1858. By the former of these the principal branch or White Nile is said to have been traced towards its source to a distance of 3,200 miles from Alexandria (within 3° 40′ of the equator), and was there a wide stream, broken by a series of cataracts, coming from a great distance (described as thirty days' journey) in the interior.

Mr. Petherick, leaving the White Nile at a point in latitude 10°, where, under the name Bahr el Gazal, it expands into a lake of large size, crowded with hippopotami, proceeded to the south, crossing several small tributaries, and found the river again close to the equator, having penetrated, as he believed, quite to the line. The investigation of these branches of the Nile is therefore now nearly completed.

Before proceeding to discuss the evidence as to the sources of the White Nile, and the very important inquiry as to the existence of a lofty snow range under the equator representing the "Mountains of the Moon," of early geographers, from the melting of whose snows it has been supposed the swelling of the Nile in Egypt is caused; it will be interesting to consider the present means of access to the interior of Africa, and the result of the efforts that have been made from time to time, with various success, to penetrate within its almost closed frontier.

We may conveniently group all the principal explorations in Africa under the following four heads:—

First,—the north-eastern, or those on the course of the Nile, and its branches from Cairo to the equator, including Abyssinia and the Abyssinian highlands. *Secondly*,—the north-western, from the Mediterranean and the Nile, across the desert to Timbuctu and Lake Tchad, and thence to the Atlantic coast. *Thirdly*,—the western and southern, including the large tract visited by Dr. Livingstone, the whole country from Loanda on the west coast, as far as the mouth of the Zambesi on the east, together with all the South African explorations from near the Cape,—and *fourthly*, the central Eastern, from Zanzibar to the great lakes of the interior, south of the equator.

It is not a little remarkable that so large a tract of land as Africa should possess so few means of access as it does. Africa offers in this respect a singular contrast when compared with Europe, Asia, or the two Americas. To an area of nine millions of square

miles, everywhere surrounded with water except at the exceedingly narrow neck forming the isthmus of Suez, it has a coast line of only 14,000 miles, while Europe with barely a third of its area, and a long land frontier towards Asia, has one-third greater length of coast.[1]

It must also be remembered that Africa has only one first-class navigable stream—the Nile; that access even to this is almost choked by the constant accumulation of mud at the mouths, and that even the Nile does not chiefly drain the central interior. Of the other rivers, the Quorra (Kawara, or Niger), like the Nile, chiefly drains the coast ranges, while the Zambesi and Orange River, the only rivers certainly known to drain the interior, though gigantic in the length of their course, are very indifferently adapted for purposes of navigation, owing to the obstructions met with on entering, the frequent shoals, and numerous cataracts, or rapids. These, indeed, almost prevent their ascent even by steamers of unusually light draught.

The journeys of the early explorers of the Nile have proved that the left or west bank of that river—the easternmost extension of the Great Desert—is not much elevated above the sea, whilst on the right or east bank, in Nubia and Abyssinia, towards the shores of the Red Sea, there is a lofty and important, and apparently a complicated mountain system. It is known that several of the principal affluents of the Nile take their origin in the higher valleys of this mountain system, which is probably a continuation westwards of the mountains of the south of Arabia (Djebel Tor, or Mount Sinai), the other side of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. There is probability, but no certainty, that the periodical rains falling on these mountains have some influence in causing the rise and fall of the Nile in Egypt.

The Great Sahara occupies a vast tract of country little watered, and therefore barren. It affords, however, sufficient food and water for a large number of wandering tribes, the more fertile tracts (of which there are many) being disconnected by barren expanses requiring a few days to cross. It contains hilly portions, and even mountainous tracts. It was crossed in 1799 by Hornemann, in its northern part, from Cairo to Murzuk, which is the principal occupied point or town between Tripoli and Timbuctu. The direction taken by this traveller from Cairo was a little south of west, and the distance travelled nearly a thousand miles.[2] The Desert has been since frequently traversed during the present century from Tripoli to the towns between Timbuctu and Lake Tchad by various caravan routes, within a breadth of about 400 miles. It was also crossed from the south by Caillié in 1825, who afterwards passed through the empire of Morocco to Tangier, and Mr. Tristram has just returned from an excursion southwards to a distance of about 300 miles from Algiers. Although, therefore, much remains still to be known, especially of the southern part of the desert east of Lake Tchad, the general outline of Northern Africa may be considered as made out. South of the Atlas chain we have a tract of land ranging across from the Nile to the Atlantic, having a general direction east and west, and a width of from 300 to 500 miles. Much of this belt is sandy, and much of it is covered with salt, either common salt or carbonate of soda. Where the ground is broken it appears to consist of low elevations, rising suddenly as cliffs, continuing for a distance, and at last dying away. Both the northern and southern boundaries of this tract are mountainous, the mountains rising to about 4,000 feet, and separated by plateaux of 2,000 feet elevation. According to the accounts of Denham and Clapperton, who took an eastern route across the desert, the intervals between the cultivable lands were not considerable; and, as the ground was much of it covered with dead grass during

[1] Europe and Asia together, with about double the area of Africa, have a coast line three and a half times as great.

[2] Hornemann was afterwards killed in continuing his voyage towards Timbuctu.

the dry season, there could be no doubt that during the rains there is rapid growth. All travellers have noticed large tracts covered with carbonate of soda and nitrate or sulphate of magnesia, the former appearing to form an important article of commerce, since as much as 100 tons have been removed in a single year. At intervals Roman antiquities have been found in the northern part of the desert, proving the extension of the ancient empire into the interior. They do not appear to have penetrated far to the south, except in the eastern part of the desert. The whole country between Tripoli and certain towns on the Niger, especially Kano, Sokatu, and Timbuctu, seems traversed by caravan routes.

Mr. Richardson, accompanied by Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg, started in 1850, and travelled over much of the Sahara before unvisited by Europeans. These travellers went through a remarkably sterile portion of the desert some distance to the west of the general track, but at length reached Kano (in the latitude of Timbuctu), which they regarded as a central station. Unluckily Mr. Richardson almost immediately fell a victim to the climate, and in 1852 Overweg also died, although not till he had reached Lake Tchad and launched on it with success a boat brought across the desert from Malta. The nature of this lake was clearly made out. It is a mere marsh or bottom, receiving the drainage of a large tract of basin-shaped country. Occasionally, after long-continued tropical rains, it becomes of very large dimensions, but it evaporates quickly and becomes almost dry. It does not appear to have any very definite margin, and thus its magnitude can neither be stated in figures nor properly expressed on a map. It receives the drainage of important streams from the south and east, and perhaps occasionally from the north. To the west the country is 1000 feet above the sea, and all the way from Kano, a distance of 300 miles, the ground is described as pleasant, undulating, and well peopled.

Towards the south Dr. Barth made an expedition to Yola, a distance of about 300 miles, through forest and cultivated country; and still farther south, towards the coast, near the elbow formed by the Gulf of Guinea, he observed a mountain whose elevation was calculated at from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. Very lofty mountains are known to characterise part of the intervening country between this point and the shore, a distance of about 400 miles, and, judging from the accounts of M. du Chaillu, these extend into the interior. Continuing his route towards the south-west, Barth reached the Niger at a point where it was about 800 feet above the sea and about half a mile wide.

Returning to Lake Tchad and thence to his original point of departure, and proceeding westwards, Dr. Barth crossed the line of watershed of the Niger, and after a time arrived at the river itself at a point much higher up its course than that at which he last struck it. On reaching the river he was able, without much difficulty, to ascend its stream to Timbuctu through a cultivated and peopled country. He does not appear to have crossed any high ground on his course, and as the level of Lake Tchad is low, the fact that the watershed between its tributaries and those of the Niger occurs in a plain country without hills, proves the absence of any important mountain chain in that direction.

From the west coast at various points efforts, more or less successful, have been made to reach the large towns of the interior of Africa, of which Timbuctu is regarded as the chief. Mungo Park in 1795, Mollien in 1818, Major Laing in 1822 and Caillié in 1828, all made the attempt, each advancing part of the way and determining many important positions. By these various travellers the true course of the Niger was made out satisfactorily, at least so far as regards the main stream and its outlet. It is one of the few rivers of Africa that break through the wall of mountain that runs round the whole of the continent, and it drains extensive tracts between the southern boundary of the Sahara and the coast range. It appears also to have a tributary from the East

which has not yet been followed, but which, by its connexion with some central swampy lake, may possibly unite with the source of the westernmost branches of the Nile.

The general character of the country between the Niger and the shores of the Gulf of Guinea is everywhere similar. It is cultivated, and is peopled by various tribes. Large open plains with occasional forests are met with, and the climate is not, generally, more unhealthy than might be expected from the latitude.

M. du Chaillu, an American traveller, has, within the last few years, visited and explored the West African coast, both north and south of the equator, and has penetrated some distance into the interior. His account agrees generally with the previous reports as to the coast; and he believes that the mountain chains penetrate farther than has yet been thought towards the centre of the continent. The whole coast and the country inland appears to be well watered by a large river (the Ogobai) and its tributaries, and is peopled by numerous tribes of negroes, as well as by vast multitudes of those gigantic apes (Gorillas), whose existence has only within a few years been satisfactorily proved, and who now appear to occupy an important place among the inhabitants.

Livingstone, so long ago as in 1840, advanced northwards from Algoa Bay, crossing the coast range, which is there about 150 miles wide, and skirting the east side of what is called the Kalahiri desert. Unlike many parts of the Sahara, this so-called desert receives a considerable rain-fall at certain seasons, and nearly the whole of it appears then to be covered with a rich vegetation, and to be the habitation of innumerable heads of antelopes, deer, and elephants, and the larger carnivora. In other seasons, during drought, the waters are evaporated or sink into puddles, often concealed and at long intervals from each other, and, except for some of the natives, it is dangerous to traverse the district. Its natural drainage is into the Orange river, and as it is a tract of country measuring about 300 miles from north to south and nearly as much from east to west, it forms a very important portion of Southern Africa, singularly corresponding, in some respects, with the northern Sahara, but placed within the coast range instead of outside it and better adapted for animal and vegetable life.

Once past this barrier, our traveller discovered a beautifully wooded and well-watered country in the place of that sandy, naked plateau, which he was prepared to expect. He soon came to a river, following the course of whose stream northwards he found many affluents, some of large size and conveying much water; and in time the river expanded into a lake, or rather a shallow pool, with no very definite boundaries. At the period of his visit this lake was about sixty-five miles long and twelve or fourteen broad. It was the Lake Ngami —often described, but then first visited by any European traveller, and is the first of which any reliable account has been given of a numerous list of similar lakes, some of them two or three hundred miles in length and others smaller, but all comparatively narrow, and all ranging north and south.

The Lake Ngami, like most of the other lakes of Africa, is the general recipient of the surplus waters of many streams, not occupying a natural depression in a mountain country, but filling up the slight irregularities of surface of a nearly level elevated plain. The country between the lake and the Atlantic coast has since been traversed, partly by Mr. Galton, and more completely by Mr. Anderson, who found a lofty range rising rather abruptly about 150 miles from the coast, rarely broken by any considerable gorges, and forming, towards the interior, an elevated tableland of 4,000 feet, occasionally rising towards the north into higher mountains. Beyond this plateau, the ground sinks gradually towards the central plateau, whose level is about 2,000 feet at the lake, a farther distance of 300 miles.

Dr. Livingstone, proceeding north-

wards from Lake Ngami, passed through a rich country, ascending "a magnificent "river, often more than a mile broad, "and adorned with many islands of "from three to five miles in length," both islands and banks being covered with rich vegetation. For a hundred miles the river winds gently along, through a valley which he compares with that of the Lower Nile, the soil being extremely fertile, and raising two crops a year. It is well to remember, as illustrating one of the peculiarities of African physical geography, that this fine river, here running southward at a point fully three hundred miles from its source, at a level not much more than 2,500 feet above the sea, is at least a thousand miles in a direct line from its outlet (not including the windings of the stream), and would thus have an average fall of not more than two feet in a mile, even if it passed in a straight cut to the ocean.

The rich vegetation of these grass lands is not unaccompanied by malaria, and Dr. Livingstone seems to have been sorely tempted to cease his explorations in a northerly direction. Persevering, however, he fell in at a short distance with one of the principal junctions of the river, the main stream apparently flowing east, at a point where an almost equally large river comes in from the north. Judging from an old Portuguese map, he believed himself to be then at a moderate distance from the river Coanza, which flows down to the Atlantic coast near the settlement of Loanda, and he therefore determined to continue his journey northwards, expecting soon to emerge among civilized men. After an interval he made arrangements to this effect, and continued the ascent of the stream through park-like scenery, till he arrived at its source in a small lake, in an open plain, swampy, and subject to inundation—this plain forming the watershed between the waters that flow eastward across the vast continent of Africa, and westward for a distance of only nine degrees of longitude to the Atlantic. Beyond this, proceeding westward towards the coast, he found the form of the land to alter, deep gorges occurring, through which the drainage appeared to pass entirely to the north, so that the watershed, turning towards the south and west, approaches much nearer the shore a hundred miles south of this source, than it does at that point.

The rise to this watershed is, throughout, extremely gentle, rarely communicating a rapid current to the streams. Those waters that take their origin from the western side of this level tract have a very short course to the sea, while the others cross the whole continent; and this is the case notwithstanding that the land which forms the watershed is a mere open marshy plain, without any ridge, and in no way connected with mountainous country. One portion of the water of a small lake, proceeding northwards and westwards, enters the Atlantic after a course of two or three hundred miles, while the rest, proceeding southward, travels across the whole breadth of Africa till it enters the Indian Ocean, having been conveyed over between two and three thousand miles of river bed.

The periodical floods of the Zambesi are explained by what is now known of the peculiar river system to which it belongs, and by the position of the birthplace of its waters; and they are interesting, as throwing light on the corresponding phenomenon of the Nile. Rains in this part of the southern hemisphere fall in October and November, and again very heavily in February, March, and April. By the end of this time, and not till then, the lakes become full, and the low lands in the interior swampy, the banks of the rivers overflowing in many places. In Egypt the seasons of overflow would be different, as the wet season, north of the equator whence the Nile is fed, terminates towards August, after which comes the rising in the lower part of the river.

The head waters of the Zambesi may be considered as occupying the extremities of a vast irregularly oval area, forming part of the central plateau of Africa, not separated by natural obstacles from adjacent watersheds, but taking their

rise on the wide rim of a large shallow basin, with a somewhat irregular bottom. In slight depressions of the rim of this basin the water accumulates in pools at convenient spots, and the part not evaporated finds an outlet in the one solitary opening or split of the inclosing basin, which happens to occur on the east side, where the Zambesi enters the Indian Ocean. Without this opening the waters must have accumulated to form a lake in the interior of the continent. The streams communicate irregularly with each other; they move sluggishly, and, where interrupted, actually form pools or lakes in the interior, which are larger or smaller according to the season in which they are visited, and which often disappear altogether or change their position.

Whatever may be the commercial results of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries, there cannot be a doubt as to the solid and important advantages that have been derived to geography from his traverse across Africa. Combined with what was before determined by numerous indefatigable explorers from the Cape and the west coast, and from Natal, all that is most essential in the physical geography of a tract of two and a quarter millions of square miles of Africa, south of the equator, is now known. This amounts to one fourth part of the whole continent, no slight contribution to knowledge, and one which has required no small amount of labour and intelligence to secure.

Between the mouths of the Zambesi, reached by Dr. Livingstone, and the small island of Zanzibar, there is about 700 miles of coast, and the discovery of this part of the continent has been the object of Dr. Livingstone's latest investigations. Advancing northwards up the river Shire, a noble valley was entered, richly clothed with vegetation, and at length, in latitude 14° 25′ south, the great lake Nyassa was struck, the river Shire flowing out of it from the south. There appears reason to suppose that this lake must extend very far towards the north. The ground was found to be high in this part of the interior; and mountains, estimated at about 7,000 feet, were passed on returning southwards. Dr. Livingstone is still engaged in further discoveries in this district.

From Zanzibar into the interior, the detailed and interesting narrative of Captain Burton gives us every information. Captain Burton advanced westward for 600 miles from the coast in a latitude of about 5° south. His companion, Captain Speke, on the same occasion was able to reach within about two degrees and a half of the equator, and there found a great sheet of water, extending probably a hundred miles north of the line. We may thus consider the survey of this part of the continent fairly commenced, and an outline of the physical features is already obtained.

Captain Burton gives a summary of the results of observation in this hitherto little known district; and, using for the most part his words, we offer it to the reader with some slight abbreviation. It agrees well with the outline previously given by Livingstone and others, and communicates a vivid picture of the features of the country and its vegetable covering.

The eastern section of the central belt of African land south of the equator is a region in which nature displays her wonted variety. Near the coast are low littoral plains and rolling ground with lagoons, savannahs, and grassy valleys, intersected by large streams whose banks, inundated by rain floods, retain in the dry season meres, morasses, reedy marshes, and swamps of black infected mud. Beyond the maritime regions rise lines and mountain groups of primary and sandstone formation, ridges and high land often uncultivated but rarely sterile, with basins and hill plains of exuberant fertility traversed by perennial streams.

Beyond the landward slope of these African Ghauts begins an elevated plateau, now level and tabular, then broken into undulations and gentle eminences, displaying huge outcrops of granites and syenites. In this district, wherever rain is deficient, the ground is

thinly clad with bush, broom, and other shrubs, or with thorny and succulent thickets, cut by furrows, and burnt by torrid suns; but where moisture abounds it is veiled with tangled jungle rising from shallow valleys with shady forests, broken into glades of exceeding beauty, and with grassy plains dotted over with clumps of trees rising out of thickets of underwood. Beyond this plateau, which is in some parts dull and dreary, and in others covered with vegetation, the land sinks into the lake region, or the great central depression; the superabundant moisture diffused by its network of waters, fordable and unfordable, covers the land with a rank growth of gigantic grasses and timber trees, and the excessive luxuriance of vegetation proves unfavourable for the development of animal organisms. Throughout the line of his march Captain Burton estimates that about one fifth part of the more sterile, and half of the more fruitful lands, were under cultivation.

The western half of fertile Central Africa reflects the eastern, and the correspondence of the two coasts has often been the subject of remark. On penetrating into the interior from Loanda the same maritime plain of rank vegetation is crossed, and the plain is cut in the same way by rapid streams rushing to the Atlantic. A similar expanse of stony ridges and uplands forms the great western water parting, deeply dented by valleys and glens; in one place covered with wild and dreary woods, and in another with scrubby and thorny wilds.[1] As the traveller sinks into the central depression, he is here also entangled in the same labyrinth of waters, some sluggish and tortuous, some swift and straight. In some places the scenery, as Dr. Livingstone says, "presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy," while in others there are low champaigns deformed by reedy swamp, grassy marsh, and wide lagoon, the absorbents of the surface-drains, or the recipients of monsoon torrents, which, while drying under the tropical sun, diffuse around them disease and death. The climates, the diseases, and the effects on the European constitution are similar on both sides, the fauna is the same, and the diet and various habits and customs of the indigenous Africans are alike.

[1] This hardly agrees with the account given by M. du Chaillu, who found a more regular mountain chain, and better cultivation.

After determining the very important physical features of the coast, Captain Burton, and his companion, Captain Speke, crossed the first and second ridges—the latter by a pass nearly six thousand feet above the sea—and reached a table-land varying from three to four thousand feet in elevation, but after a time gradually sinking to less than two thousand. Here, at a distance of about 600 miles from the east coast, is the town Ujiji, on the borders of the great lake Tanganyika, or "the meeting-place of waters," such being the picturesque meaning of its African name.

This lake, whose length is 300 miles from south to north, while its average breadth does not appear to exceed twenty-four miles, extends from little less than 8° to a little more than 3° south latitude, and it is crossed by the 30th meridian of east longitude. Its elevation above the sea is 1,850 feet. Its waters are perfectly fresh, and it occupies a depression in surrounding high ground, but there seems no reason to suppose that the high land rising towards the north is more than four or five thousand feet above the sea. The depth of the lake was not ascertained.

"A careful investigation and comparison of statements," says Captain Burton, "leads to the belief that the "Tanganyika receives and absorbs the "whole river system—a network of "streams, nullahs, and torrents—of "that portion of the Central African "depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir."—P. 237. No doubt it has its outlet as well as its numerous feeders, unless, indeed, its surface is sufficiently reduced by evaporation to counterbalance the supplies poured into it.

From the Tanganyika, Captain Speke, after returning part of the way towards

the coast, proceeded northward till he reached the southernmost extremity of another large lake (Victoria Nyanza), which being much nearer the coast is in a more elevated part of the plateau than Tanganyika. Lake Nyanza lies directly under the equator, its southern extremity being in latitude 2° 24′ south, and its longitude 33° east. Its elevation above the sea is 3,740 feet. Like Tanganyika, it ranges due north, and is believed to be much longer than it is wide. It is an elevated basin, receiving the surplus monsoon rain which falls on the plateau in all directions. Its shores are low and flat, and its waters pure and supposed to be deep. Its extension northward is not known, but is assumed to be from two to three hundred miles. Its breadth is estimated at about eighty miles.

Between the point reached by Captain Speke (2° 20′ south latitude, and 33° 20″ east longitude) and that reached by the recent expeditions, there is now therefore but a very narrow belt of country left unvisited; and as, at the last point described by Miani above the cataracts, in 3° 22′ north latitude, the river had none of the characters of a mountain stream, while the lake Nyanza certainly must extend many miles northwards of the point at which it was visited, there is a probability that the lake and the river are connected, if, indeed, the river is not a mere extension of the lake, carrying off its spare waters. The general features of the country are not likely to change within the distance still unexplored; and it is fair to assume, in the present state of our knowledge, that although the coast range and the hills of the table-land may rise towards the north, they are not likely to become a lofty mountain chain in that direction.

While, also, Captain Burton's investigations reach to 5° south, in east longitude 30°, and he places the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika within 200 miles of the equator, we now have Mr. Petherick's account of the westernmost branch of the Nile. This branch was seen coming from the east about 150 miles north of the equator (in longitude 25° west) as if meeting the other branch traced toward the northern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Petherick penetrated quite to the equator through a country without any considerable elevations, and without any sign of those hypothetical mountains of which so much has been said. The country was inhabited, and the people were reputed cannibals, and unaccustomed to traffic. There was much large game.

At the farthest point south he was enabled to reach, he was told that the territory of the tribe he was visiting extended ten days' journey south, where a deep and wide river, flowing west, was said to be its frontier.

Shortly after Captain Burton's work was published, another work on Africa appeared, being an account of the missionary travels of Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann. We feel bound to protest against the publication of the map in this volume, bearing Mr. Ravenstein's name, and professing to be compiled with the aid of documents in the possession of the Geographical Society. There is absolutely no evidence for the hypothetical river courses and physical features there traced, and, however amiable and well-intentioned Dr. Krapf may be—and we give him every credit for honesty of purpose—we feel it right to caution the reading public against his geographical statements. His gossiping accounts, compiled from the statements of slaves, form the only foundation offered for the solution of serious and important questions about countries of which we know nothing. We are told stories concerning rivers two English miles wide, crossed by wooden bridges sixty feet wide, a few days' journey from a country inhabited by a pigmy race four feet high. These accounts seem indeed to have been almost too much even for his credulity, but they are seriously stated in considerable detail. On the evidence too of the same slave he maps out a complete system of physical geography of the district, which is duly transferred to paper by his editor as settled geographical fact.

We find in another chapter of Dr.

Krapf's book an account of the unexplored countries south of Shoa (considerably more than a million of square miles of country), commencing with the Gojob, the river two miles wide already alluded to, which is represented in the map as a very insignificant tributary to one of the smaller feeders of the White Nile. Close to its source we are told of the existence of a lofty mountain country, with a population of about 12,000, and are then duly informed of all the details, even to the price of coffee and honey, "the former being so moderate "that for four pennyworth of salt you "may buy sixty to seventy pounds of "coffee berries, three pitchers of honey, "or several sacks of wheat."—P. 66. We learn that pieces of salt are rare, but it seems that the inhabitants of this happy country are abundantly supplied with beer and mead.

We forbear to expose further the absurdities with which this volume abounds, but it is important to make out, as far as possible, the results of actual personal observation contained in it. One of the missionaries, whose experience it recounts, was Mr. Rebmann, and to him we owe the account of the so-called snowy mountain of Kilmanjaro,—no doubt a continuation northward of the ridge crossed by Captain Burton, about 150 miles from the coast, in latitude 6° south, and estimated to be there less than 6000 feet high.

The mountain in question is placed in latitude 3° 30′ south, or thereabouts, and Mr. Rebmann believed himself to be at its base. Dr. Krapf was afterwards shown what he considered to be snow mountains. The general tendency to believe in any extraordinary statement renders it necessary to look upon the evidence of both these travellers with caution, and induces us to defer any conclusive opinion till the question has been decided by competent observers. All that can be said with safety is, that the east side of the eastern coast range of Africa near the equator, like the western edge of the western coast range in the same latitude, seems to become elevated, and may attain to the limits of perpetual snow, which can hardly be estimated at less than 20,000 feet.

If one thing comes out more clearly than anything else, not only in this narrative of Dr. Krapf, but in other African stories, Dr. Barth's included, it is the utter hopelessness of obtaining geographical detail of the smallest value from the vague reports of natives, or even from the impressions and recollections of Europeans, especially those whose chief thoughts and impressions are connected with subjects of a different kind. No one who has the least knowledge of the native character either of the African or the Arab, can doubt the fact that they have always an answer ready for any inquiry, and that, possessing no accurate knowledge on any subject, or the slightest appreciation of its value, they will much more probably exaggerate and invent than state the truth. They know little of distances, less of relative positions, and least of all concerning the physical features of a country. On the other hand it is only good latitudes and longitudes and positive elevations, taken either by the barometer or the boiling-point thermometer, that can settle disputed points, and none but the practised and intelligent traveller can be depended on for these. Dr. Krapf and his companions seem to have had no instruments, and no means of making accurate observations;[1] but they listened open-mouthed to the most startling narratives. Little dependence can therefore be placed on their statements.

The geology of Africa is becoming

[1] One of Mr. Rebmann's geographical notes, describing the routes from the coast to the lake now known as Tanganyika, states that the distance would appear to be about 400 leagues to Ujiji, and that it takes thirty days in large row-boats to cross to the western side. According to Captain Burton the distance is about 600 miles to Ujiji, and the lake about thirty miles across, but the large row-boats were apparently creatures of the imagination of the informants. According to the natives consulted by Dr. Krapf, all the mountains crossed are like houses, rising suddenly into the air and perfectly isolated. Captain Burton had to cross a ridge and enter an elevated table-land, but saw no instance of isolated mountains.

known, thanks to the observations made by the intelligent travellers who have visited the country of late years. It is not very complex, but is extremely interesting; the granite and other rocks of similar character not there appearing as a central mass or distributed at intervals to mark lines of elevation. Granitic rock is confined to the outer wall that incloses the continent; it there reaches to considerable elevations, but does not form a mountain chain; it is the nucleus of the broad rim which encloses the central lands.

Forming part of the wall are other mineral accumulations of no trifling importance. Coal is there, and limestone, and iron ore; resources which, being in a country where water is not scarce, must ultimately have commercial value. These and the basaltic rocks, that in some places abound, decompose into a rich soil which, under a tropical sun and with tropical rain, will support a vegetation of the richest kind. On the coast is calcareous tufa, and the remains of ancient coral dispersed or grown over an old granite gravel. Modern shells are found on raised beaches near the western shores. A band of trappean rock with occasional hot springs next succeeds, and then comes a belt of sandstone rocks with coal and iron ore; mica schist and other slates come next, and these lie on the edge of the granite which forms the principal table-land. Within this belt in the great central plateau are masses of conglomerate and gravel of various kinds with occasional marks of marine action; an ancient sea bottom of schistose rock with granite peeping up at intervals. Large quantities of calcareous tufa have also been found in the interior. Commencing either from the east or west shore, this, with local modifications, is the description of a great section from the coast to the central depression.

Occasionally there are salt plains, and some of the lakes contain water which, in the dry season, is salt, though potable during and after rains. There are also deposits of gypsum. The vast swamps that now cover half the land during the rains were once a sea bottom; but the sea has drained off, slowly perhaps, but almost entirely, during the elevations that have brought the country to its present level. It is only here and there that a small depression, not communicating with the general drainage, has retained the salt water.

In the north, under the equator, the geological structure is altogether unknown, nor would it be safe to speculate upon it.

We have spoken only in this article of the country, not at all of the people, of Africa. That subject is too important and too wide to be treated except in a special manner; but we may recommend the reader interested concerning it to study Captain Burton's chapters at the close of his volume;—they abound in useful information.

On the whole, then, we may conclude that vast progress has already been made in the way of African discovery. On the north the Sahara has been visited, and the Guinea coast has been explored in various directions, so that we have some idea of its nature. But it yet remains to connect the oases, and to determine elevations on several lines of travel. We still also know absolutely nothing of the southern limit of the Sahara from Lake Tchad to the western branch of the Nile. We are ignorant of the limits of the desert between Timbuctu and Senegal; and we know little of the western part of the desert immediately south of Morocco; but we do know that all these will be very difficult investigations.

A somewhat important blank still exists in our maps between the course of the White Nile, as now laid down, and the shores of the Indian Ocean. It is possible that the coast range here assumes the character of a great mountain group, rising from an elevated table-land; but no reliable European traveller has ever set foot on the country within these limits and returned to tell his story.

For some distance south of the equator there is still a large and important district unknown, which may probably

be thickly peopled, well watered, well wooded, and even not without cultivation. In the interior of the continent there are other large tracts, probably without any chain of lofty mountains, or vast sheets of water, or gigantic rivers, but which no traveller has yet been able to penetrate. This is the true land of the negro—the hunting-ground which supplies the great slave-markets on both sides of the continent—the unknown and unapproachable resort of the most hopeless forms of paganism, and the habitation at once of the most fierce and gigantic of the apes, and of the lowest families of the human race.

And there still remains that old problem, the one that has for centuries evaded complete solution. Whence proceeds the flood of water that for tens of thousands of years has borne along the fertilizing mud of the Nile to be deposited in Egypt? Does it connect itself with the central equatorial tracts and shallow basins? Does it come down from Victoria Nyanza, the lake recently discovered by Captain Speke? Does it proceed from snowy mountains on the east side of the great unexplored belt? On all these points we are still likewise ignorant. The sources of the Nile have still to be discovered, but their discovery now seems very near.[1]

And those lakes—at one time believed to exist in Central Africa, but now found near the coast; by some supposed to form a kind of continuous chain parallel with the coast; by others believed to be variable, detached, and unimportant, and connected with mountain chains—What know we of these? Something, no doubt; and that something highly suggestive; but the details of the coast drainage of the two sides of the dark continent are still far from being clearly made out; and the time and extent of their increase, if really periodical, requires much further elucidation.

The Mountains of the Moon, where are they to be placed in our maps? Originally inserted under the equator, ranging east and west, they have been hypothetically transferred to form a north and south part of the coast range in the countries south of Abyssinia. Their very existence is uncertain. At any rate, if there is such a chain, its position and elevation have yet to be determined.

The vast network of waters which for want of other outlet connect themselves with the Zambesi—a river whose debouchure is unworthy of the interior water system it partially drains—what is this? and does it connect also with the Niger and the Nile? Do the three great rivers of Africa proceed originally from the overflow of some central pool of stagnant water under the equator, swollen by the monsoon rains; or are they in their sources kept distinct; and do they drain independently the north-east, north-west, and south of the vast African basin?

Such are some of the queries the geographer must still ask when told of the progress of discovery in Africa. Some of them are now in course of being answered. Not less different in point of accuracy will the map of Africa appear when these matters are distinctly made out, than are the best modern maps, when compared with the hypothetical productions dating half a century back.

[1] Captain Speke, accompanied by Captain Grant, are now in the interior of Africa endeavouring to make their way from Lake Nyanza northwards to the White Nile, where they hope to meet Mr. Petherick, in the autumn of this year, and clear up the Nile problem.

ACCIDENTAL INVENTIONS.

BY J. CORYTON.

That gold—the popular representative, the special currency, of Fortune—should owe its discovery to one of her spoilt children in an idle hour, is what we might expect. The amount of genius necessary to detect the glittering grains seems moderate, and the mental labour in mounting to the use of the pick and crusher not severe. The means and the end seem to lie tolerably close together; and, if we were asked at a venture to name a discovery that had been made by the joint instrumentality of Indolence and Chance, we should most probably say—"Gold."

We should be wrong. If we had said "Steam Engines" we should have been nearer the mark. California, the first of the many El Dorados of the day, yielded its earliest golden harvest to anything but idle hands. In September of the year 1847 an enterprising expatriated Frenchman, one Suter by name, a "squatter" in the then almost desert region, is dreaming little of the yellow treasure lying in profusion at his feet. His "only care" is that his contractor, Mr. Marshall, shall make a good job of the sawmill he is building him on the American fork of the Sacramento. And there seem doubts about it. The dam and race have been constructed. The water is let on; but the tail race is found too narrow to permit the water to escape fast enough. Marshall, to save labour, lets the water directly into the race, and a great bed of mud and gravel is speedily thrown up at the foot of it. This bed contained particles of—what? Can they believe their senses? It is—Hu-s-h!! In October the "enterprising and expatriated" is taking counsel with his contractor how they may best keep a certain secret—a secret by the way that poor porous human nature never yet was able to hold long. Another month and the Culloma Sawmill is about the last subject of the gallant Suter's care. To use the phraseology of a writer on the spot, "the whole district was moving on the mines." Six thousand diggers, earning from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 50*l.* a day, are at work within a radius of a mile; and every spade, shovel, pick, bowl, and even warming pan, that can be got at, is busy—getting gold.

Paullo majora canamus. Let us turn to the loftier realms of Science and see how discovery is managed there.

Newton is the greatest of great names, and we are fortunate in having his own experience upon the point. At the time when men were lost in wonder at the grandeur of his discoveries it occurred happily to some one to ask him, "how he came to make them." The question was not perhaps a very wise one; but it elicited a notable reply: "By *always thinking of them*," said the great philosopher. "I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually by little and little into a full and clear light."[1]

Numerous anecdotes, some not without a tinge of the ludicrous, attest the depth of the abstraction which—especially while he was occupied with his Principia—accompanied those periods of thought. For hours it is said he would sit half-dressed on the edge of his bed, lost in meditation and utterly indifferent, as it appeared, to any such material considerations as meat and drink.

Of a somewhat similar cast of mind, though destined for a widely different sphere, was James Brindley, the hydraulic engineer. What the Kosmos was to Newton, "Water-shed" was to him. A Canal was his *idée fixe*. It was his mission to make Canals. Not *his* mission only. Nature had enjoined it on the

[1] Hist. Induct. Sc. II. 192.

whole human race. "What do I think Providence intended rivers for?" he said once, repeating somewhat contemptuously a question which had been aimed at him as a poser by an astute Member of a Committee of the House of Commons: —"Why, *to feed navigable canals*, of course." He was a man of one idea; but in the realization of that idea no opposition could for one moment make him turn aside. With him, as with another great man, difficulties meant "something to be got over." He subjected his difficulties, by the way, to a somewhat curious process. It has been customary to say of a certain class of problems, "*solvitur ambulando*." Brindley solved his by lying down. Having acquired a full knowledge of his *data*, he retired with them to his bed, and there stayed—sometimes for days together—*till he had thought the plan out*. He then executed it at once without model or plan. It was no affectation of eccentricity. With this singularly gifted man seclusion seems to have been actually indispensable for him when at work. He frequently declared that the excitement consequent on a visit to the play had disturbed the current of his thoughts for several days.

Such is the calibre of the heavy ordnance—our Armstrongs—of Invention; on which alone we can rely for successfully investing and carrying by assault the citadel of Truth. Of a far different and lighter character are the weapons by which the *coups-de-main* we are about to celebrate have been executed, and several not unimportant triumphs achieved in Science and the Arts.

It is needless, we hope, to deprecate insinuations as to our being the unqualified eulogists of Lucky Accident, or encouraging "loafery" by the instances we are going to adduce of Idleness and Scampishness succeeding where Philosophy has failed. Palissy, Davy, and George Stephenson stand before us as splendid illustrations of the truth, if indeed such a truth can be supposed to need illustration, that in manufactures, as in every other department of human occupation, patient industry, courage, and fertility of resource are after all the only reliable elements of success.

One element there must be in common to all invention, be the immediate causes of it what they may. There must be Genius—that particular species of Genius which Dr. Johnson[1] defined as "*knowing the use of tools*." . . . "Let "two men," he says, "one with genius, "the other with none, look together at "an overturned waggon. He who has "no genius will think of the waggon "only as he sees it, that is to say over-"turned, and walk on. He who has "genius will give it a glance of exami-"nation that will paint it to his imagi-"nation, such as it was previously to "its being overturned, and when it was "standing still, and when it was in "motion, and when it was heavy-loaded, "and when it was empty: but both "alike must see the waggon to think of "it at all."

The latter observation contains a fund for thought, and brings in review before us a host of names illustrious in arms and arts, of men whose careers have been determined, and the course of their entire lives influenced, by what to ordinary minds would have appeared only a trivial fact. A stripling is looking at a swinging lamp, and its oscillations are awakening the genius of—Galileo. A lively boy, bored to death by his mother's austerity, is escaping in the spirit from the dull monotony of her prayer by peeping through a chink in the wainscot. His little sinful eye rests upon a portion of a clock in the room beyond, and from that hour he is a mechanician. He lives to make a name as Vaucanson, Grand Master of the automatic art. A broken rafter in his father's house secures young Ferguson, the "self-taught philosopher," for the service of the arts. A piece of strange and complex mechanism is given to a workman to repair. The workman is James Watt. Flamstead, Franklin, Cartwright, a score of other examples of a like kind, suggest themselves to us at once; but for the present we are hardly so much concerned with men as with things. We proceed, therefore, without more

[1] Memoirs of Dr. Burney, vol. iii. p. 7.

delay, to open to the reader our Museum of Accidental Art, and request the favour of his company in a visit to the depository of the eccentricities, if we may so call them, of Inventive Wit.

Let us pass over the few first pictures in our gallery. Like the "ancestors" of some *parvenu* peer, they can hardly be otherwise than fancy sketches; and even the fine "tone" can hardly save them from a suspicion of having had their original in Wardour Street. Our reader shall have "*facts*," when we talk of the *chance invention* of the telescope, the balloon, lithographic printing, and the steam-engine.

A time-worn picture of Archimedes, reeking from his bath, and bellowing his "Εὕρηκα" might and main, is perhaps an appropriate introduction to the wonders of science we are to meet with as we walk along, and forms, as you may see, a fitting pendant to "Phœnician Mariners on the Sea-shore," gazing with incredulous wonder at the liquid stream of glass flowing from their fire on the beach.

Let us pause here, to notice, on the shelf below it, the latest marvel in connexion with the latter manufacture. It deserves mention, as, but for some notice of the sort, a singular discovery in connexion with the art may be long before it comes into general use. *Glass can be cut as easily as iron*, and by the same means. We mention it, too, because the discovery appears to have been the result of a moment's inspiration. It happened thus: Mr. M——, one of the ablest of our mechanical engineers, had one evening, about twelve months since, an idea upon the subject! The moment was propitious for putting it to the test—his workshops were at hand—a piece of glass was placed in a lathe ordinarily used for iron, and turned with an ordinary tool quite true. It was shifted, and a *small female screw* bored in precisely the same manner as if the mass operated on had been metal. The invention was complete; and there seems no reason why a perfect revolution should not take place in the treatment of the material, save that the machinery is that in common use and the agent employed one of the most inexpensive kind. The inventor has taken a sure way of preventing it. He has *presented the invention to the nation!* contenting himself with putting his claim upon record, in the form of a provisional specification.

The hangings of our gallery you must observe for a moment—they are of the far-famed Tyrian dye, steeped in the juice of the *murex* yclept *brandaris*—for "thereby hangs a tale," a tale too pretty and too *à propos* for us to let go by. It is world-old, it is true (something like 1500 B.C. we believe, this *mauve* of the period dates back); but perhaps none the less veracious for all that. It places the laurels of invention—save the mark!—upon a dog. The *dramatis personæ* are—Hercules (who in his intervals of dragon-slaying, seems everlastingly philandering) and a fair Tyrian maid, wandering along the shore. Fido, mindful of the adage about "three," has taken to rambling on his own account among the rocks, poking his inquisitive muzzle into every odd corner he can find. In the course of his peregrinations, he lights upon a certain mollusc, squelches the creature with his nose, and carries back upon that useful feature a radiant purple hue. "What a duck of a colour!" exclaims the nymph, in the dialect of her day, and with all the vivacity of ours. She glances archly at her lover, and adds—"for a dress!" The immortal hero is fain to promise a robe that shall vie in loveliness of colour with Fido's nose. And the demigod has a task worthy his renown. Each fish, confound him! has but a single drop of the precious fluid, stowed deep away in his pericardial sac; but the requisite amount of *murex* juice is at last procured, and the garment forthcoming for his *exigeante* love.[1]

We have spoken of the telescope as an *enfant trouvé*. The matter of its invention *is said* to have been on this wise. Once upon a time—two hundred and more years ago—the children of a spectacle-maker were playing with some

[1] Encyc. Met. VIII. 519.

of their father's glasses before his door. They poke them here and there, till—what is it they see? The distant steeple appears to be brought almost into their own street! Paterfamilias is apprised of the phenomenon. He verifies it, but it passes his philosophy to tell the youthful inquisitors "the reason why." Like a sensible man, he screws the glasses on a board, casts a covering about them, and secures the fact.

The "Spyglass" played subsequently far too grand a *rôle* not to attract the envious glance of national rivalry; and we have, in fact, the same legend repeated by more writers than one, always of course with a patriotic change of the place. The learned and unfeeling *savans* of the present day declare the stories to be all fudge. "The number of the competitors for this honour" (observes Sir David Brewster) "affords the most unequivocal evidence that the telescope was brought into the condition of a portable and efficient instrument by steps so gradual, that no individual had any real claim to be considered as its inventor." Ugh! for the Herod of our Innocents of Invention! We claim the honour for our little Flemings, and crown Middelbourg as the "Stammort" of the numerous and refined family of the Dollonds of our day.

But, whatever may have been its origin, it was not long finding its way into scientific hands. In 1609, Galileo, then Professor of Mathematics at Padua, was at Venice. Rumour came there with a tale how that a Dutchman had presented Count Moritz of Nassau with an instrument which caused distant objects to appear close at hand. This was all that Rumour could supply. It was enough for the philosopher that the problem was proposed. In a few hours he had satisfied himself of the means by which it could be done, and, in the course of some three days, actually constructed telescopes, which were duly presented to the Doge and Senate of the "Ocean Bride," accompanied by a letter, pointing out the immense advantages that might be expected from their use, more especially in the study of the heavenly bodies. More fortunate in this than in some other of his schemes, the inventor was rewarded by finding his salary henceforward tripled in amount.

I am about to tax your credulity a little further—to tell of the chain of accidents which have resulted in that miracle of mechanism, the steam-engine. Leaving Hero, the Marquis of Worcester, and a host of hazy pretenders, for the moment out of sight, let us take a glance at this picture—it represents one Captain Savery, towards the end of the seventeenth century—and see what he's about. The scene is a tavern at Florence. Our gallant has called for and consumed a flask of wine, and pitched the empty bottle on a fire burning on the hearth. A few drops in the bottom of it begin, naturally enough, to issue forth in steam. A basin of cold water is at hand. Seizing the bottle in his gloved hand, he plunges it neck downmost into the water, when the water rushes up and—nearly fills the flask. The seed fell upon fruitful soil. The gallant captain applies the principle to raising water *en gros* by means of a partial vacuum; and thus was taken the first step towards the beautiful piece of mechanism in yonder corner—the steam-engine of to-day.

Here, too, as the glory is claimed for chance, of course there is another servant anxious to prove that he was the favoured means—and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same tale is told again: a hot tobacco-pipe playing the part of the bottle with its residuum of wine.

Savery in due season, starting from his first discovery, makes a steam-engine proper (he knew nothing the while, we are told, of Papin's experiments in the same line); and this, in time, comes to be *perfectionné* (here's its model) in the hands of Messrs. Newcomen and Cawley.

In the annals of these latter gentlemen, we have little doubt, the year of grace 1705 was marked with the whitest of white stones; and to have told them with their improved machine before them, that "Steam was in its infancy" would have elicited a complacently com-

passionate smile. On the day of the great event I am about to tell you of, the cumbrous engine had, no doubt, been clanking away sturdily to their complete satisfaction. Before night, it will be looked on as a clumsy monument of the past! The cylinder, in the machine I am speaking of, you may see, was cooled after each stroke by the application of water to the cylinder *outside*. Suddenly, *without any supply of water to the condensing jacket*, off starts the engine, and away for several strokes with an alacrity the like of which has never been seen before. Then as suddenly a stop—and an awkward silence, in which our engineers stare at one another with a comically puzzled air. Surely some Puck has been trifling with the grim monster! They find, on examining the piston, a hole, through which the water poured on it to keep it air-tight has issued in the form of a jet and instantly condensed the steam within. Nature (tired of seeing them boggling about a trifle) has been giving them a lesson in their art. The hint is thankfully adopted. The recognition was not expensive; and henceforward the water-jacket is superseded, and water supplied by a pipe to the interior of the cylinder, as you see here.

Chuckling with delight at the discomfiture of the "professional men," Dame Fortune soon determines on flouting sober Wisdom with another sample of her caprice. She takes this time not merely an ignorant, but an utterly indifferent ally. Newcomen's engine, with the "latest improvements," still needs, as you will understand by this, constant attendance, to shut and open, at the proper periods, the regulating and condensing valves. A "lazy, idle boy" is Humphry Potter—one of the "cock-boys," as they were called, whose duty it was to furnish this attendance. His eye and hand are with the engine, but his heart is with his happier brethren who have no steam-engines to look after, and are shouting happily at play. Why shouldn't the engine work itself? There would be no difficulty, if a string were tied from here to there, and another from this to that. There!—the thing is done! the levers which govern the cocks are duly connected with the beam, and Humphry Potter, relieved of his hideous task, is off to play. As an engineering genius we never hear of him again. The steam-engine had, however, by his contrivance, for the first time, become a real automaton.

Watt's Engine! Well—I hardly know—with a man like James Watt, it seems hardly right to talk of Chance. Invention, with him, was a work of cool, constant calculation. His grand discovery was, however, conceived, developed, and perfected in a moment; and that moment fixed itself deep in his memory never to be forgotten. Some fifty years after his labours had been crowned with honour, he was asked if he could remember how the idea first occurred to him. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "perfectly. One Sunday afternoon, I had gone to take a walk on the Green of Glasgow, and, when about half-way between the Herd's-house and Arn's-well, my thoughts having naturally turned to the experiments I had been engaged in for saving heat in the cylinder, *at that part of the road* the idea occurred to me that, as steam was an elastic vapour, it would expand and rush into a previously exhausted place; and that if I were to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a communication between the steam in the cylinder and the exhausted vessel, such would be the consequence." A fitting sequel to his early experiments, commemorated in the little picture just above you, where the child is playing at science with a kettle, spoon, and cup!!

The next painting I call your attention to with some apprehensions of its effects on the minds of our youthful friends. We see here in young Argand, a skylarking *harum-scarum* fellow, with about as much science in him as a young terrier—one of those scourges of the studio, ever meddling with retorts, and overhauling in a destructive manner everything that is intellectually beyond their ken. Argand Senior is in his laboratory, hard at work with his problem of the lamp; but the genius has refused

to appear at his invocation. The dusky circle of fire seems to have thrown the experimentalist into a gloomy mood. He turns his back for a moment—the dull circlet of smoke starts as if by magic into a bright white flame, and the chamber is brilliantly lighted up. Who has wrought the wonder? Who but Argand Junior! He has been clapping an old oil-flask with the bottom out over every article in the chamber that admitted of the treatment, has at last applied it to the lamp, and—the problem is solved. Once more a "lazy, idle boy" carries off the prize!!

Before we close our survey, we shall have another chaplet to bestow on Idleness. Meanwhile, as we have touched upon the vice, I may mention here a rather whimsical course which Accident has taken in introducing an antidote to a particular form of it. The Prior of an Arabian monastery had been informed by his shepherds that the cattle, when they ate the berries of a certain shrub which grew extensively in the plains, were restless and incapable of sleeping at night. His jolly friars slept but too soundly. The Prior was curious to see the effects of the berries upon his monks. *Fiat experimentum.* How it was prepared for the worthies we are not informed, but the remedy is reported to have been efficacious, and the monks thenceforward possessed the means of keeping themselves in waking order for the midnight prayer. Tradition has it that these identical monks had the glory of introducing the berry to Constantinople.

Having thus insensibly drifted into the congenial atmosphere of *materia medica*, we need hardly stop to point out the part Accident has taken in the discovery of various remedies for "the ills that flesh is heir to." Cinchona or Jesuits'-bark figures somewhat extensively in the Pharmacopœia; yet there seems little question but that its medicinal benefits were first dispensed by Chance. Some say that animals affected with intermittent fever were observed instinctively to make their way to the "bitter cup," while others mention as the discoverer an aguish Peruvian who chanced to drink out of a pool into which some of the branches drooped. As a cure of gangrene it has a somewhat extended fame; yet it is on record that this fame originated in the fact that an aguish patient, who was recommended it for that complaint, *happened* to have gangrene, and was taking the remedy *selon la règle.*

Whether Aerostation can be said to be among the *useful* Arts I am hardly prepared to say; but there are two accounts connected with the first practical development of ballooning which have entitled it to a place in our Museum. From the days of Icarus downwards there seems to have been no lack of speculations on the possibility of the *bipes implumis* rivalling the natural denizens of the air. The ingenious Bishop Wilkins, in his "Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the World in the Moon," proposes the construction of a flying-chariot, large enough to carry up several men with their food and luggage, on the principle on which he supposes Archytas to have made his wooden dove, and Regiomontanus the wondrous eagle, which *is stated* to have flown out of the good town of Nuremberg, and flapped a welcome to Charles V. Till the date of the incident I am about to mention, however, people had *talked* about it, but done nothing else. On a winter's evening, about 1782, Montgolfier Brothers (Joseph and James Stephen), never in their lives having thought about balloons, are sitting (as you see by this little picture) beside the ample chimney of a private room in their paper factory at Annonay, near Lyons. A blazing fire is on the hearth, and the "gude wife" has availed herself of the opportunity to range her household linen about it that it may be "aired." Montgolfier Brothers have a soul above buttons. For the moment paper is not on their minds. They take an interest in public affairs; and just now public attention is engrossed with the fortunes of the French, who are besieging the *perfide nation* at Gibraltar. A map of that formidable fortress lies on the table; and a well-marked

spot, indicating the "Snake in the Grass" outwork, shows the interest that has been felt in this portion of the defences. "If only," says Joseph with a sigh, "we could get over that."—Ah, if! Is it an omen? Is it a hint from some Invisible Power? A garment, which (having ladies in our company) I decline more particularly to name, flutters down from its hanging place over the fire, becomes inflated with the smoke, rises majestically and sails upwards into sooty space. Εὑρήκασι! The idea has struck them both. They will build a monster ——! It shall be of paper of course—and Gibraltar shall be French —to the great and everlasting honour of the Montgolfier name, and to the no small profit of the factory of Montgolfier Frères!

The other story is less dramatic, and we reject it. It is that which supposes the same Stephen Montgolfier to have taken his hint from a spherical paper cap placed by some lucky circumstance over a coffee-pot "upon the boil."

The invention does not appear to have hung fire. On September 19, 1783, Montgolfier exhibited before the King and Royal Family at Versailles a grand machine, near sixty-three feet high and forty-three in diameter, which ascended with a cage containing a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which it conveyed safely to a distance of 10,000 feet.

Who is there that has not seen, or, having seen, has not been charmed with, a print of the picture you see here representing "The origin of the Stocking-loom?" A scholar out of work—about the most shiftless being on earth's round —is sitting in sad silence beside his wife and child, watching the wan fingers of that knitting figure, alas! the only "bread-winner" of the house. The Angel of Domestic Happiness inspires him with an idea! and henceforward those dear fingers are at rest, and the labour is transferred to mute machinery. Oxford and Cambridge vie in rival versions of the story, for the honour of having instituted the persecution of the ingenious Lee; and those who favour either cause may find matter of satisfaction in the discrepancies which abound in both. In one the hero is a lover, not a husband, and invents the machinery that he may gain the ear of a low-born but proud maiden, who has a notion that she can't and won't afford to put by her work merely to hear a lover pour out his vows. In all, however, the Inspiring Element is Love!

Place aux dames!—Let me hasten to repair a grave omission. We have a lady on our list entitled to the honours of a Chance Inventor: albeit the hare she started required runners of sterner stuff to run it down. The date of Signora Galvani's famous cold is fixed for the year 1790. Her medical man has called, and seen her, and prescribed —frog soup. Thrice fortunate prescription!!! The frogs skinned for the cook's use are laid, as you see in this *tableau*, upon a table in the laboratory of her husband, close to where an electrical machine is being used. One of the Professor's assistants *chances* to bring the point of a scalpel near the crural nerves of a froggie in the sad condition we have described; and immediately the said crural nerves become agitated with violent convulsions, as if poor Froggie's spirit had returned. Our heroine is looking on, and, struck with the phenomenon, brings it under the notice of the Professor, who observes its repetition on merely passing copper hooks through these same nerves, and suspending them on an iron rail. Galvani holds Froggie to be only an animated Leyden jar. Volta makes another supposition, which, after being duly controverted and discussed, leads to the invention, in 1800, of the well-known Voltaic pile. Signora Galvani and her frog-broth have given the world a new system of Physiology!

To make amends, ladies, for my ungal lant neglect, I will now mention a lucky accident which has solely to do with the "Fashions." When our grandmothers were young and pretty, "watertabbies" were all the rage. The beautiful ornamentation of the tissue was found out by the purest chance. *Ecce signum.* Our "representative man," in connexion with it, is a tailor. Saving your finer feelings,

ladies, this tailor, walking over a piece of floorcloth, has—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—expectorated thereupon. The Nemesis of Propriety whispers in his ear, and the guilty craftsman claps his hissing goose upon the obnoxious spot. He raises it; and lo! a flowery pattern, very pleasant to behold. He takes the hint; makes further experiments—let us hope on a somewhat cleanlier scale—takes out a patent and dies rich: adding one more to the Catalogue of Fortunes accumulated by "dirty tricks."

At last we come to the group of chance inventions connected with the Press. Stay! at the present juncture Arms take the *pas* of Arts; so let me first point out a couple of Accidents to which the world is indebted for the blessings of bayonets and shot. As if pure Chance had not satisfied the cravings after the marvellous, we have a man making the latter of these important inventions—in his sleep! A Bristol plumber—his name, too, was Watts—retires to his bed one night as usual, and has a most extraordinary dream. He is—so his fancy paints him to himself—crawling about upon a church roof, about to solder up a defect in it, when, by one of those unaccountable incidents which we take very quietly when they come to us in dreams, down goes the ladle of boiling metal into a pool in the street below. "Try again," says old Honesty; and he descends to get his ladle and his lead. The former is there sure enough, but the latter is represented by a myriad of tiny, perfect spheres. With real material lead, and his eyes wide open, he goes through next morning the exact process he has noticed in his dream, and—inaugurates the manufacture of lead-shot! The story goes on to tell us that "the Patent he had for his invention he sold for 10,000*l.*," and that with this 10,000*l.* he built for the embellishment of his native city a Crescent of houses which the citizens were unpolite enough to christen "Watts's Folly." Alas! for the sober hues that succeed the warm glow of Fancy when we bring our story into contact with the damping blanket of Fact—I find no Patent to any Watts for his lead shot in the prosaic regions of the Office of the Great Seal.

And now for the origin of the "Queen of weapons"—the bright agent of British gallantry on many a well-fought field. There was rough work, as was seeming, at its birth. You see the incident told here in paint. The Dutch were drawn from the Well of Truth, with *Notes and Queries* as our cup; a Basque Regiment, on one of the ridges of the mountains near Bayonne, is hard pressed, and, to add to their misfortunes, ammunition has run short. With the ingenuity of despair, they fix the long knives which form part of their ordinary equipment into the barrels of their muskets, and a glorious victory crowns the first instance on record of a bayonet charge. Our foundling was fortunate enough to receive encouragement at the hands of the "authorities" of the day. We find it on record as a regular weapon of war in the memoirs of Puységur so early as 1647; mentioned as imported into England in the first half of the year 1672; as used with success in 1689 in its ringed form by Mackay against the Highlanders at Killicrankie; and finally as being in general use with a socket in 1703.

All inventions with the like amiable object of killing and slaying have not fallen equally in luck's way. Cannon, I have heard it stated, were in common use as early as the siege of Troy.[1] You can any day inspect at the United Service Museum, in Whitehall, a "many times discharging petronel," made probably as long back as the days of *the first Charles*, and identical in principle with the modern "Colt's revolver."

But we must get on. I have reserved

[1] A curious illustration this of the dangers of "a little knowledge." The Curator of this Museum has since informed us that his worthy custos (otherwise an exceedingly shrewd man), in dabbling with Greek history, has come across this order, Καὶ νῦν βάλλε, in connexion with the siege, and jumped at once to the conclusion that it represented the modern "cannon ball."

the most interesting of our series for the last; and the time would fail me to try to tell how Berthollet, following in Scheele's wake, and examining the corks with which he has been bottling up his chlorine gas, has revolutionized the bleaching trade by effecting the process which had required months in the compass of a few hours—of Courtois, the French soap-boiler, finding iodine in his seaweed ash—of M. Jaloureau discovering how to make gas-pipes out of paper—of, in short, a host of discoveries, useful, amusing, and scientific, resulting from some lucky accident or happy thought.

In nearing the typographic art, we feel instinctively that we are approaching fighting-ground. We have seen rival candidates before for the merit of curious discoveries; but here the controversy becomes tinged with something of religious acrimony. I dare hardly open up this curtain enough to let you catch a glimpse of old Laurenz Coster carving A B C, for the edification of his grandsons, on the trees of "a wood near Haarlem." We must pass that over and this dark scene in which one Hans Fust, his servant, is, like a bad Christian, stealing off with his master's pewter types, while the goodman has gone unsuspiciously to do his duty as churchwarden on Christmas-eve. The knave is off and away to Mentz, where he will set up business for himself; and the Haarlemer will come back from church, and will be so disgusted, if we are to believe all we are told, that no one will hear anything more about the matter for above a hundred years.

Let us turn to this little sketch in the department of copper-plates. It was during the lull of 1656 in the stormy life of Rupert, we are told by his latest biographer, that he discovered the art of mezzotinto. He was not a novice with the burin. In 1637, he had solaced many hours of imprisonment at Lintz in executing engravings that still remain. He is now in retirement at Brussels. One morning early he goes out, as is his manner, for a walk, and comes upon a soldier who is just going to clean his gun. The gun has been left out all night in the rain, and part of the barrel which has been exposed has become rusted. A linen cloth, with which the soldier is about to clean the barrel, brings off a pattern which strikes the prince at once with an idea—an idea which, with the assistance of one Vallerant Vaillant, a reputable printer, assumes very nearly the position occupied by the mezzotinto of the present day.

The method of etching on glass is stated to have been discovered by the old gentleman you see here, George Schwankerd, of Nuremberg, who, in 1670, is lamenting the corrosion of his spectacles by an accidental visitation of aquafortis; an accident from which he learned to make a liquid by which he could etch writing and figures on plates of glass. At present, however, we are acquainted with no other acid which answers this purpose, except that discovered by Scheele in 1771, by means of which the impressions have been taken from glass plates in my hand, with the aid of rollers.

A noteworthy example, the last I am about to give, of the way in which some of the most valuable inventions have been suggested by incidents in common life, is that of lithography by Senefelder. I beg those who are unacquainted with the manufacture to spend five minutes in running down the middle aisle of Messrs. Day's well-regulated establishment at the Little Turnstile of Lincoln's Inn Fields. He will see chromolithographs that will bear comparison with the paintings they represent. In the memory of many living persons, the art was as yet unknown. The anecdote connected with its invention illustrates the peculiar position of the inventor. There is none that can be quoted more encouraging to struggling genius. At starting in life, young Senefelder had mistaken his vocation. Failing as an actor, he fancied his mission was to be a poet; and we need not, therefore, be much surprised at finding him depicted here as miserably poor. He wrote for the stage, and his writings seemed destined either never to see

the light or die without having repaid the outlay they had caused. Horrible! Was his "Mathilde von Altenstein oder die Bärenhöhle," with all its harrowing incidents and noble diction, to be lost to the world, merely because his previous works had met with cold receptions? Perish the thought! If publishers—always a dull-sighted race—wouldn't take the poor play on trust, he would print it with his own hands! That requires type. He has none. He will engrave it. He has no copper. Never mind; then he will engrave on stone. (This after a failure in original stereotyping of sealing-wax.) He engraves it in a piece of finely polished Kellheim stone, and makes but sorry progress with his work. The slab splinters. He endeavours to remedy the defects by the use of a composition of wax, soap, and lampblack, and these defects are leading him to the goal. One day, you see him as he has polished his stone for etching, when his mother enters the room hurriedly, and requests him to make a note of some articles of linen going to the wash. Not a scrap of paper—thank goodness!—can he find. The inkstand is (fortunately) dry. He writes with a lump of his composition the required matter on his stone. What is the idea that suggests itself? If he were to throw aquafortis on the stone. He does, and the writing remains in relief. Joy!—joy for ever! "Mathilda von Altenstein" has not long to wait!

With all his might he now strives to bring his invention into practical form, and he succeeds. The next thing is to gain his livelihood by practising it. To develop the idea, not less than two hundred florins will be requisite. He thinks himself happy in finding a Bavarian gentleman willing to supply him with as much, on condition of his acting as his substitute, and serving in the artillery. The *quid pro quo* appears to the struggling author and inventor the merest bagatelle. He starts off gaily for the camp. His "leisure hours" will be devoted to carrying out his new idea!! He reaches Ingoldstadt, on the road from Prague (his native city) to Munich, with a batch of recruits, and here the golden vision fades away. He is not Bavarian born, and his services cannot be accepted by the State. What is to be done? He manages to persuade a musician, one Gleissner, of the Elector's band, how admirably the invention he has perfected is adapted for the publication of music; and several works, published by the two, establish the capabilities of the art beyond a doubt. With his subsequent fortunes we need not stop to occupy ourselves here. He died in official clover at Munich, on the 26th February, 1834, in the sixty-third year of his age. At the close of the interesting and circumstantial record of the experiments and difficulties which we have by his own hand, the author observes, "I esteem myself happy in seeing in my own lifetime the value of my invention so universally appreciated, and in having myself been able to attain in it a degree of perfection which in a thousand other inventions has not been reached till long after the death of the first inventor."

What, then, is the moral we should choose to close our walk——that invention is but luck? Beware of it, young gentleman there, beginning to cultivate your stand-up collars and encourage whisker. As well believe that low cunning is the requisite qualification for algebra. Buffon, no mean authority, sums up the question thus: "Invention depends "on patience. Contemplate your subject "long. It will gradually unfold itself, "till a sort of electric spark convulses the "brain for a moment, and sends a glow of "irritation to the heart. Then comes the "luxury of genius." True it is, that in many cases the invention appears to us to be simple, and the truths on which it is founded obvious at the first sight. We must beware of the fallacy of any such belief, and remember that this veil, flimsy and transparent as it seems now that a schoolboy's hand can lift it, was yet sufficient to conceal these truths for thousands of years from the observation of all the world.

"No one," we may say, in conclusion, with Profesor Whewell,[1] "who fairly

[1] Phil. Ind. Sciences, II. p. 190.

" considers the real nature of great dis-
" coveries, and the intellectual processes
" which they involve, can seriously hold
" the opinion of their being the effect
" of accident. . . . *Such accidents never*
" *happen to common men.* Thousands of
" men, even the most inquiring and spe-
" culative, had seen bodies fall; but
" who, except Newton, ever followed the
" accident to such consequences? . . . .
" How much previous thought, what a
" steady conception of the universality
" of the laws of motion gathered from
" other sources, were requisite, that the
" inquirer should see any connexion in
" these cases!"

Thank you, Sir!—thank you, Ma'am! It's strictly speaking against the rules, but—and thank you too, young ladies; and you, too, young gentlemen. Dear me! how time has flitted. It is time to lock up the museum, and get home.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY SIDGWICK, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

It is interesting to read a history of England by a foreigner. It instructs us in a similar way with a foreign book of travels in England, or a foreigner's views of English politics. In both cases, to speak Teutonically, we obtain an external stand-point from which to contemplate ourselves objectively; that is, we "see ourselves as others see us." But, where contemporary politics or social life is the subject, the knowledge of the most intelligent and diligent foreigner is strangely and ludicrously dashed with ignorance. The want of those subtle, seemingly intuitive, perceptions, by means of which a native judges of the events which happen around him, is a want that the most diligent study can hardly compensate. We could often get additional insight into our own game by taking the advice of lookers-on; but their quaint blunders and perverse misunderstandings prevent us from listening to them patiently. Provoked to laughter or indignation, we neglect the grain of truth that is mingled with their error. For instance, it is true that the interests of trade influence our policy more than we are often willing to allow to ourselves; but, when we are told by foreigners that our sole motive for wishing the liberation of Italy was to get a better market for our "cottons," we are too indignant to undeceive them. We simply wrap ourselves in our own virtue, and feel that disinterestedness is always misunderstood. Again, when we are invited to see "Palmerston unmasked," however intelligent and well-informed the unmasker may be, we are only moved to laughter.

But, with regard to history, the case is different. A native is not here in the same superior position. Our acquaintance with the present England is, no doubt, a help to our comprehension of the past, since a nation remains in essence the same throughout its history; but it is also a hindrance, as the recurrence of familiar names and phrases is apt to make us forget the changes that time has made. A foreigner who diligently studies the requisite documents will certainly have more difficulty in understanding several points than a native would have; but he will be more safe from error on several other points. The one view will form an excellent supplement to the other, though it could hardly serve as a substitute for it.

In the history of England especially such a change of view is advantageous. It is hard to conceive of an English historian of England being thoroughly impartial. It is the fashion, indeed, to give unlimited praise to Hallam in this respect; but such praise, we think, is hardly deserved. By contrast, no doubt, he seems so; he is considerably more impartial than Hume, or Lingard, or Macaulay, or Froude. But the studied

moderation of his language often veils a very decided bias of thought. He plays the advocate in the seat and garb of a judge. And none of our historians, except Hallam, has any pretensions to impartiality. The reason of this has been given by Macaulay with his usual clearness. It lies in the continuous development of our political history. In a land

"Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

the study of history can never be merely antiquarian. Other nations have had great breaks in the chain of their development, periods when an entirely new set of principles were introduced, the old ones being swept away in a political deluge. Such periods divide the peaceful past from the noisy present; *our* past is linked to the present, and is never at peace. Again, our historians are apt to be led astray by a kind of historical "principle of non-intervention." Rejoicing in the blessings that our "island home" has conferred; thankfully recognizing how, "'mid blown seas and beating showers," we have been cut off from the baneful influences of the continent, they rather exaggerate the effect of this isolation. Mr. Buckle is, no doubt, right in choosing English history as the most normal type of the history of a nation, because its growth has been the freest, the least constrained by external circumstances. At the same time, hardly any one of the series of changes, outward and inward, through which our nation has passed, can be well understood without a full reference to contemporary continental movements. This view of England, as taking her part in the growth of the great European corporation of states, will probably be best given by a foreign historian; as he will be inclined neither to overrate the importance of a stranger nation, nor to underrate the importance of the people whose history he is writing.

For these and other general reasons, the two volumes of Ranke's History of England seem to us worthy of a perusal. But Professor Ranke has more special claims on our notice. He is known to us already by several works as an earnest, accurate, and impartial historian. As a German, too, he is particularly fit to treat of the history of foreign states. For the students of Germany are the most cosmopolitan in the world. This is partly, no doubt, due to the fact that they are themselves so divided a people—that Germany has so long been merely, if not a "geographical," at least an ethnological expression. But it is better referred to the general peaceful and philosophical bent of the German mind. The pre-eminence they most covet is that which they claim to possess, viz. a literary, not a political one. They look on it as a natural division of labour among the three foremost nations of Europe, that the Germans should be the teachers of the world, while the English diffuse the blessings of wealth and commerce, and the French regulate the lighter aspects of civilization. And, indeed, their superiority in philosophy, to ourselves at least, is too well attested by the fact that any deep or original thought that appears in England is always referred to a German source. Accordingly, there is no danger of the Germans falsifying history from a narrow pride in their own past. When we read Professor Ranke, his language alone reminds us of his nationality; except, perhaps, in one passage, where the indecision of James I., just before the Thirty Years' War, calls forth a stronger indignation than an English historian might have expressed. Then we remember what the Thirty Years' War was to Germany, and what reason she has for bitterness against all who then helped to let loose the demons of bloodshed and devastation.

One almost fears to call Professor Ranke a philosophic historian. There is a prejudice against the genus, especially as it exists in Germany, which is but too well founded. The worst fault conceivable in a historian, except obscurity and confusion, is a tendency to bend facts into conformity with a preconceived theory. Both these faults are characteristic of a spurious philosophy, and to

both the "twilight-loving German spirit," as Gervinus has called it, is prone. But Professor Ranke is perfectly free from them. His natural bias is in the opposite direction. On the whole he keeps the golden mean between Carlyle and Buckle; treating history neither as a sort of Homeric battle, nor as an advanced geological era. His philosophy prevents him from considering the life of a nation as a mere conglomerate of the lives of individuals; and his philosophy is tempered by a strong regard for personalities, such as we should expect from a Prussian conservative. We find in him hardly any traces of the phraseology stigmatized as German jargon. It is true that he uses certain words and phrases which would have a mysterious sound to many educated Englishmen. We read of "universal-historical questions," "universal-historical development;" we have certain events distinguished as being of "world-historical importance." A man might easily be appalled by reading, at the opening of a chapter, of "the objec-"tive ideas which are bound up with "the culture of the human race," and by being told that "the spiritual life depends "chiefly on a subjectively performed, "and therefore limiting appropriation of "them;" but the notions conveyed in this language are in reality perfectly simple, and the language itself is very rare.

Professor Ranke's merits have been more universally recognised in England than in his own country. This fact, and the reason for it, are curiously illustrated by two passages in the lately published correspondence of Varnhagen von Ehse. In one place this veteran liberal mentions the recent publication of Ranke's History of Prussia, and complains bitterly of the "flattening and dulling" process which the history had undergone in Ranke's hands. In another place, when speaking generally of the state of literature at the time, he says that nothing pleases the public except what has a strong party bias. This latter passage explains the former. The fact is, there is a large element of violent Liberalism in literary Germany. And nothing disgusts violent partizans more than an opponent who affects impartiality. They can better tolerate a foe as rancorous as themselves, than one whom they consider not even honest and open in his hostilities. A judicial holding of the balance between contending parties; a division of the right and wrong of each question, giving a share of both to either side; a view of the great results of history as produced by, rather than in spite of, conflicting efforts; all these, characteristic as they are of the true historian, they cannot away with. Now, there are two views of great historical crises and characters, neither of which are thoroughly satisfactory. In every important conflict of history, the points really at issue are not those openly put forward. Disputes about special rights and legal technicalities are made to veil a radical disagreement on first principles. Sometimes this substitution of trivialities for the weightier matters is conscious—the work of clever diplomatists and party leaders. Sometimes, again, it is unconscious—the combatants are really unaware how great a cause they are defending; they would be astonished, could they foresee the results of their own victory. On such questions we always find historians divided between two views—the legal and the philosophical. Some simply constitute themselves, as it were, judge and jury for the case; first establishing clearly what they conceive to be the law of it, and then applying the law to test the conflicting claims. Unfortunately, since it is essential to law that it should admit of continual alteration, it seems for many reasons inapplicable as an ultimate appeal in crises of alteration. Another set of historians take exclusively the philosophical view. From the pious apophthegm, "Whatever is, is right," they develop the historical rule, "Whatever was to be, was right." They claim our sympathies for that side (to use their language) which maintained the great cause of progress. That is, we are to go with the winners. The muse of history is always to be on the side of the

gods against Cato. This theory (of which Cæsar-worships, Napoleon-worships, &c. are fragments) has come into favour recently but rapidly. It is supported in Germany by the philosophy of Hegel, and in France by the philosophy of Comte. Among ourselves, it has found an eloquent advocate in Mr. Congreve. It is a view all the more attractive to thinking men, because it is sure never to be accepted by the vulgar. It is a natural reaction from the older and more popular view, and contains, no doubt, a certain amount of truth; but the fallacies to which it leads seem far more dangerous, and also more palpable, than those of the opposite theory. The laws of morality which regulate private conduct must not be applied, by a hasty but clumsy generalization, to public measures; but it is a grave inaccuracy to describe these measures as *above* the ordinary laws of morality. Professor Ranke steers with satisfactory moderation between this Scylla and that Charybdis. He does not attempt very much; indeed, his mind appears not remarkable for breadth of grasp, nor particularly qualified for generalization; but what he does, he does fairly and well. He admires personal qualities, and has a just appreciation of "historical necessities;" but he does not admit either the one or the other feeling as a rule or a substitute for political morality. He betrays an elective affinity to kings in general, which strikes us most strangely in the case of the pedant James I.; and he is not inclined to underrate the influence of individual minds upon the world's destinies. But his definition of "a great man" is most strongly philosophic and "anti-personal." Speaking of Alfred he says: "With right is he styled the Great, for "this title belongs only to those, who "have fought not only for private, but "at the same time for great general "interests." Similarly he sympathises strongly with the personal character of Charles I.; indeed, we feel while reading that he is sorely tempted to raise him, by a few strokes of the pencil, into a hero; and is with difficulty restrained from doing so by his habit of strict impartiality. He can sympathise, too, with the unfortunate prince in his double public character, as defender of absolute monarchy and as defender of the Anglican Church. But the cause of absolutism was ultimately worsted, while the cause of the Anglican Church ultimately prevailed. Accordingly, in Ranke's view, it is on his defence of the Establishment that Charles's claims to historical greatness rest. On the whole, this power of estimating men and actions from different points of view at once gives us great confidence in Ranke: his judgments are not always profound, but they are always accurate; we feel in no danger of special pleading from him; the most ardent admiration cannot lead him to palliate errors, nor the strongest dislike to misinterpret motives.

The style of our author is careful, clear, and pleasing; not destitute of spirit or grace, though never rising to any great pitch of beauty or sublimity. It is not, however, altogether suited to English taste; his vivacity of expression will often seem frigid and affected to our phlegmatic temperament; we are not used to notes of exclamation, except in oratory or dialogue. He has not a very artistic execution, but yet he shows the true spirit of an artist. His materials are all arranged and grouped with modest laboriousness, and then left to tell their own tale. He does not, like the brilliant historian whom we have lost, overwhelm and take captive the imagination by continued rhetoric, but rather arouses it and sets it to work by suggestive portraiture.

The book is entitled "English History, principally in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries;" and the more detailed part of it, as far as it has yet gone, extends from the accession of Henry VIII. to the crisis of the struggle between Charles I. and his parliament. On such a well-ploughed field, historical power is rather to be shown in the selection and appreciation of documents, than in the discovery of any new materials. Professor Ranke,

however, flatters himself, as he tells us in his preface, that he has some fresh light to throw upon the period, derived from the reports of the Venetian ambassadors at the English court during the seventeenth century. The readers of Mr. Motley have learnt how the dark places of history can be illumined by the throwing open of archives and state-paper offices to the diligent student; Ranke also hopes that he has "some, if he is not deceived, decisive revelations" to make to us. It is not, however, the secret motives of the actors in the historic drama, but the contemporary opinions of acute lookers-on, that have been unfolded to him in the archives of Venice. "The geographical remoteness" he writes, "of the republic of Venice "from England, and its neutral position "in the world, enabled its ambassadors "to devote a freer attention to the "affairs of England, and to observe "their course while in close contact with "the men who swayed them." No doubt a great deal may be gained from such sources as this; but we think they ought to be used with distrust. The gossip of the court an ambassador might faithfully reproduce, and acutely estimate; but the closest contact with influential men could not prevent him from falling into great blunders as to the state of the country.

But a discussion of our author's more detailed narrative may be well deferred till its completion, or at least till another volume has been published. At present we prefer to direct attention to the introductory abridgment, which seems to us to possess special interest. The making of an abridgment must be a difficult and ungrateful task for an historian; which may account for the fact, that none has hitherto been made of English history, except by mere book-makers. For his excellent performance of this task Professor Ranke deserves our thanks. His is no mere summary, but a sparing selection of facts with all the salient points impressively brought out, and the threads of connexion well kept up. Among other things, it is a satisfaction to see justice at length done to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. His account of the Anglo-Saxon period is real history; no mere patchwork of chronicles, or farrago of antiquarian inquiries. The contempt with which our ancestors before 1066, A.D. are treated by many historians, probably springs from a misapprehension of the relative civilization of Normans and Saxons. The fact is, that the Saxons, though far less refined, were far better educated than the Normans. In learning and laws they were decidedly in advance of them; the manners, however, of the Normans were more "genteel." But the refinement of the Normans was very superficial; they had not, as it is often supposed, become half Frenchified (in which case their transformation would have been unprecedentedly rapid); they were merely Norsemen with a French enamel. The ingenuous arts that had mollified their manners had left them still savage in grain. Accordingly the Anglo-Saxon polity, crushed at first by the conquerors, ultimately reasserted itself, owing to its intrinsic merit. At the memorable crisis in our history, it was "the good laws of Edward the Confessor" that King John swore to obey.

It is partly from a pardonable pride of race that Ranke lays careful stress on the Anglo-Saxon polity. He considers it as the purest development of Germanic ideas; "purer," he says, "than in Ger-"many itself, influenced as that was by "the Frankish empire, which had em-"bodied in itself many Roman tenden-"cies." He remarks "that the settle-"ments of the Anglo-Saxons were "supported by no imperial authoriza-"tion, direct or indirect, and on no "contract with the aborigines." And in the constitution that was the result of so natural and unrestrained growth, he traces a very distinct foreshadowing of our three estates. The deposable kings, the witans of nobles, and the communes of freemen, might easily be manipulated into the present "triple band" of our country. We have the whole course of Anglo-Saxon history traced in the same spirit. Our author dwells with a professorial fondness on Alfred, who was

no less one of the fathers of Germanic literature than the saviour of his country. He describes the splendour of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom under Edgar, Alfred's grandson, who bore sway over the islands and seas as far as Norway, and borrowed from the East and the West the titles of Basileus and Imperator. Then, when evil days followed, under Ethelred the Unready—when the blood of the murdered Edward had blighted, as it seemed, the prosperity of the land—when confidence between prince and nobles was broken—we observe how the Anglo-Saxon chiefs reasserted their hereditary rights, which had lain for some time dormant. They availed themselves with decision of the interregnum occasioned by the flight of Ethelred and the sudden death of the invader Sven. They offered to receive Ethelred again as king on fixed conditions. Those conditions he accepted, and then broke; and they determined to abandon for ever his degenerate race. They resolved, in a general assembly, to offer the crown to Canute, Sven's son, with sufficient provision that their rights should be respected. Formally, at least, Canute did not reign as a conqueror, but by election. Indeed, this king especially proves the absorptive power of Anglo-Saxon civilization. He was early baptised, though his father was the champion of reviving heathendom. We find him willingly contracting with the chiefs whom he could have conquered; and, notwithstanding his strongly-marked personal character, he appears by no means an innovator, but anxious always to uphold the laws of Edgar, and to be regarded his successor.

The Norman Conquest does not lose in importance in Ranke's hands, though the magnitude of its immediate effect is somewhat reduced. It still stands out as the unique, painful, yet felicitous union of the two conflicting elements of modern civilization—the Romance and the Teutonic. By feudalism, hierarchy, chivalry, constraints civil and religious, the rude Teuton had to be trained; he was then to throw them off, and to lead mankind to free thought and action. But the Teutonic element was at no time so completely crushed as has been represented. William professed only to dispossess the contumacious; and, though he applied this rule with autocratic latitude, we find that about half his nobles were still Anglo-Saxons. Conqueror as he was, he was far too astute to make conquest his title. The pope's patronage had been an essential element in his success; but he and all his successors, until John, refused to acknowledge the pope as their feudal chief, claiming to inherit from Edward the Confessor. It is observable that the associates of the conquest claimed, on their part, to inherit the valuable privileges of the Anglo-Saxon chieftains. We find the English nobles subsequently combining the rights of the old witan with those they possessed as vassals of the new feudal state; and, as we have already noticed, the old Anglo-Saxon privileges formed the demand of the barons at Runnymede. Finally, Professor Ranke points out, as a decisively Anglo-Saxon characteristic of Magna Charta, the fact that by it privileges were secured to *all* classes, not, as in contemporary concessions made by continental crowns, to special sections of the community.

We have dwelt on this part of the abstract, as we think that the absorptive force of Anglo-Saxon civilization, shown equally towards Danish and Norman elements, has been somewhat neglected by our own historians. But an equally careful and penetrating selection is seen throughout the remainder. The growth of aristocratic independence, and the conflicts of the civil and religious heads, whose union would have proved irresistible, is well marked. The complications and cross-alliances of the four interests—the king, the pope, the barons, and the national church, exemplified by the counterbalancing desertions of the two famous renegades, Thomas à Becket, from the cause of his royal master, and Stephen Langton, from the cause of his holy patron—are clearly traced. The sudden stride to the attainment of Magna Charta, and the rapid reaction

in favour of royalty; the doubtful origin and wavering growth of our parliament, in which the rebel Simon de Montfort, and the favourite Hugh d'Espencer, play such important parts; the influence of Wiclif's teaching, half evangelical, half seditious—are all given in well-considered connexion. We are shown the nobility growing yearly ranker and riper for the scythe, until the Wars of the Roses appear in their true light, as a Nemesis upon them, and an ultimate blessing to the country. They had slaughtered the people with patrician insolence; they had oppressed the Lollards; they had made a league of selfishness with the degenerating clergy; they had shown themselves persecuting, greedy, unenlightened; and now, by their own hands, they were to be swept away. Their clearance made way for the birth of the new order of things, which forms the main labour of our historian.

We have endeavoured slightly to indicate the superiority in method of this preparatory compendium to most of those abridgments that are from time to time manufactured. It is true that, of late years, advances have been made in this department of literature; but much still remains to be done. The school-histories in use at some distinguished places of education evince an uncompromising neglect of modern researches. We may ask, moreover, why the barest summaries of facts—the mere stones of history, without an attempt at real building—should be thought peculiarly useful or palatable to youth? And we may fairly complain that certain principles, such as the divine right of kings, now definitely banished from polite society, should have found a refuge in seminaries. It may be doubted whether an actual translation of the earlier part of Ranke's history is the thing required; but we feel sure that a work imitating to a great extent his method, would fill a gap in our historical literature.

We may venture to say, in conclusion, that Professor Ranke's work is well timed as regards his own countrymen. The history of the English constitution, and especially of its most critical period, will be studied with more interest, in proportion as the principles of that constitution are more truly valued. And, apparently, we are seeing a change of continental opinion in this direction. Till recently, most of the German liberals, though paying a certain tribute of admiration to the British constitution, were not wont to consider it as a model for imitation. They looked on it as a strange compromise between good and bad, as the best production of a dark age, but destined to yield to the simpler and purer forms of national freedom, or, at least, far inferior to them. They found their ideals in French theories, which America was supposed to have realized. Varnhagen von Ense was of opinion that Germany could learn much more from France than from England. Gervinus points to America as having reached the goal toward which the whole Teutonic race naturally presses. But the principles of constitutional monarchy seem now to have won a decided triumph in Europe. They have prevailed in Italy over Red-Republicanism, after a sharp struggle; they are making themselves heard in the very strongholds of despotism, at Vienna and St. Petersburg; and they are slowly, but surely, advancing to realisation through all the limbs of divided Germany. We are not among those who laugh to scorn German politics, and speak of Germany as destined always to dream of and never to earn the blessings of free government. We have more faith in the nation that fought side by side with us the battle of religious liberty. Earnest, patient, self-sacrificing, Germany will gain political ground slowly, but will never recede; and, when she has emerged from the fancies of her boyhood, and the broodings of her youth, she will bear her manhood worthily, and not belie her kindred and descent.

VACATION TOURISTS—THE USES OF LOCOMOTION.[1]

Perhaps a little too much is made in these days of the supposed benefits of locomotion. There are some, at least, who think so. They quote with new zest, against the modern passion for tours and changes of air, the old proverb about the rolling stone which gathers no moss. They have a few pet instances with which to garnish their doctrine, that, by staying at home, a man may become as wise as he needs be. That of Socrates is, of course, at hand—who avowed that he found Athens so sufficient for him that he knew of nothing that would lure him beyond the walls, unless some one were to begin an argument with him and then walk backwards, tempting him with it as a horse might be tempted by a wisp of hay. So Kant, they tell us, never slept a night out of his native Königsberg. And how Johnson, though he yielded to the weakness of a tour or two, stuck theoretically to Cheapside and its purlieus! And what significance in the saying attributed to a German medical sage, who, to an admirer from a distance visiting him and remarking on the smallness of the walled garden of his house, which was his daily walk and place of meditation, said, "O yes, very narrow, indeed; but (looking up) everlastingly high, you see." If not in a walled garden, at least within the bounds of the city, or town, or parish in which one resides, there may surely be found an epitome of all nature and life—a competent proportion of all the objects and phenomena essentially interesting to man. By much shifting of place, may not the mind root itself less deeply than it ought in the true sources of nourishment? Did not Wordsworth, who had travelled a good deal, come round to this view at last? Did he not propound the notion that a man's natal spot, wherever it might be, was, with some obvious exceptions, the spot where he ought to spend his life? The exceptions might be ambassadors and consuls, sailors and soldiers, observers of eclipses, commercial men, Queen's messengers, and Scotchmen. Nay, perhaps for *all* there might be a little relaxing of the rule. It would be hard to deny a poor fellow born inland a sight of the sea once or twice in his life; it would be fiendish that a Londoner should be permitted to go to his grave, not disabused of the fallacy that Primrose Hill is an eminence. Say, then, for the ordinary Briton, an annual visit to the sea-side, or a tour in the Highlands, or the Lake-district, if he wants it; and you yield enough!

Of what might be said on the other side, enough will suggest itself. Is it for nothing that men in all times have regarded travel as one of the means of education—as a necessary "finish" even to a mind cultured to the utmost by the prior education of Home-influences, Neighbourhood, School and College, and Books? Is not locomotion one of the distinctions between animals and plants; does not the distinction attain its utmost in the chief animal, man; and shall men allow the distinction to rest nominal, and cheat nature's intention by behaving like tortoises or turnips? Is not civilization working this distinction, and strengthening, still strengthening the locomotive tendency? In the fact that, from the rush of so much recent activity into the single problem of increasing the means of intercommunication, we are now infinitely more familiar than our forefathers were with the idea of the limited dimensions of the Earth,

> "A tidy ball, axled eight thousand miles,"

is there not a kind of licence, nay, an injunction, to individuals to extend their crawlings over this "tidy ball," so as to

[1] Vacation Tourists, and Notes of Travel in 1860. Edited by Francis Galton, M.A. F.R.S. Author of "The Art of Travel," &c. Macmillan and Co. Cambridge and London.

view it round and round, and get the total image of it into their minds, in preparation for that era of cosmopolitical organization, of conjoint tenancy and a common system of bell-pulls, which may be coming? Or, apart from such high-flying about so simple a matter, is there not sober evidence every day to prove that travel is a good as well as a pleasant thing?

The thirteen Vacation Tourists whose contributions form the pleasant volume before us, do not trouble themselves with the question for or against the practice in which they have been indulging. They are simply intelligent and cultivated men, distinguished graduates of the English Universities and the like, who, having, in 1860, or in former years, made the most of their vacation in tours according to their tastes, or been thrown by circumstances into distant and little-known parts of the Earth, have clubbed together their stories, so as to make a book of travels fit for general and easy reading. And yet the volume, both by the variety of its contents, and for other reasons, might more fitly raise the question of the real uses of travel than almost any other recently published. Here are thirteen men who take us with them, first to Naples and other parts of Italy, then to Hungary and Croatia, then in among the Slavonian nations generally, then to a Sutherlandshire hill-side, then to Peru, then to the Graian Alps and Mount Iseran, then to the Allelein Horn, then to Mount Cervin, then from Lauterbrunnen to the Ægishhorn by the Lauwinen-Thor in one day, then to the Faroe Islands and Iceland, then to Norway, then to Northern Spain, and lastly, to Syria, and who, in the course of less than 500 pages, contrive to give us vivid impressions of scenery, life, and adventure in all these diverse regions of the Earth—which impressions they leave to sink into the mind, as it were mixed and in a jumble, to be there sorted for keeping, and turned to account as Providence may direct. Moreover, there is a probability that this volume is but the first of an annual series, in which the same or other tourists will similarly club accounts of their vacation rambles. The book, therefore, fairly challenges any discussion that people may be inclined for as to the uses of locomotion in general, and of foreign travel in particular. It ought, also, to go a good way towards showing what these uses really are, how considerable they are in degree, and how peculiar in kind. For, as no reader of the volume can help enjoying by proxy some of the tours it describes, so there will be hardly any reader, however obstinately sedentary, that will not feel, with respect to one or more of them, that if he had been himself the tourist, he would have been much the better for it.

What travel does for the health and spirits is a theme as old as man's ailments, man's sorrows, and man's legs. The specific provided by nature for grief or low spirits is locomotion. Rest may be the cure in some cases, but locomotion is the general remedy—is, in some cases, the proper form of rest. If a man is in trouble of mind, does he not pace his room; if his trouble is fierce, does he not rush out, with or without his hat, and walk fast through the wind till he fatigues himself? Black care, says Horace, sits behind the fleetest horseman; but he does not extend his remark to the pedestrian. And, for the ordinary preservation of health, even when there is no trouble of mind, what is the universal prescription? Exercise! And what is Exercise but more or less of locomotion? There may be locomotion in a yard square, in a room, in a park or cricket-ground, or over expanses of country, and through changing air. This last we call Travel. It is locomotion developed and made superb, and it has its uses where the minor forms of locomotion fail. In ordinary exercise—in walking, boating, a day's shooting or fishing in one's own neighbourhood, and the like—there is sufficient tonic, in a general way, for the health and spirits of many hard-working Britons. Recently, too, there has been added a splendid novelty in this kind of accessible recreation in an institution which, next

to the throwing open of the public service to competition, is the greatest change in the system of the country witnessed in this generation. If people but knew (not to speak of greater things involved in this Volunteer Soldiering) how drill and target-practice once or twice a week sets a man up—if they but knew the felicity of bearing part in an exact wheel into line, or the exhilaration of a skirmishing run at the double, or the calm satisfaction which even an oldish fellow may feel in hearing the clunk of the Enfield-bullet at 600 yards, followed by the sight of the blue flag—our Volunteer Army, instead of being only 150,000 men, as it is now, would be a quarter of a million next week, and half a million soon, as it ought to be. But, with all this, Travel may have a gymnastic efficacy of its own, varying in strength and in subtlety according to the scale and the direction. The annual holiday in the north or at the sea-side is not superseded—the climb through the heather, or the musing saunter down the stream. For some constitutions, too, for some conditions of health, there may not be within Britain the precisely fitting medicine of earth and vegetation, of mountain scenery or of meadow scenery, of sunshine, colour, cloud, and air. There must be the long sea-voyage, the visit to Mediterranean lands of the vine and the grey olive, the journey into the climes of tropical heat, or even, reversely, into the latitudes of snow and cold. When we know the Earth and ourselves better, our skill in the practice of this medicine of the Earth's varying character and scenery may attain more exactness than we can now anticipate. As it is, the extraordinary efficacy, in some cases, of exercise and locomotion in higher mountain-altitudes than our own country affords, seems to be a recent discovery. Several of the papers in the present volume illustrate both the keenness of the passion for Alpine travel developed in those who have practised it, and the delights of the pastime; but perhaps the most explicit testimony to its peculiar medical effects, is that of Professor Tyndall in his short paper. "For several "weeks," he says, "previous to my re-"lease from London, last August, the "state of my health had been a frequent "source of uneasiness, if not of alarm. "Mental exertion, unwisely persisted "in, had brought on a curious kind of "giddiness, which became more and "more easily excited, until, finally, the "writing of a letter, or the reading of "a newspaper, sufficed to convert my "head into a kind of electric battery, "from which thrills were sent to my "fingers' ends. I had more than once "been compelled to pause in directing "a note, fearful lest the effort required "to complete the address should produce "some terrible catastrophe in my brain." He tried Killarney; thought of the Scottish Highlands or the Welsh and Cumbrian hills; but felt at last as if the icy air of the Alps, which he remembered with longing, would alone restore him. And so it proved. The first day or two among the snow-peaks and glaciers did wonders; and he returned from his Swiss expedition "with a stock of health which "five months' constant work of the most "trying character has not sensibly af-"fected." Is it only the cold air and the exercise, or is it that mountains and glaciers act, as smaller crystals are said to act, magnetically on the human organism?

A well-known use of travel consists in the self-reliance, and the shiftiness or general inventiveness, which it develops—under which head may be included expertness in the use of your own tongue, and audacity in the use of any other that comes to hand. Something of this good also may be got by travel at home—as in blowing up cabmen and landlords; and more may be learnt in this way if, as is proposed, there is an Aldershotting of our Volunteers. But the higher and craftier training of the kind belongs to foreign travel. Illustrations may be culled from several of the papers in the volume which Mr. Galton has edited, but, as might be expected, from none more aptly than from Mr. Galton's own paper, describing his visit to Northern Spain at the time of

the Eclipse. From the nature of the case there was no such need for shiftiness and self-reliance in that journey as when this master of the art of travel led his expedition among unknown tribes in Southern Africa. But, if one would see how a real traveller keeps his eyes open, let him read how in this very Eclipse journey Mr. Galton picked up a suggestion which he and others had long been wanting—that of the best form of a bivouacking-bed or out-of-doors sleeping-case which ingenuity can devise.

But, passing this and other uses of travel, let us glance at that which consists in the mere acquisition by the memory of miscellaneous facts, sights, and impressions, on the chance that they may be of value as future matter for the reason and the imagination, though when and in what way cannot be precisely foreseen. It is this indefinite but most important use of travel that is chiefly contemplated in the general belief that it is a good thing to see the world. "The things to be seen and observed in "travel," says Bacon, "are the courts of "princes, especially when they give "audience to ambassadors; the courts "of justice, while they sit and hear "causes; and so of consistories ecclesi-"astical; the churches and monasteries, "with the monuments which are therein "extant; the walls and fortifications of "cities and towns; and so of havens "and harbours, antiquities and ruins, "libraries, colleges, disputations, and "lectures, where any are; shipping and "navies; houses and gardens of state "and pleasure, near great cities; armo-"ries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, "burses, warehouses, exercises of horse-"manship, fencing, training of soldiers, "and the like; comedies, such where-"unto the better sort of persons do re-"sort; treasures of jewels and robes; "cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, "whatever is memorable in the places "where they go. As for triumphs, "masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, ca-"pital executions, and such shows, men "need not to be put in mind of them; yet "they are not to be neglected." This is a truly Baconian enumeration; but its very miscellaneousness commends it. Most of the items are taken, it may be remarked, from artificial or social life—in exploring which there may be a certain active determination of the mind; and the list is most defective in its recognition of those sensations of mere natural scenery, passively received and enjoyed, which we in these days prize so much. But sheer multitudinousness of impressions, be they of what kinds they may—whether from nature or from life, whether actively or passively acquired—is for the uncalculated intellectual purpose now under view, the real glory of travel. The action of every mind, by day or by night, consists radically of an incessant play and interplay of myriads of hidden photographs and other relics of past sensation that are treasured up in its depths, below all fathom of consciousness. One catches some as they flash up in recollection; but the secret stream is ever flowing; and the texture of the thoughts and fancies that one weaves forth depends, for its richness and variety, on this abundance in the undermind. Who can tell when or with what effect that white turn of the road by the mill-wheel, which one passed long ago, or that distant sight somewhere of a peasant in a red cloak, or that sound of a horn blown in the woods, may recur to the thoughts and make the poem of a moment? For matter of this kind, perhaps Home-travel is the best in its yield for all sound and hearty purpose. There is not, for example, a more delightful paper in the present volume than the one which is devoted to a gossip on and about a Sutherland hillside; and it would not be a bad thing if, over and above volumes continuing the present volume of tours in all places and sundry, we were to have an occasional volume of vacation rambles by this writer and by others, taking us through parts of our own country. But foreign scenes, too, may contribute much—as well to the real richness and strength of the texture of one's thoughts as to the gaudiness of their pattern. It will not be for nothing that one has

passed through a Peruvian town, or has plucked strange fruit in a Japanese orchard, or has stood under the dome of St. Peter's, or has watched a crowd of Turks in Asia turbaned like wall-flowers and tulips. All this, apart from the breaking down of prejudice which follows as a distinct effect from seeing under how many forms life may exist and yet hold together. "What rum fellows these Frenchmen are, Jack," said an English sailor to his comrade in Paris; "why, Jack, they call a cabbage a *shoe*. Now, Jack, they *must* know that it's a cabbage." Nothing but travel, and a good deal of that, could take many an Englishman who laughs at this story out of the state of mind of which it is a metaphor.

There is yet another use of travel which this volume, especially through some of its articles, is fitted to illustrate, and which is a variety of that more determinate use of locomotion for speculative ends to which we have hardly referred, though Bacon's words will have suggested it—the aid it gives towards the understanding of contemporary history. The paper on Hungary and Croatia, that on the Slavonic Races (which is rather a compend of information than a personal narrative), and that on Syria, are of interest in this respect; but the one of greatest contemporary interest, and perhaps of greatest importance all in all, is the opening one by Mr. W. G. Clark, entitled, "Naples and Garibaldi." It is the model of a paper of the kind, and shows with what independence of judgment, and yet with what kindliness of feeling and unruffled good humour, a highly cultivated Englishman may move through scenes of foreign political excitement, and what valuable information, and hints for thought, such a man may bring back with him. There are passages in this paper extremely bold, and opinions about men and things in Italy, and by implication about men and things elsewhere, which one might be disposed to controvert; but the admirable peculiarity of the paper, and that which interprets every part of it, is, that it is written by a man who has a firm political creed, and is able and willing to express it distinctly. "The intelligence "of a country," he says, "should rule "it, and determine its destinies;" and this is the key to all his other remarks, both positive and negative.

D. M

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MR. MILL'S TREATISE ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

We wish to direct attention to one of the most valuable and most suggestive works on Political Science that have appeared for many years.

The practical recommendations advocated by Mr. Mill are well worthy of most serious consideration. But it would be doing the work a great injustice to estimate its value by the measures of reform which would follow as a consequence of Mr. Mill's speculative considerations. Many writers and speakers have advocated the particular measures which Mr. Mill discusses; and therefore the hasty reader might lay aside the work with an ignorant confidence that he has heard enough about the extension of the suffrage, representation of minorities, the admission of women to the franchise, and vote by ballot. But the mind of a great philosopher can shed new light upon the most oft-discussed subjects; and no one can tell what his own opinions may be worth — upon what foundation they rest—until he brings his convictions into contact with the reasonings of an accurate and philosophic thinker. Thus the Ballot is now a question which is treated with contemptuous indifference by the House of Commons. A serious discussion upon it will not be tolerated. Its advocates confess that they have nothing more to urge on its behalf, and its opponents defend their opposition by certain never-failing dogmas. Let any one read the reasons upon which Mr. Mill places his opposition to the ballot, and, whether a friend or a foe of secret voting he will receive invaluable instruction. The candid friend of the ballot will confess that Mr. Mill has removed the subject from the narrow basis on which it is usually discussed in the House of Commons; and the intelligent opponent will admit that his opposition may be made to rest on principles, and not on vague reasons of instinctive antipathy.

We make these preliminary remarks because it is not our intention to review Mr. Mill's work in the ordinary sense of the term. No idea of its merits can be formed by criticising the conclusions at which he arrives. Every page contains evidence of those remarkable powers of reflection which have been so abundantly shown in his previous writings; but, perhaps, no one of his other works affords a more striking example of harmonious development of mind, and of deep-seated love of truth. Mr. Mill is becoming better appreciated every year, and his influence is rapidly spreading. A constantly increasing number of the young men of the greatest promise at Oxford and Cambridge look to him as a master. When they first branch away from the special studies of their university course, he more than any other living author directs their tastes and moulds their opinions. Mr. Mill has sometimes suffered from that prejudice which is sure to be brought against every honest and fearless thinker; but bigotry cannot

now assail the position he occupies. Statesmen of every shade of political opinion search eagerly for quotations from his works; and nothing can be a source of truer satisfaction to a writer than the consciousness that his works are training the minds of those who are just commencing the business of life: for the current of their action is yet to be determined. A quotation from Lord Bacon, which Mr. Mill applies to Coleridge, now more accurately describes his own position than that of any other living author. For, if it be true, as Lord Bacon affirms, "that a knowledge of "the speculative opinions of the men "between twenty and thirty years of "age is the great source of political "prophecy," the existence of Mr. Mill will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country; for no one has contributed more to shape the opinions of those among its younger men who can be said to have opinions at all.

Mr. Mill's work opens with a complete refutation of the two opposite and extreme schools of the writers on government. Mr. Buckle is at the present time, perhaps, the best known advocate of the theory that the form of government which any nation possesses is the spontaneous and inevitable growth of the condition in which the nation may happen to be. An opposite school of thinkers profess that any form of government may be forced upon a nation. Government is conceived to be merely a means to an end; it is, in fact, like a machine, upon which ingenuity may be employed, so as to make it most completely perform, like any other machine, the practical purpose for which it has been constructed. Mr. Mill steers a happy mean between these conflicting theories. He rejects the errors of each, and discriminates the exact amount of truth they may each possess. And thus the singular justice of his mind is exemplified. Mr. Buckle is bewitched with the sweeping generalization with which a theory may provide him. He never stops to consider how much truth may be contained in the reasonings of those who differ from him, but convinces the hasty reader by his confident assurance that no social theory was ever so ridiculous as the one which is opposed to his own. Truth is many-sided; Mr. Mill's view of a question is so complete that he has the same intelligent appreciation of those opinions from which he differs as of those with which he may agree. Thus Mr. Mill's early education was connected with all the associations of the philosophy of Mr. Bentham. He was regarded by the Bentham school as the most brilliant and promising disciple of their great master. Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Bentham were the representatives of opposite schools of philosophy. Two well-known essays on these celebrated men were written by Mr. Mill; and it would be difficult to show that the merits of Mr. Coleridge have ever been so justly appreciated even by his most devoted followers.

Mr. Mill, after having discussed the two theories which we have above alluded to, proceeds to show that there are certain conditions which every form of government must fulfil. "The peo-"ple for whom the form of government "is intended must be willing to accept "it, or at least not so unwilling as to "oppose an insurmountable obstacle to "its establishment. They must be will-"ing and able to do what is necessary "to keep it standing. And they must "be willing and able to do what it "requires of them to enable it to fulfil "its purposes. The word *do* must be "understood as including forbear-"ances as well as acts. They must "be capable of fulfilling the conditions "of action, and the conditions of self-"restraint, which are necessary either "for keeping the established polity in "existence, or for enabling it to achieve "the ends, its conduciveness to which "forms its recommendation."

Hence it is evident that there are many forms of government which are practicable in the existing state of any nation; and it is the highest duty of all those who take an interest in the future of their country to make the

most rational choice of those improvements which are not only theoretically advantageous, but which also fulfil the conditions of practicability.

Mr. Mill devotes his second chapter to a discussion of the tests of good government. Order and Progress are commonly stated to be the characteristics of a good government; but the insufficiency of this analysis is amply exposed. Order and Progress ought not to be opposed to each other in the opposition of a contrast; for Order is an important requisite of Progress, and therefore Progress to a great extent includes Order. Mr. Mill emphatically insists that government ought to be tested by its aggregate effects on human beings, and he considers that the most important function that government can fulfil is to promote the virtue and intelligence of the people. A class of thinkers to whom we have already alluded consider that the form of a government is simply an inevitable effect of the condition in which the governed may happen to be. Forms of government, and the condition of the governed, would, in deference to these opinions, be connected as effect and cause. But social phenomena ought rarely to be separated into distinct classes as effects and causes. The process is invariably one rather of action and reaction; for the effects modify the causes. And Mr. Mill, looking at the past, considers that governments have produced a most decided influence upon the condition of man, and he believes that constant efforts directed towards the introduction of the greatest possible improvements will most beneficially influence the future of each nation. Mr. Mill in this chapter remarks that antagonism of influences is absolutely necessary to progress. In bringing forward many examples to support his views, he places the history of the Jews in a singularly interesting aspect. "The "Jews had an absolute monarchy and a "hierarchy, and their organized institu- "tions were as obviously of sacerdotal "origin as those of the Hindoos. These "did for them what was done for other "Oriental races by their institutions— "subdued them to industry and order, "and gave them a national life. But "neither their kings nor their priests "ever obtained, as in those other coun- "tries, the exclusive moulding of their "character. Their religion, which "enabled persons of genius and a high "religious tone to be regarded, and to "regard themselves, as inspired from "heaven, gave existence to an inestima- "bly precious unorganized institution— "the order (if it may be so termed) of "Prophets. Under the protection gene- "rally, though not always, effectual, of "their sacred character, the Prophets "were a power in the nation, often more "than a match for kings and priests, "and kept up in that little corner of "the earth the antagonism of influences "which is the only real security for "continued progress." Consequently the Jews, instead of being stationary like other Oriental nations, were, with the exception of the Greeks, the most progressive people of antiquity, and had been in conjunction with them "the "starting-point and main propelling "agency of modern cultivation."

Mr. Mill next discusses what he conceives to be the ideally best form of government. He means by this expression the government which is best suited to the existing state of a nation. It is necessary for him to dispose of a radical error, which is not unfrequently professed even by those who live under free institutions. Men who are impressed with the advantage of a particular change are wearied and annoyed by the obstacles which oppose its introduction; and they sometimes express a desire for the strong will of the good despot, whose unchecked power would rapidly remove the impediments to the realization of their beneficent ideas. But the popular conception of this good despot is purely ideal. No such man ever has lived, for he would not only be a good but a perfect man. And, even admitting that such a despot could be secured—one so wise, so good, that his administration should be faultless—yet the consequences to those whom he governed would be disastrous in the

extreme. Mr. Mill enlarges upon this subject with great force; for it is a fundamental principle of his political philosophy to estimate as of the highest order of importance the effects which are produced upon each individual's character by his participation in the government of his country. A man cannot long feel interest in those affairs of life from whose management he is entirely excluded. Under a despotism, therefore, true patriotism cannot exist amongst the great body of the people. It has been well said of old that under such a government there is but one patriot—the despot himself.

Mr. Mill defines that form of government to be ideally best which, in any existing state of social circumstances, would confer upon the people the most beneficial consequences both immediate and prospective. "A completely popular "government is the only form of polity "which can make out any claim to this "character." The immediate advantages of such a government are suggested by two principles, the truth of which can scarcely be disputed. "The first is, "that the rights and interests of every or "any person are only secure from being "disregarded, when the person interested "is himself able and habitually disposed "to stand up for them. The second is, "that the general prosperity attains a "greater height, and is more widely dif-"fused, in proportion to the amount and "variety of the personal energies en-"listed in promoting it."

The first of these principles may very probably be misunderstood, for it may have an appearance of placing a general stigma of selfishness upon mankind; but it really involves no such reproach. Thus the members of our Legislature entertain towards the working classes the most kindly feelings; but, if such a question as strikes should be discussed in Parliament, no one probably would place the subject in the working-man's point of view. Employers of labour would naturally have their opinions biassed. We do not mean to assert that the judgment of the working-man would not be affected by an equal number of errors; but no man isolates himself from those sympathies which are always the consequence both of his self-interest and of his associations. Truth can never be guaranteed unless every error has a fair chance of being corrected; justice, therefore, has nothing to fear from open discussion. The return of the champion of Chartism to Parliament did more to suppress what was dangerous in the system than all the coercive measures that could have been devised.

The limits of a short article will not permit us to follow in greater detail the general views of Mr. Mill; but enough has, perhaps, been stated to indicate some of his opinions on those practical questions of representative government which are so frequently the subjects of popular discussion. Mr. Mill conceives that every representative government should be based upon the widest possible popular elements. He is impressed with the importance of this, not so much because a different class of men would be returned to parliament, but because he considers that the most beneficial results must be produced by bringing the unenfranchised to participate in the government of their country. And yet Mr. Mill dissents as widely as the most obstructive Conservative from the views of those who generally advocate universal suffrage. No one can be more fully impressed than he is with the disastrous consequences that would follow if the intelligent minority were overwhelmed by the uneducated majority; and he evinces the greatest anxiety to provide against such a contingency. He severely criticises the expression, Manhood Suffrage; he would give to women the franchise for the same reasons that convince him of the importance of conferring it on all who are not by ignorance debarred from it. No proposition contained in the work will be so freely attacked or so keenly ridiculed as this. We will therefore try to give our readers some impression of the aspect the question assumes in the hands of Mr. Mill.

The gradual amelioration of the social position of women has, throughout history, been the sure mark of ad-

vancing civilization. The days are long past when it could be openly professed that women were only destined to serve the wants of men. Many of the social impediments which formerly hampered the development of women's faculties have been removed, and their education is now regarded to be as important as the education of the other sex. It is difficult to answer the arguments which refuse them the franchise. The question is very rarely argued upon any serious ground, but the whole subject is dismissed with the ridicule which can be so easily suggested. We are asked to laugh at the idea of women being politicians; and we are told to picture the domestic hearth where a man is violently wrangling with his wife about the claims of rival candidates. But, if the question is debated seriously, it will probably be urged that women were never intended to meddle with politics; that they are not fit to decide on political questions; and that they could not think upon such matters without prejudicially interfering with their domestic duties. Politics, it is said, would make women like men, and would destroy all that softness of character which is their greatest charm. First of all, let us consider the question as it affects the State itself. If it could be proved that all the women who would be admitted to the franchise would be inferior to the present electors, then, of course, the quality of the electoral body would be deteriorated; but, without entering upon the debated point whether women's faculties are on the average equal to those of men, it is sufficient to maintain that the women who would be admitted to the franchise would not, on the average, be inferior in virtue and intelligence to the great mass of the existing electors. It is sometimes also stated that every wife would give exactly the same vote as her husband, and that therefore the privilege would be of no use to women, but would simply increase the influence of married men. But, if this were so, there could be none of those domestic wranglings which some suppose politics must introduce; and the objection does not touch the case of single women who live on their own property. Property is the basis of our electoral qualification; and we cherish as a constitutional maxim that there should not be taxation without representation. Moreover, in the case of the municipal franchise, no distinction whatever is made between the single women and men. If women, then, are fitted to vote at municipal elections, why should they be debarred from choosing those who are to represent them in parliament? Next, let us consider the objection that politics will deteriorate the character of women. No virtue more ennobles life than that public spirit which is the foundation of patriotism; and nothing can be more unfavourable to the energy of such a feeling than the consciousness of being debarred from all participation in the government of the country. And, far from women being injured by the consideration of political questions, they need this healthy stimulus, even more than men. Domestic selfishness is a frequent vice, and it must be encouraged by narrowing women's sympathies. The business of life throws man more into the world, and tends to make him remember that there are duties which he owes to society, independently of those which he is bound to perform for his family. And, when it is urged that politics would unfit women to be the companions of men, it seems to be forgotten that nothing can more prejudicially affect a man, both intellectually and morally, than to be constantly associated with one whom he regards as his inferior, and who cannot share his most elevating sympathies. It has been said, in a criticism of this portion of Mr. Mill's work, that he makes the enfranchisement of women trench upon considerations involving the philosophy of marriage. But this is the very admission which Mr. Mill seeks; for he would be perfectly contented if he only succeeded in causing the subject to be discussed upon philosophic principles. He has weighed his opinions well, and he would then be confident of the result.

Mr. Mill had previously expressed

his warm approval of the scheme of Reform proposed by Mr. Hare; for Mr. Hare's Reform Bill would practically realize those changes which Mr. Mill regards as of primary importance. As the present work contains no description of this plan, it will be perhaps not inappropriate to sketch its leading details in a series of clauses framed for the purpose of popular exposition. Completeness of detail must therefore, to some extent, be sacrificed; but the leading clauses, which we shall enumerate, will show that the following great results would be obtained:—

1. Equal representation, without electoral districts, and without depriving localities of their special representatives.

2. The representation of all minorities, and subsections of opinion.

3. The cessation or great diminution of bribery and corruption.

4. The reduction of candidates' expenses.

The following is a summary of the clauses by which these results are obtained:—

I. A Registrar-General is to be appointed in London, and returning officers for every constituency.

II. At the general election any person becomes a candidate by depositing 50*l.*, and leaving his name, address, and occupation with the Registrar-General, and declaring for what constituency he offers himself.

III. The Registrar-General publishes a list of the constituencies in alphabetical order, with the names, &c. of the candidates for each constituency.

IV. Each elector votes by a voting-paper. He arranges any number of the names of candidates who have presented themselves for any constituencies in the order he is desirous they should be returned.

V. The vote is given by the signing of such paper before one of the returning officers of the constituency.

VI. The utmost publicity is given to the act of voting, and various other securities effectually provide against either fraud or mistake.

VII. All such papers are transmitted by the returning officers to the Registrar-General.

VIII. The Registrar-General divides the number of voting-papers so returned to him by the whole number of members composing the House; and the quotient so obtained, called the "quota," represents the number of electors entitled to have one representative.

IX. The Registrar-General forms a list of all candidates whose names stand first on a number of voting-papers equal to or exceeding the "quota," placing those names on the list in order of the number of votes so obtained.

X. The candidates on such list are returned to Parliament.

XI. No candidate shall require for his return more than the "quota" of votes; and, except in the case of plumpers, no more than a "quota" shall be used for the return of any one member.

XII. If a candidate's name appears first in more than the "quota" of voting-papers, the necessary quota of voting-papers which must be appropriated to his return shall be selected from those papers which respectively contain the fewest names.

XIII. A voting-paper once appropriated to the return of a member shall not be further used.

XIV. If the House is not completed by members returned under the preceding clauses, the Registrar-General makes a list of the candidates whose names appear either first or second in the remaining voting-papers a number of times equal to or exceeding the quota, and the names appearing in this list are returned as members.

XV. The "quota" of voting-papers appropriated to the member returned by clause XIV. are selected in the same way as before by clause XII.

XVI. If the number of members is still not made up, the Registrar-General proceeds in a similar way to make a list of those candidates whose names appear either first, second, or third, &c. the requisite number of times in the remaining voting-papers; and the process is repeated until the House is completed.

XVII. The present local distribution of seats need not be materially altered. The counties and large boroughs would retain their members ; some of the most populous constituencies might be subdivided ; some of the smaller boroughs at present returning members might be grouped together, to leave room for giving members to important towns at present unrepresented.

The leader of the Conservative party has confessed that the nation has been dissatisfied with the incomplete Reform Bills that have been introduced, and that none but a comprehensive measure can be passed. Mr. Hare at least provides us with the standard of excellence. His proposal may perhaps, for the present, be only an ideal model ; and we are quite ready to admit that it would be futile to ask the House of Commons to accept it. We have been compelled to present these clauses without comment ; they will, however, give the reader the means of understanding the convincing arguments by which Mr. Mill defends the scheme.

The last chapter (one of the most interesting in the volume) discusses the Government of Dependencies by a Free State. The government of our colonies is now in so satisfactory a condition that the theory of colonial policy has not a pressing interest. When we are enjoying peaceful tranquillity, as the result of political wisdom, we are apt to forget the days when errors of policy produced disastrous consequences, and we are apt, too, to forget the statesmen who rescued us from the difficulties. Mr. Mill recalls our recollection to the period when "a "new era in the policy of nations began "with Lord Durham's report—the im- "perishable memorial of that nobleman's "courage, patriotism, and enlightened "liberality, and of the intellect and "practical sagacity of its joint authors, "Mr. Wakefield and the lamented "Charles Buller." The honour of having been the earliest champion of this colonial policy belongs to Mr. Roebuck.

There are few men more qualified to speak authoritatively on Indian questions than Mr. Mill. He, through a long succession of years, filled some of the most important offices in the Civil Service of the East India Company. He is one of the warmest advocates of competitive examinations, and he considers that the greatest possible benefit must arise from the present system of competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Service. He is very decided in his opinion that the Civil Service in India ought to remain exclusive, or, in other words, that all the higher appointments in the Service (except that of Governor-General) should be reserved for those who have passed through the lower grades. We cannot forbear quoting the following emphatic words : "In India "everything depends on the personal "qualities and capacities of the agents of "government. This truth is the cardinal "principle of Indian administration. "The day when it comes to be thought "that the appointment of persons to "situations of trust from motives of "convenience, already so criminal in "England, can be practised with impu- "nity in India, will be the beginning of "the decline and fall of our empire "there."

We have been compelled to omit a great number of subjects of equal interest and importance with those we have noticed. We willingly mention this because it may assist in promoting the great object we have in view—which is to get the book itself read.

THE FALCON AMONG THE FULMARS; OR, SIX HOURS AT ST. KILDA.

BY JOHN E. MORGAN, M.A., OXON.

On the evening of the 16th of June last, the *Falcon*, a cutter-yacht of twenty-five tons, weighed anchor from the little harbour of Obb, in the Sound of Harris. On board her sailed a young friend, the skipper, a pilot, two sailors, and myself. The calmness of the weather, which had been in the early part of the day unusually hot and sultry, prevented our making an earlier start. With the flood tide the breeze gradually freshened; the Atlantic rolled on with that exultant heaving swell peculiar to itself; the sun "sweltered" for a short season "in the "burning haze" of the horizon, then sank heavily into the sea; one by one the stars stood out to keep their watch; the shores of Harris gradually faded from our view; the dew fell cold and thick upon the white sails; and the vessel's bows, as she gracefully rested her side on the cushioned billows of the deep, chirped and chattered with the waves.

Such was the night. Early the next morning I was awakened by our skipper, a genuine specimen of a Highland sailor, standing by my side and exclaiming, "The pilot is thinking we are at Sin "Kulda, but we can't see nothing "ahead; it's all must. We are near "the island likely, as we are seeing the "Solans as thick as craws. What 'ill "I do?" I advised him to steer in the direction from which the Solans appeared to come. "And how 'ill I do that, when "they are flying all round us?" There certainly was some logic in this rejoinder; so we got over the difficulty by lying-to till the mist might be dispersed by the warm rays of the sun. About ten o'clock it began gradually to clear away, and we found ourselves immediately under the rock-bound coast of St. Kilda. The wild and lonely grandeur of the scene which then opened on our view is not easily described. Highland sailors are rarely rapturous in their admiration of the beautiful or the romantic; on this occasion they were keenly alive to its fascinations. I must own that, though I had both heard and read a good many accounts of St. Kilda, still the whole character of this solitary isle was less like what I had pictured to myself than any other place I ever beheld. There was a strange, indescribable look about all we saw, as though we had sailed into another planet, or made a voyage to one of the little Asteroids. Around St. Kilda itself four or five smaller sister isles rose at random out of the sea. The ocean seemed to chafe at the invasion of his domain by these petty rocky pinnacles, as his ponderous surging waves wrenched and hugged them in his rude embrace. On the east side of the island is situated the only practicable harbour; for which we immediately directed our course. The right or northern side, formed by a huge shoulder of rock, reminded me of the Great Ormshead as seen from the sea; the outer and lower portion faced with rugged cliffs, the upper covered with short and slippery-looking turf. On the left is another projecting promontory, peaked and jagged in its outline, composed of huge masses of rock, piled one on another in reckless disorder, as though the Titans, or some other giant band, weary of imprisonment in this lonely isle, had commenced an embankment for escape. Immediately before us, in a line parallel with the curve of the bay, and separated by an interval of two or three hundred yards from its margin, lay the village of St. Kilda. It consists of sixteen houses, rounder and more neatly thatched than the generality of Highland cabins. Near each parent hut rose one or two sheds, miniature representatives of the larger—the whole arranged in a neat row, very much resembling so many bee-hives.

Before and behind the village lay forty or fifty acres of luxuriant-looking vegetation, the land divided into lots between the different tenements. The rich green hue of the crops especially surprised me in a place where I had expected to find a mere "howling wilderness." Behind the village the mountain of Connagher, the highest in the island, first rises with a gentle sweep—then, at a little higher altitude, strikes out abruptly towards the sky. Such was the scene which welcomed our approach. With the exception of the rugged breakwater of rock on our left, the whole island looked green and cheerful; while the bright dresses of the women and children, as they stood in small groups before their doors, added life and interest to the picture.

At about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th, we dropped anchor in the harbour. The natives on shore seemed to watch with great interest the vessel as she lay in the bay, chafing at her anchor, and peevishly flapping her sails in the fresh breeze. We immediately started for the land in a very diminutive boat. As we approached, six or eight men came down to the rocky margin of the sea, to point out to us the best landing place. It is situated to the north of the harbour, and consists of a perfectly smooth shelf of rock sloping down towards the water, covered with short tangle, and very slippery, on which the sea kept lazily tossing successive banks of swell. The St. Kildeans walked fearlessly into the surf, and, catching the boat as she rose on a wave, carried her and ourselves out of reach of the spray. On landing, all shook us cordially by the hand, as though we had been old friends. This entering into the sea to greet and assist strangers on their first landing, has long been customary at St. Kilda. The Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, a missionary sent to the island in 1758, relates "that they flew "into the water to meet him with "amazing intrepidity—a desperate ad- "venture, in which any other men "would hardly think of engaging, were "they to see their nearest relatives in "the same danger." We at once proceeded to visit a few of the celebrities of the island. I will not say that we carried letters of introduction; but we were able to mention the names of mutual friends likely to insure our welcome. And first we turned our steps towards a low-roofed, slated cottage, which looked remarkably neat and inviting. Before the door, on a corner of the garden wall, I was surprised to see a correctly adjusted sun-dial. I must confess to a feeling of wonder, likewise, at finding this house very much more like an ordinary sublunary dwelling than any I had expected to find in the "Ultima Thule" of Great Britain. It rejoiced in a porch, glass windows, and four or five good rooms, regularly plastered, on the ground floor. Immediately behind it lay a simple, plain-built church. This cottage I found occupied by a man of very interesting appearance and address, who spoke most feelingly and kindly of the poor islanders. He fulfils the important duties of schoolmaster to the young, and spiritual adviser to those of maturer years. Every Sunday it is his custom to hold two services in the church, at which almost the whole population regularly attend; he likewise fills the office of registrar, and showed me his book of entries. On the top of the page was written in large, well-rounded text hand, "Register of Births, "Marriages, and Deaths in St. Kilda, "in the parish of Harris." The poor man appeared in considerable alarm lest he should incur a fine for having accidentally turned over two pages at once. I comforted him by telling him that the Registrar-General for Scotland was, in my opinion, too dependent on his services to be over rigorous in the exacting of a penalty. Should these lines chance to meet the eye of that gentleman, at a time when he may be entertaining hostile designs on the pocket of this poor islander, I trust he may be induced to hold his hand, and relent. On my inquiring of the registrar into the state of the health of the little commonwealth, he replied, "They are *aa*ful bad with "'the trouble.'" His meaning I will endeavour to explain—though, to obtain credence, I must enter into detail.

There are three great historians of St. Kilda: Martin, a factor of the MacLeod family, who visited the island in 1697; Macaulay, to whom I have already referred, and who was sent as missionary there, by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, in 1758; and Wilson, who called there about twenty-five years ago. It is a very curious fact, first dwelt on by Martin, that, whenever a vessel touches at St. Kilda, from any of the other Hebrides, the whole population, a few days after her arrival, is attacked by a sort of influenza, called by the natives the "boat cough," or "the "trouble." I will give Martin's account of it in his own words. "The "inhabitants are seldom troubled with "a cough, except at the steward's "landing"—(a sort of agent of the proprietor is still accustomed to visit the island annually to collect the rent, which is paid in kind). "When," he proceeds, "I expressed my disbelief in this 'boat "cough,' they seemed offended, saying "that never any but the minister and "myself was heard to doubt of the "truth of it, which is plainly demon-"strated on the landing of every boat; "adding further, that every design was "always for some end, but here there "was no room for any, where nothing "could be proposed; but, for confirma-"tion of the whole, they appealed to the "case of infants at the breast, who are "likewise very subject to the cough, "and could not be capable of affecting "it. There was scarce young or old in "the isle that I did not examine par-"ticularly on this head, and all agreed "in confirmation of it." Macaulay further informs us that, when he was sent to the island, he was directed to institute special inquiries respecting this singular affection. As regards the result of those inquiries, he thus expresses himself: "I was long a sceptic concern-"ing the reality of this distemper; but "the repeated assurances given me by "men of understanding, and, above all, "ocular demonstration, convinced me "that my doubts were ill-founded."

This, then, was "the trouble" to which the schoolmaster referred, when he spoke of the people as being "*aa*ful bad." On the present occasion it arose from the visit of a Government steamer. About ten days before our arrival, H.M.S. *Porcupine*, Captain Otter, with the Duke of Athol and Mr. Hall Maxwell on board, had called at St. Kilda, with the view of inquiring into the best method of expending a few hundred pounds which have been bequeathed to the island by a gentleman much interested in its welfare. A day or two after the departure of the *Porcupine*, the "boat cough" commenced. The circumstances of her having so lately preceded us, and the people being thus in the actual throes of the disorder, induced them, I think, to entertain less dread of conversing with us, and admitting us into their dwellings. They are said usually to make it a rule, rendered necessary by painful experience, never to invite a stranger to cross their threshold. If he enters unasked, they would deem it a breach of hospitality not to entertain him, though they would certainly feel more comfortable if he remained without. While at St. Kilda, I made particular inquiries into the symptoms, and, as far as I was able, into the causes, of this mysterious disorder. It begins with a feeling of cold, aching in the bones, great lassitude and prostration, the ordinary symptoms of catarrh, and a most tormenting cough, especially harassing at night. It usually shows itself on the third or fourth day after the arrival of the "foreign vessel;" first attacking those persons who may have come into closest contact with the strangers, and then passing through the whole community, babies included. Very few escape. I myself saw one unfortunate little infant, not more than a fortnight old, grievously tormented with it. The natives remarked that, on this occasion, the cough formed a more prominent symptom in "the trouble" than during any former visitation. I am quite unable to throw any light on the causes of this strange disease: the particular direction of the wind at the time the boat arrives, on which some would make it depend,

has no influence in either exciting or preventing its attacks. Martin distinctly implies that the influenza followed his own arrival, on which occasion the winds were contrary. The *Porcupine* also, being a Government steamer, was in no way beholden on the direction of the breeze. Nor is it, as others suppose, due to the manner in which the natives expose themselves, by venturing into the water, to assist strangers in landing. Notable instances are on record where they rendered no such friendly aid; as, for instance, in the year 1746, when some of the Royal troops landed at St. Kilda without any assistance, or indeed countenance, from the islanders; but, nevertheless, an unusually severe outbreak of the disease speedily followed their intrusion. Neither can it be reckoned a mere annual epidemic, as others maintain, seeing that, within the course of eight weeks, three several outbreaks have been known to follow the arrival of as many boats.

After making one or two morning calls at the huts to which we were invited, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a lady who evidently plays no unimportant part in the life of the commonwealth. In St. Kilda, she is familiarly known as "Betty Scott." Far be it from me, however, to designate one with whom my acquaintance was but very limited in so homely a manner. She was quite the Mrs. Poyser of the village—smart, energetic, talkative, and shrewd. She informed me that she had lost no less than twelve out of fourteen children, from a disorder (infantile lock-jaw) which carries off a large number of infants a few days after their birth,—"all proper bairns, the poorest equal to yon two." The words "yon two" were accompanied by a somewhat exultant waive of the hand towards her surviving son and daughter. She had reason to feel proud of her children. The son, who probably rejoiced in some eighteen summers, was a firmly-knit, frank-looking boy—the elasticity of whose step, and cool daring expressed in his eye, would have led me, even though fame were silent as to his deeds, to have singled him out as one of the boldest cragsmen in St. Kilda; and consider for a moment how the words "boldest cragsman" would vibrate on the ear of a community, where, as one of their historians asserts, "feats of this kind are "deemed heroic, no less so than to "mount a breach, or to march up to the "mouth of a cannon." Such was the son. The daughter, whom Mrs. Scott likewise introduced, was possibly a year or two older. Her long fair hair, large blue eyes, and soft feminine features, gave her a peculiarly interesting appearance, and justify me in pronouncing her the belle of St. Kilda. I am coward enough to trust that my assigning the apple of beauty to this young lady may not reach the ears of her island sisters. As neither a railway-station nor a fashionable watering-place exists on its shores, I venture to hope that its fair daughters may live on in blissful ignorance of the pages of this Magazine. Possibly, there are those who esteem it, at best, but a sorry distinction to have reached the pinnacle of beauty in so lonely an isle. To such I would say, that the good looks of these young ladies is no invention of my own, but an established fact, chronicled in the archives of history. Macaulay, a missionary, and a man not likely to be unduly captivated by mere outward form, thus speaks of them:—"The women are most handsome; their "complexions fresh and lively, as their "features are regular and fine; some of "them, if properly dressed and genteelly "educated, would be reckoned extraor-"dinary beauties in the gay world." Mrs. Scott further informed me that, on the late occasion of the Duke of Athol's visit, he had slept two nights under her roof; and such was "the notion the Duke took to that lad and lassie," that he proposed to transplant them, together with their parent, to his own estate.

After discussing a few more subjects of general interest, we descended, I am forced to admit, into the regions of gossip; from which even St. Kilda is not exempt. We there heard how in the *Porcupine* there was a minister, and on

the island a plighted couple. Now, it so happened—such, alas! is fate—that, just at the time when a clergyman chanced to be present, and Hymen especially welcomed their approach—at this very time, I say, arose a most unseasonable "lovers' quarrel," not yet succeeded by "the renewal of love." Two years had elapsed since a minister had last called at the island; two more might pass ere another returned. What steps could be taken? What assistance invoked? The bride *seemed* inexorable, but fortunately relented. Whether, as fell slander whispered, the offer of the Duke of Athol to officiate as groomsman at all contributed to this happy result, far be it from me to insinuate. One thing is certain—the marriage rites were duly performed; and the Duke and a St. Kilda young lady played the important parts of "best man" and bridesmaid. The bride, my fair readers may be interested to learn, was gaily attired; the *trousseau* in the latest Paris fashions which the wardrobes of the *Porcupine* could supply; and altogether the ceremony went off with such *éclat* that, had the *Morning Post* received sufficiently early intimation of the event, it would, I doubt not, have despatched "a special correspondent" to the scene. That the wedding-cake, which usually forms a prominent feature on such occasions, was not dispensed with, I gather from the fact that I myself saw, in one of the houses at St. Kilda, a compact mass of that familiar compound, which, at a distance, I well-nigh mistook for whitewashed peat.

The description of this marriage naturally leads me to make a few remarks upon the famous "lover's stone," which may be still seen, situated towards the south, at no great distance from the village. The origin of this name it will be necessary to explain. In the early ages of this little commonwealth, when lovers were more diffident than in the times in which we live, it was held a highly commendable thing in a young aspirant for an island belle, to lay at her feet, not, as in some of our English counties, his pedigree and rent-roll, but some undoubted proof of courage and address. With this view, he assembled his friends—probably, also, the young lady herself—around the inner margin of the "lover's stone," the outshot cornice of a frowning precipice. With dauntless step, he then advanced, and firmly planted his left heel upon its edge, the sole of the foot remaining wholly unsupported. He then extended his right leg beyond the left, and firmly grasped the foot between his hands. In this position he continued sufficiently long to impress upon his spectators the conviction that a "fair lady" would in him gain no "faint heart." Had Newton been present at this performance, he would have learned that, though the force of gravitation might cause an apple to fall from a tree, a lover can still cling to a stone—Gravity yielding to Love, as the stronger force of attraction. That the exploit I have been describing is not so simple as it appears, the reader will understand by ascending the Duke of York's column, getting outside the railing, and trying it for himself. After this heroic deed, writes Martin, "the "adventurous youth is accounted worthy "of the finest woman in the world." He adds, that one of the islanders strongly urged him to attempt the feat; "but I "told him that it would have quite the "contrary effect upon me, robbing me "of my life and mistress at the same "moment." Thrice simple youth, thrice happy innocence, which would fain read in the breast of a canny factor the impassioned ardour of thine own!

After spending some little time in conversation with the villagers, we proceeded to ascend the shoulder of Connagher, a mountain lying towards the north-west. On reaching the summit a startling prospect opened before us. Behind, the moss-grown sides of the hill gradually terminated in the richer hues of the village pastures: before, in outstretched majesty, the wide Atlantic foamed and eddied at our feet—one step beneath our feet—but what a step!—800 feet—without one break—without one resting place—steep mural precipices, adamantine ramparts of this sea-girt isle.

To obtain a good view of the face of the cliffs, we lay down on a large flat slab of rock, and looked over its side. A plumb line suspended from this spot would have alighted in the sea. The side of the island facing the harbour is, with one slight exception, the only portion of the coast not girded with precipitous cliffs. These cliffs vary considerably, both in height and abruptness, ranging from about 1,200 to 400 feet—here cold and bare, there padded with narrow, moss-clad terraces, rising one above the other, their sides decked with yellow primroses. On these terraces the Fulmars (a species of Petrel almost peculiar to St. Kilda) lay basking in the warm sunshine, and looked like countless eggs, deposited on the shelves of some giant's storehouse. Macaulay, in describing the rock on which we were now seated, says, "A view of it from the sea "fills a man with astonishment, and a "look over it from above strikes him "with horror." In addition to the Fulmars, we saw great numbers of little Puffins, who amused us by their intrusive and impertinent mode of scrutinizing our movements. From a small hole under the stone on which we were sitting, four came running out, one after the other; turned one eye towards us; seemed much surprised to find us there; and then flew repeatedly round our heads. A very striking feature, in wandering about St. Kilda, is the marvellous tameness of the whole animal creation—even the hooded crows in the village hopping about like barn-door fowls. It is from the height on which we were now mounted that the natives are accustomed to descend in quest of the sea-bird. Two of them quietly saunter up the mountain till they reach the site of the cliffs. One of them then adjusts a rope round his waist, and hands the remainder of the coil to his comrade. In another moment he has crossed the narrow line that separates earth and air. He soon arrives at the dwellings of the Fulmars, who bask in the sun in happy ignorance of the impending danger. The fowler carries in his hand a short fishing rod, with a hair noose attached to its lower extremity. This he dexterously insinuates around the neck of a bird, and instantly draws it towards him. The Fulmar is provided with a curious means of defending itself when assailed. This consists in its ejecting at the face of its enemy, often to a distance of many feet, a peculiarly pungent oil, which is most irritating to the eyes. To guard against this danger, and likewise to obtain the oil, which is much valued, the cragsman is wont to envelope the head of the bird in a small bag. St. Kilda is the only portion of Great Britain which the Fulmar selects as its home. Vast numbers of them soared around our heads, as we stood above their nests, stretching out their necks in that stiff awkward manner peculiar to sea-gulls. Of all the feathered hosts that dwell around the cliffs noné at all equal the Fulmar in the estimation of the people. Macaulay relates that a St. Kildean thus expressed himself on this subject. "Can "the world exhibit a more valuable "commodity? The Fulmar furnishes "oil for the lamp, down for the bed, "the most salubrious food, and the "most efficacious ointments for healing "wounds. Deprive us of the Fulmar, "and St. Kilda is no more!" The lazy, or foolish Guillemot, though not at the present time much sought after, is usually taken in the following manner. A man with a white cloth about his neck is let down from the summit of the crags at night, and hangs, like the weight of a clock, immediately before the nests. The birds, attracted by the bright colour, mistake the intruder for a projecting portion of rock, and settle upon him in great numbers, a freedom the cragsman resents by quietly dislocating their necks. In this manner 300 or 400 are sometimes taken by a single fowler in the course of a night. The Solan Geese, or Gannets, do not inhabit St. Kilda proper, but Borrera, and Stach, small dependencies of the parent state, situated to the north. From the summits of the St. Kilda heights we could distinctly see these islands, covered with Solan Geese, their bright plumage glistening in the sun, pure and white like drifted snow.

These birds arrive about the beginning of March, and are among the earliest comers. As the opening of Parliament rouses the metropolis from its winter slumbers, so does the return of the sea fowl rekindle life and animation at St. Kilda. Then, says Macaulay, "the most "considerable persons in this small state "assemble together to congratulate one "another on this great occasion." Soon after a select band of St. Kilda youth visit the homes of the Solan. Here they find sentinels posted at regular intervals, like the outlying pickets of hostile hosts. To surprise these guard-birds is the great object of the fowler. The number of Fulmars and Solans annually salted for winter consumption is upwards of 12,000, or 150 birds for each man, woman, and child. From the breast of the young Solans, which are thickly covered with fat, a rich lard, called Giben, is melted down; which is used instead of butter, and enters into the composition of many of their most dainty dishes.

In consequence of our visit to this island being in the month of June, when the natives experience heavy losses if the nests are disturbed, we had not an opportunity of seeing the cragsmen exhibit. Their performances were nevertheless described to us by numerous eye-witnesses. As the sailor feels in his element at sea, and the Highlander rejoices in the springy softness of the heather, so the St. Kilda fowler feels especially at his ease when poised from the extremity of his rope. Not content with the mere routine discharge of his calling, he swings and careers down the cliffs like a plaything jerked by an elastic cord. Sometimes, when the portion of the crag to be visited lies within the perpendicular, that is, under that portion of the rock from which his comrade tightly grasps the oft-tried cord, he strikes out from the cliff with the steady sweep of a pendulum, the impetus landing him at the wished-for ledge. About the age of twelve or fourteen they first essay the cliffs—no unimportant day to a St. Kilda youth. During the last thirty years, five men have, in the language of the island, "gone over the rocks." In these words are registered the deaths of those daring spirits who fall victims to the dangers of their calling. Their bodies are seldom, if ever recovered, ruthlessly engulfed by the voracious deep. The ropes, formed of tightly-twisted horsehair, covered with cowhide to protect them from the rocks, are a highly valued possession — handed down as heir-looms in families; or a favourite daughter receives one as her dowry.

After spending some little time in surveying the cliffs from several prominent points which commanded a good view of the face of the precipices, we retraced our steps to the village. The schoolmaster urgently pressed us to spend the night under the shelter of his roof; but the somewhat threatening aspect of the sky, and the general insecurity of the harbour, made us fear the possibility of a lengthened detention; we accordingly deemed it more prudent to return to the yacht and "get under weigh" while the wind was favourable. After several fruitless attempts to get off from the shore, in which we well-nigh "stove-in" the sides of our boat, the islanders came to our aid. They speedily hauled her a short way up the slippery ledge of the rock, set her high and dry on her keel, and persuaded us "to take our seats." In another moment they ran down with her towards the sea, and launched her with such an impetus as fairly carried us beyond the reach of the surf. We were soon once more on board the vessel, and, with the exception of a somewhat heavy sea, had a prosperous voyage to Harris.

I have now touched upon a few of the more striking points in which, as it seemed to me, "the manners and cus- "toms of the people of the island of "St. Kilda differ from those of the ad- "jacent islands of Great Britain and "Ireland." In the time of Martin, the population was more than double what it is at the present time: the finest barley in the Hebrides then ripened upon its fertile slopes; the harvest was housed by the beginning of September—

far earlier than is usual along the north-west coast; the "sorriest folk in the country of Macleod" were sent like Highland sheep to Lowland pastures, to gain renewed vigour from the salubrious freshness of the air, and renovating properties which attended the use of its oleaginous diet. Some thirty years later, the small-pox carried off, at one fell swoop, more than half the inhabitants. From that time the population has rarely exceeded one hundred; never, as far as I can discover, one hundred and eight. But, though much of the pristine prosperity of this lonely isle has passed away, one inheritance handed down from their ancestors they still retain, in the spotless purity of their lives, their hospitality to all who may be cast upon their shores, and the happiness and contentment which reign in their homes. One hundred and sixty years ago, Martin was able to say, "This only is wanting "to make them the happiest people in "the habitable globe, that they themselves do not know how happy they "are." Seventy years later, Macaulay could exclaim, "If all things are fairly "weighed in the balance of unprejudiced reason, the St. Kildeans possess "an equal share of true substantial happiness to any equal number of the "creation." May this boast long apply to them, that ignorance of the extent of their happiness is alone wanting to render it complete!

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARSTON'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mary did not wonder at Marston's silence. She thought that perhaps he had been sobered by being cast on shore so unceremoniously, and thought but little more of it. Then she dressed for dinner, and went and stood in one of the deep windows of the entrance-hall, looking out.

The great fire which leapt and blazed in the hall chimney was fast superseding the waning daylight outside. It was very pleasant to look at the fire, and the firelight on wall and ceiling, on antler and armour, and then to get behind the curtain and look out into the howling winter's evening, over the darkening raging sea, and the tossing trees, and think how all the boats were safe in, and the men sitting round the pleasant fires with their wives and children, and that the dogs were warm in the kennels, and the horses in the stable; and to pity the poor birds, and hope they had good warm nooks and corners to get to; and then to think of the ships coming up the channel, and hope they might keep a good offing.

This brought her to thinking, for the first time, of her own little self—how, so many years ago, she had been cast up like a little piece of sea-weed out of that awful ocean. She thought of the *Warren Hastings*, and how she and Charles, on summer-days, when out gathering shells on the rocks, used to look over to where the ship lay beneath the sea, and wonder whereabout it was. Then she had a kindly smile on her face as she thought of Mr. Archer, the brave and good (now I am happy to say Captain Archer), and looked over the hall to a hideous and diabolical graven image, which he had sent the year before, among some very valuable presents, and had begged her to be particularly careful of, as he had risked his life in getting it; and which she and Charles had triumphantly placed in the hall, and maintained there, too, in spite of the sarcasms of Father Mackworth, and the

pious horror of the servants and villagers. And so she went on thinking—thinking of her dead parents, of the silence maintained by her relations, of old Densil's protection, and then of the future. That protection must cease soon, and then—

A governess! There were many stories about governesses not being well treated! Perhaps it was their own fault, or they were exceptional cases! She would like the nursery best, and to keep away from the drawing-room altogether! "Yes," she said, "I will *make* them love me; I will be so gentle, patient, and obliging. I am not afraid of the children—I know I can win *them*—or of my mistress much; I believe I can win *her*. I am most afraid of the superior servants; but surely kindness and submission will win them in time.

"My sheet-anchor is old Lady Ascot. She got very fond of me during that six months I staid with her; and she is very kind. Surely she will get me a place where I shall be well treated; and, if not, why then—I shall only be in the position of thousands of other girls. I must fight through it. There is another life after this.

"It will be terribly hard parting from all the old friends though! After that, I think I shall have no heart left to suffer with. Yes; I suppose the last details of the break-up will be harder to bear than anything which will follow. That will tear one's heart terribly. That over, I suppose my salary will keep me in drawing materials, and give me the power, at every moment of leisure, of taking myself into fairy land.

"I suppose actual destitution is impossible. I should think so. Yes, yes; Lady Ascot would take care of that. If that were to come though? They say a girl can always make fourpence a day by her needle. How I would fight and strive and toil! And then how sweet death would be!"

She paused, and looked out on the darkening ocean. "And yet," she thought again, "I would follow—follow him to the world's end.—

"'Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim;
Beyond the night, across the day,
The happy princess followed him.'"

A door opened into the hall, and a man's step was on the stone-floor: she raised the curtain to see who it was. It was Marston; and he came straight towards her, and stood beside her, looking out over the wild stormy landscape.

"Miss Corby" he said, "I was coming to try and find you."

"You were very lucky in your search," she said, smiling on him. "I was alone here with the storm; and, if I had not raised the curtain, you would never have seen me. How it blows! I am glad you are not out in this. This is one of your lucky days."

"I should be glad to think so. Will you listen to me for a very few minutes, while I tell you something?"

"Surely," she said. "Who is there that I would sooner listen to?"

"I fear I shall tire your patience now though. I am a comparatively poor man."

"And what of that, my dear Mr. Marston? You are rich in honour, in future prospects. You have a noble future before you."

"Will you share it, Mary?"

"Oh, Mr. Marston, what do you mean?"

"Will you be my wife? I love you beyond all the riches and honours of the world—I love you as you will never be loved again. It is due to you and to myself to say that, although I call myself poor, I have enough to keep you like a lady, and all my future prospects beside. Don't give me a hasty answer, but tell me is it possible you can become my wife?"

"Oh, I am so sorry for this!" said poor Mary. "I never dreamt of this. Oh, no! it is utterly and entirely impossible, Mr. Marston — utterly and hopelessly impossible! You must forgive me, if you can; but you must never, never think about me more."

"Is there no hope?" said Marston.

"No hope, no hope!" said Mary. "Please never think about me any

more, till you have forgiven me; and then, with your children on your knee, think of me as a friend who loves you dearly."

"I shall think of you till I die. I was afraid of this: it is just as I thought."

"What did you think?"

"Nothing—nothing! Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"Surely; and God bless you!"

"Are we to say good-bye for ever, then?" said poor Marston.

"I hope not. I should be sorry to think that," said poor Mary, crying. "But you must never speak to me like this again, dear Mr. Marston. God bless you, once more!"

Charles was dressing while this scene was going on, and was thinking, while brushing his hair, what there was for dinner, and whether there would be a turbot or not, and whether the cook would send in the breast of the venison or not. The buck, Charles sagely reflected, had been killed five days before, and the weather had been warm: surely that woman would let them have the breast. He was a fool not to have told her of it in the morning before he went out; but she was such an obstinate old catamaran that she very likely wouldn't have done it. "There was no greater mistake," this young Heliogabalus proceeded to remark, than "hanging your breasts too long. There would be a couple of cocks, though,—pretty high, near about the mark——"

The door opened, and in walked Father Mackworth.

"Hallo, Father!" said Charles, "how are you? Did you hear of our spill to-day? We were deuced near done for, I assure you."

"Charles," said the priest, "your nature is frank and noble. I was in terror to-day lest you should go to your account bearing me malice."

"A Ravenshoe never bears malice, Father," said Charles.

"A Ravenshoe never does, I am aware," said Father Mackworth, with such a dead equality of emphasis, that Charles could not have sworn that he laid any on the word "Ravenshoe."

"But I have got an apology to make to you, Father," said Charles: "I have to apologise to you for losing my temper with you the other day, and breaking out into I can't say what tirade of unjust anger. I pray you to forgive me. We don't love one another, you know. How can we? But I behaved like a blackguard, as I always do when I am in a passion. Will you forgive me?"

"I had forgotten the circumstance." ("Good heaven!" said Charles to himself, "can't this man help lying?") "But, if I have anything to forgive, I freely do so. I have come to ask for a peace. As long as your father lives, let there be outward peace between us, if no more."

"I swear there shall," said Charles. "I like you to-night, sir, better than ever I did before, for the kindness and consideration you show to my father. When he is gone there will be peace between us, for I shall leave this house and trouble you no more."

"I suppose you will," said Father Mackworth, with the same deadness of emphasis remarked before. And so he departed.

"That is a manly young fellow and a gentleman," thought Father Mackworth. "Obstinate and headstrong, without much brains; but with more brains than the other, and more education. The other will be very troublesome and headstrong; but I suppose I shall be able to manage him."

What person do you think Father Mackworth meant by the "other?" He didn't mean Cuthbert.

At dinner Densil was garrulous, and eager to hear of their shipwreck. He had made a great rally the last fortnight, and was his old self again. Lord Saltire, whose gout had fled before careful living and moderate exercise, informed them, after the soup, that he intended to leave them after four days' time, as he had business in another part of the country. They were rather surprised at his abrupt departure, and he said that he was very sorry to leave such a pleasant party, in which he had

been happier than he had been for many years.

"There is a pleasant, innocent, domestic sort of atmosphere which radiates from you, my old friend," he said, "such as I seldom or never get, away from you or Mainwaring, grim warrior though he be (you remember him at Ranford, Charles?). But the law of the Medes and Persians is not amenable to change, and I go on Thursday."

The post arrived during dinner, and there was a letter for Charles. It was from Ranford. "Welter comes on Thursday, father,—the very day Lord Saltire goes. How annoying!"

"I must try to bear up under the affliction!" said that nobleman, taking snuff, and speaking very drily.

"Where is he to go, I wonder?" mused Mary, aloud. "He must go into the west wing, for he always smokes in his bed-room."

Charles expected that Cuthbert would have had a sneer at Welter, whom he cordially disliked; but Cuthbert had given up sneering lately. "Not much more reading for you, Charles!" he said.

"I am afraid not," said Charles. "I almost wish he wasn't coming; we were very happy before."

Charles was surprised to see Marston so silent at dinner. He feared he might have offended him, but couldn't tell how. Then he wondered to see Mary so silent too, for she generally chirrupped away like a lark; but he didn't refer the two similar phenomena to a common cause, and so he arrived at no conclusion.

When Lord Saltire went to bed that night, he dismissed Charles from attendance, and took Marston's arm; and, when they were alone together, he thus began:—

"Does your shrewdness connect my abrupt departure with the arrival of Lord Welter?"

"I was inclined to, my lord; but I did not see how you were to have known of it."

"I heard yesterday from Lady Ascot."

"I am sorry he is coming," said Marston.

"So am I. I can't stay in the house with him. The contrast of his loud coarse voice and stable slang to the sort of quiet conversation we have had lately would be intolerable; besides, he is an atrocious young ruffian, and will ruin our boy if he can."

"Charles won't bet now, Lord Saltire."

"Charles is young and foolish. I am glad, however, that Welter does not go back to Oxford with him. But there will be Welter's set in their glory, I suppose, unless some of them have got hung. I would sooner see him at home. He is naturally quiet and domestic. I suppose he was in a sad set up there."

"He was in a very good set, and a very bad one. He was a favourite everywhere."

"He had made some acquaintances he ought to be proud of, at least," said Lord Saltire, in a way which made honest Marston blush. "I wish he wasn't going to Ranford."

"Report says," said Marston, "that affairs are getting somewhat shaky there: Welter's tradesmen can't get any money."

Lord Saltire shook his head significantly, and then said: "Now I want to speak to you about yourself. Did not you have a disappointment to-day?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Ha!"

They both sat silent for a moment.

"How did you guess that, Lord Saltire?"

"I saw what was going on; and, by your manner and hers to-day, I guessed something had taken place. Is there no hope for you?"

"None."

"I feared not; but what right have I to tell you so?"

"Perhaps, my lord, I should not have believed you if you had," said Marston, smiling.

"What man would have? You are not angry?"

"How could I be? The world is out of joint, that is all."

"You are a true gentleman. I swear to you," said the old man, eagerly, "that

there is no one in fault. She has given her honest little heart away—and what wonder!—but, believe me that you are behaving as a man should behave, in not resenting it. If you were a heathen and a Frenchman (synonymous terms, my dear boy), you might find it your duty to cut somebody's throat; but, being a Christian and a gentleman, you will remain a true friend to somebody who loves you dearly, and is worth loving in return. This sort of thing cuts a man up confoundedly. It happened to me once; but, believe me, you will get over it."

"I mean to do so. How kind and generous you are to me! how shall I ever repay you!"

"By kindness to those I love," said the old man. "I take this opportunity of telling you that your fortunes are my particular care. I cannot get you the wife you love, but I am rich and powerful, and can do much. Not another word. Go to bed, sir—to bed."

Marston, sitting on his bed-side that night, said aloud to himself, "And so that is that dicing old *roué*, Saltire, is it? Well, well; it is a funny world. What a noble fellow he would have been if he had had a better chance! Nay, what a noble fellow he is! I am ten years older since this morning!" (he wasn't, but he thought it). And so he said his prayers like an honest man, and prayed for the kind old heathen who had such a warm heart; and then, being nowise ashamed to do so, he prayed that he might sleep well; and, for a time, he forgot all about his disappointment, and slept like a child.

Lord Saltire's valet was a staid and sober-minded gentleman of sixty-four. Generally, when he was putting his lordship to bed, he used to give him the news of the day; but to-night Lord Saltire said, "Never mind the news, Brooks, if you please; I am thinking of something." My lord used to wear a sort of muffler, like a footless stocking, to keep his old knees warm in bed. He remained silent till he had got one on, and then, without taking the other from the expectant Brooks, he addressed the fire-irons aloud.

"This is a pretty clumsy contrivance to call a world!" he said, with profound scorn. "Look here (to the poker), here's as fine a lad as ever you saw, goes and falls in love with a charming girl, who cares no more for him than the deuce. He proposes to her, and is refused. Why? because she has given her heart away to another fine young fellow, who don't care twopence for her, and has given *his* heart away to the most ambitious young Jezebel in the three kingdoms, who I don't believe cares so very much for him. I am utterly disgusted with the whole system of mundane affairs! Brooks, give me that muffler, if you please; and pray don't wake me before nine. I must try to sleep off the recollection of some of this folly."

CHAPTER XIX.

ELLEN'S FLIGHT.

After all the fatigues and adventures of the day before, Charles slept well—long pleasant dreams of roaming in sunny places on summer days fell to his happy lot—and so he was not pleased when he found himself shaken by the shoulder.

It was William come to wake him. Charles was at once alarmed to see him there, and started up, saying:

"Is anything the matter, Will? is my father ill?"

"The master's well, I trust, Master Charles. I want to tell you something that I want others to find out for themselves."

"What is it?" said Charles, seriously alarmed, for he had had his suspicions lately, though he had dreaded to give them a name.

"Ellen is gone!"

"My dear lad," said Charles hurriedly, "what makes you think so? Since when have you missed her?"

"Since yesterday afternoon."

"Have you been in her room?"

"Yes. She has not been to bed, and

the window is open just as it was yesterday morning at bed-making time."

"Hush—wait! There may be time yet. Go down and saddle two horses at once. I will tell you what I know as we ride, but there Is not time now. Tell me only one thing, Is there any one she would be likely to go to at Combe?"

"No one that I know of."

William departed to get the horses. Charles had suddenly thought of the solitary female figure he had seen passing along the dizzy sheep-path the day before, and he determined to follow that till he lost sight of it.

"For the poor dear girl's sake—for the honour of the old house—I wonder who is at the bottom of all this? I must tell Marston," he said, when he was out on the landing. "James, tell them to get me some coffee instantly. I am going out hunting."

Marston thought as Charles did. The right thing to do would be to follow her, see that she wanted for nothing, and leave her brother with her for a time. "He won't quarrel with her now, you'll see. He is a good fellow, mind you, Charles, though he did lose his temper with her that night."

So they rode forth swiftly side by side into the wild winter's morning. The rain had ceased for a time, but the low dark clouds were hurrying swiftly before the blast, and eddying among the loftier tors and summits. The wind was behind them, and their way was east, across the lofty downs.

"William," said Charles at last, "who is at the bottom of this?"

"I don't know, Master Charles. If I did, there would be mischief, unless it was one of two."

"Ay, Will, but it ain't. You don't think it is Cuthbert?"

"No, no! He, forsooth! Father Mackworth knows, I believe, more than we do."

"You do not suspect him?"

"Certainly not. I suspect he knows, as I said, more than we do. He has been speaking harshly to her about it."

They had arrived at the hill round which Charles suspected he had seen her pass the day before. It was impossible to pass round the promontory on horseback in the best of weathers; now doubly so. They would have to pass inland of it. They both pulled up their horses and looked. The steep slope of turf, the top of which, close over head, was hid by flying mists, trended suddenly downwards, and disappeared. Eight hundred feet below was the raging sea.

As they stood there, the same thought came across both of them. It was a dreadful place. They neither spoke at all, but spurred on faster, till the little grey village of Combe, down at their feet, sheltered from the storm by the lofty hills around, opened to their view; and they pushed on down the steep rocky path.

No. No one had seen her yesterday at such a time. The streets would have been full of the miners coming from work; or, if she had come earlier, there would have been plenty of people to see her. It was a small place, and no stranger, they said, could ever pass through it unnoticed.

And, though they scoured the country far and wide, and though for months after the fishermen fished among the quiet bays beneath the cliffs in fear, lest they should find there something which should be carried in silent awe up the village, and laid quietly in the old churchyard beneath the elm, yet Ellen was gone—gone from their ken like a summer cloud. They thought it a pious fraud to tell Densil that she was gone—with some excuse, I forget what, but which satisfied him. In a conclave held over the matter, Cuthbert seemed only surprised and shocked, but evidently knew nothing of the matter. Father Mackworth said that he had expected something of the kind for some little time, and William held his peace. The gossips in the village laid their heads together, and shook them. There was but one opinion there.

"Never again shall she put garland on;
"Instead of it she'll wear sad cypress now,
"And bitter elder broken from the bough."

Nora—poor, foolish, old Nora—took to her bed. Father Mackworth was with her continually, but she sank and sank. Father Mackworth was called away across the moors, one afternoon, to an outlying Catholic tenant's family; and, during his absence, William was sent to Charles to pray him to come, in God's name, to his mother. Charles ran across at once, but Nora was speechless. She had something to say to Charles; but the great Sower, which shall sow us all in the ground, and tread us down, had his hand heavy on her, and she could not speak. In the morning, when the gale had broken, and the white seabirds were soaring and skimming between the blue sky and the noble green rolling sea, and the ships were running up channel, and the fishing-boats were putting out gaily from the pier, and all nature was brilliant and beautiful, old Nora lay dead, and her secret with her.

"Master Charles," said William, as they stood on the shore together, "she knew something, and Ellen knows it too. I know half of it. The time will come, Master Charles, when we shall have to hunt her through the world, and get the secret from her."

"William, I would go many weary journeys to bring poor Ellen back into the ways of peace. The fact of her being your sister would be enough to make me do that."

"My sister?" said William.

CHAPTER XX.

RANFORD AGAIN.

Charles, though no genius, had a certain amount of common sense, and, indeed, more of that commodity than most people gave him credit for. Therefore he did not pursue the subject with William. Firstly, because he did not think he could get any more out of him (for William had a certain amount of sturdy obstinacy in his composition); and secondly, because he knew William was, in the main, a sensible fellow, and loved the ground he stood on. Charles would never believe that William would serve him falsely; and he was right.

He told Marston of the curious words which William had used, and Marston had said:

"I don't understand it. The devil is abroad. Are you coming into any money at your father's death?"

"I am to have 180*l.* a year."

"I wouldn't give 50*l.* a year for your chance of it. What is this property worth?"

"9,000*l.* a year. The governor has lived very extravagantly. The stable establishment is fit for a duke now; and, then, look at the servants!"

"He is not living up to ten thousand a year now, I should say."

"No; but it is only the other day he gave up the hounds. They cost him two thousand a year; and, while he had them, the house was carried on very extravagantly. The governor has a wonderful talent for muddling away money; and, what is more, I believe he was bit with the railways. You know, I believe the estate is involved."

"Bathershin. But still, Cuthbert won't marry, and his life is a bad one, and you are a heretic, my poor little innocent."

"And then?"

"Heaven only knows what then. I am sure I don't. At what time does the worthy and intellectual Welter arrive?"

"He will be here about six."

"Two hours more rational existence for one, then. After that a smell as of ten thousand stables and fifty stale copies of *Bell's Life* in one's nose, till his lordship takes his departure. I don't like your cousin, Charles."

"What an astounding piece of news! He says you are a conceited prig, and give yourself airs."

"He never said a wiser or truer thing in his life. I am exactly that; and he is a fifth-class steeplechase rider, with a title."

"How you and he will fight!"

"So I expect. That is, if he has the courage for battle, which I rather doubt. He is terribly afraid of me."

"I think you are hard on poor old Welter," said Charles; "I do, indeed. He is a generous, good-hearted fellow."

"Oh! we are all generous, good-hearted fellows," said Marston, "as long as we have plenty of money and good digestions. You are right, though, Charley. He is what you say, as far as I know; but the reason I hate him is this:—You are the dearest friend I have, and I am jealous of him. He is in eternal antagonism to me. I am always trying to lead you right, and he is equally diligent in leading you into wrong."

"Well, he sha'n't lead me into any more, I promise you now. Do be civil to him."

"Of course I will, you gaby. Did you think I was going to show fight in your house?"

When Marston came down to dinner, there was Welter sitting beside old Densil, and kindly amusing him with all sorts of gossip—stable and other.

"How do, Marston?" said he, rising and coming forward.

"How d'ye do, Lord Welter?" said Marston.

"I am very glad to meet you here," said Lord Welter, with a good-humoured smile, "although I am ashamed to look you in the face. Marston, Mr. Ravenshoe, is Charles's good genius, and I am his evil one; I am always getting Charles into mischief, and he is always trying to keep him out of it. Hitherto, however, I have been completely successful, and he has made a dead failure."

Old Densil laughed. "You are doing yourself injustice, Welter," he said. "Is he not doing himself an injustice, Mr. Marston?"

"Not in the least, sir," said Marston. And the two young men shook hands more cordially than they had ever done before.

That evening Lord Welter fulfilled Mary's prophecy that he would smoke in his bedroom, and not only smoked there himself, but induced Charles to come and do so also. Marston was not in the humour for the style of conversation he knew he should have there, and so he retired to bed, and left the other two to themselves.

"Well, Charles," said Welter. "Oh, by-the-bye, I have got a letter for you from that mysterious madcap, Adelaide. She couldn't send it by post; that would not have been mysterious and underhand enough for her. Catch hold."

Charles caught hold, and read his letter. Welter watched him curiously from under the heavy eyebrows, and, when he had finished, said—

"Come, put that away, and talk. That sort of thing is pretty much the same in all cases, I take it. As far as my own experience goes, it is always the same. Scold and whine, whine and scold. How's that old keeper of yours?"

"He has lost his wife."

"Poor fellow! I remember his wife—a handsome Irish woman."

"My nurse?"

"Ay, ay. And the pretty girl, Ellen; how is she?"

"Poor Ellen! She has run away, Welter; gone to the bad, I fear."

Lord Welter sat in just the same position, gazing on the fire. He then said, in a very deliberate voice:—

"The deuce she is! I am very sorry to hear that. I was in hopes of renewing our acquaintance."

The days flew by, and, as you know, there came no news from Ellen. The household had been much saddened by her disappearance and by Nora's death, though not one of the number ever guessed what had passed between Mary and Marston. They were not a very cheerful household; scarce one of them but had some secret trouble. Father Tiernay came back after a week or so; and, if good-natured kindly chatter could have cheered them at all, he would have done it. But there was a settled gloom on the party which nothing could overcome. Even Welter, boisterous as his spirits usually were, seemed often anxious and distraught; and, as for poor Cuthbert, he would, at any time within the knowledge of man, have acted as a "damper" on the liveliest party. His affection for Charles seemed, for some reason, to increase day

by day, but it was sometimes very hard to keep the peace between Welter and him. If there was one man beyond another that Cuthbert hated, it was Welter; and sometimes, after dinner, such a scene as this would take place.

You will, perhaps, have remarked that I have never yet represented Cuthbert as speaking to Mary. The real fact is, that he never did speak to her, or to any woman, anything beyond the merest common-places—a circumstance which made Charles very much doubt the truth of Ellen's statement—that the priest had caught them talking together in the wood. However, Cuthbert was, in his way, fond enough of the bonny little soul (I swear I am in love with her myself, over head and ears); and so, one day, when she came crying in, and told him—as being the first person she met—that her little bantam-cock had been killed by the dorking, Cuthbert comforted her, bottled up his wrath, till his father had gone into the drawing-room with her after dinner, and the others were sitting at their wine. Then he said, suddenly:—

"Lord Welter, did you have any cock-fighting to-day?"

"Oh, yes, by-the-bye, a splendid turn-up. There was a noble little bantam in an enclosed yard challenging a great dorking, and they both seemed so very anxious for sport that I thought it would be a pity to baulk them; so I just let the bantam out. I give you my word, it is my belief that the bantam would have been the best man but that he was too old. His attack was splendid; but he met the fate of the brave."

"You should not have done that, Welter," said Charles; "that was Mary's favourite bantam."

"I don't allow any cock-fighting at Ravenshoe, Welter," said Cuthbert.

"You don't allow it!" said Lord Welter, scornfully.

"No, by heaven," said Cuthbert, "I don't allow it!"

"Don't you?" said Welter; "you are not master here, nor ever will be. No Ravenshoe was ever master of his own house yet."

"I am absolute master here," said Cuthbert, with a rising colour. "There is no appeal against me here."

"Only to the priest," said Welter. (I must do him the justice to say that neither Mackworth nor Tiernay was in the room, or he would not have said it.)

"You are insolent, Welter, and brutal. It is your nature to be so," said Cuthbert, fiercely.

Marston, who had been watching Welter all this time, saw a flash come from his eyes, and, for one moment, a terrible savage setting of the teeth. "Ha, ha! my friend," thought he, "I thought that stupid face was capable of some such expression as that. I am obliged to you, my friend, for giving me one little glimpse of the devil inside."

"By gad, Cuthbert," said Lord Welter, "if you hadn't been at your own table, you shouldn't have said that, cousin or no cousin, twice."

"Stop now," said Charles; "don't turn the place into a bear-pit. Cuthbert, do be moderate. Welter, you shouldn't have set the cocks fighting. Now don't begin quarrelling again, you two, for Heaven's sake!"

And so the peace was made: but Charles was very glad when the time came for the party to break up; and he went away to Ranford with Welter, preparatory to his going back to Oxford.

His father was quite his own old self again, and seemed to have rallied amazingly; so Charles left him without much anxiety; and there were reasons we know of why his heart should bound when he heard the word Ranford mentioned, and why the raging speed of the Great Western Railway express seemed all too slow for him. Lord Ascot's horses were fast, the mail-phaeton was a good one, and Lord Welter's worst enemies could not accuse him of driving slow; yet the way from Didcot to Ranford seemed so interminably long that he said:—

"By Jove, I wish we had come by a slower train, and gone on to Twyford!"

"Why so?"

"I don't know. I think it is

pleasanter driving through Wargrave and Henley."

Lord Welter laughed, and Charles wondered why. There were no visitors at Ranford; and, when they arrived, Welter of course adjourned to the stables, while Charles ran upstairs and knocked at Lady Ascot's door.

He was bidden to come in by the old lady's voice. Her black and tan terrier, who was now so old that his teeth and voice were alike gone, rose from the hearth, and went through the motion and outward semblance of barking furiously at Charles, though without producing any audible sound. Lady Ascot rose up and welcomed him kindly.

"I am so glad to see your honest face, my dear boy. I have been sitting here all alone so long. Ascot is very kind, and comes and sits with me, and I give him some advice about his horses, which he never takes. But I am very lonely."

"But where is Adelaide, aunt dear?"

"She's gone."

"Gone! My dear aunt, where to?"

"Gone to stay ten days with old Lady Hainault."

Here was a blow.

"I know you are very disappointed, my poor boy, and I told Welter so expressly to tell you in my last letter. He is so shockingly careless and forgetful!"

"So Welter knew of it," said Charles to himself. "And that is what made him laugh at my hurry. It is very ungentlemanly behaviour."

But Charles's anger was like a summer cloud. "I think, aunt," he said, "that Welter was having a joke with me; that was all. When will she be back?"

"The end of next week."

"And I shall be gone to Oxford. I shall ride over to Widgeonsmere and see her."

"You knew Hainault at Shrewsbury? Yes. Well, you had better do so, child. Yes, certainly."

"What made her go, aunt, I wonder?"

"Lady Hainault was ill, and would have her, and I was forced to let her go."

Oh, Lady Ascot, Lady Ascot, you wicked old fibster! Didn't you hesitate, and stammer, and blush, when you said that? I am very much afraid you didn't. Hadn't you had, three days before, a furious *fracas* with Adelaide about something, and hadn't it ended by her declaring that she would claim the protection of Lady Hainault? Hadn't she ordered out the pony-carriage and driven off with a solitary bandbox, and what I choose to call a crinoline-chest? And hadn't you and Lady Hainault had a brilliant passage-of-arms over her ladyship's receiving and abetting the recalcitrant Adelaide?

Lady Ascot was perfectly certain of one thing—that Charles would never hear about this from Adelaide; and so she lied boldly and with confidence. Otherwise, she must have made a dead failure, for few people had practised that great and difficult art so little as her ladyship.

That there had been a furious quarrel between Lady Ascot and Adelaide about this time, I well know from the best authority. It had taken place just as I have described it above. I do not know for certain the cause of it, but can guess; and, as I am honestly going to tell you all I know, you will be able to make as good a guess as I hereafter.

Lady Ascot said, furthermore, that she was very uneasy in her mind about Ascot's colt, which she felt certain would not stay over the Derby course. The horse was not so well ribbed up as he should be, and had hardly quarter enough to suit her. Talking of that, her lumbago had set in worse than ever since the frost had come on, and her doctor had had the impudence to tell her that her liver was deranged, whereas she knew it proceeded from cold in the small of her back. Talking of the frost, she was told that there was a very good sheet of ice on the carp-pond, where Charles might skate, though she did hope he would not go on it till it was quite safe—as, if he were to get drowned, it would only add to her vexation, and surely she had had enough of that with that audacious chit of a girl,

Adelaide, who was enough to turn one's hair grey; though for that matter it had been grey many years, as all the world might see.

"Has Adelaide been vexing you, aunt dear?" interrupted Charles.

"No, my dear boy, no," replied the old woman. "She is a little tiresome sometimes, but I dare say it is more my fault than hers."

"You will not be angry with her, aunt dear? You will be long-suffering with her, for my sake?"

"Dear Charles," said the good old woman, weeping, "I will forgive her till seventy times seven. Sometimes, dear, she is high-spirited, and tries my temper. And I am very old, dear, and very cross and cruel to her. It is all my fault, Charles, all my fault."

Afterwards, when Charles knew the truth, he used to bless the memory of this good old woman, recalling this conversation, and knowing on which side the fault lay. At this time, blindly in love as he was with Adelaide, he had sense enough left to do justice.

"Aunt, dear," he said, "you are old, but you are neither cross nor cruel. You are the kindest and most generous of women. You are the only mother I ever had, aunt. I dare say Adelaide is tiresome sometimes; bear with her for my sake. Tell me some more about the horses. God help us, they are an important subject enough in this house now!"

Lady Ascot said, having dried her tears and kissed Charles, that she had seen this a very long time: that she had warned Ascot solemnly, as it was a mother's duty to do, to be careful of Ramoneur blood, and that Ascot would never listen to her; that no horse of that breed had ever been a staying horse; that she believed, if the truth could be got at, that the Pope of Rome had been, indirectly perhaps, but certainly, the inventor of produce stakes, which had done more to ruin the breed of horses, and consequently the country, than fifty reform bills. Then her ladyship wished to know if Charles had read Lord Mount-E——'s book on the Battle of Armageddon, and, on receiving a negative answer, gave a slight abstract of that most prophetical production, till the gong sounded and Charles went up to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XXI.

CLOTHO, LACHESIS, AND ATROPOS.

The road from Ranford to Widgeonsmere, which is the name of Lord Hainault's place, runs through about three miles of the most beautiful scenery. Although it may barely come up to Cookham or Cliefden, yet it surpasses the piece from Wargrave to Henley, and beats Pangbourne hollow. Leaving Ranford Park, the road passes through the pretty village of Ranford. And in the street of Ranford, which is a regular street, the principal inn is the White Hart, kept by Mrs. Foley.

Here, in summer, all through the long glorious days, which seem so hard to believe in in winter time, come anglers, and live. Here they order their meals at impossible hours, and drive the landlady mad by not coming home to them. Here, too, they plan mad expeditions with the fishermen, who are now in all their glory, wearing bright-patterned shirts, scornful of half-crowns, and in a general state of obfuscation, in consequence of being plied with strange liquors by their patrons, out of flasks, when they are out fishing. Here, too, come artists, with beards as long as your arm, and pass the day under umbrellas, in pleasant places by the waterside, painting.

The dark old porch stands out in the street, but the back of the house goes down to the river. At this porch there is generally a group of idlers, or an old man sunning himself, or a man on horseback drinking. On this present occasion there were all three of these things, and also Lord Ascot's head-keeper, with a brace of setters.

As Charles rode very slowly towards the group, the keeper and the groom on horseback left off talking. Charles fancied they had been talking about him, and I, who know every thing, also know

that they had. When Charles was nearly opposite him, the keeper came forward and said—

"I should like to show you the first trout of the season, sir. Jim, show Mr. Ravenshoe that trout."

A beautiful ten-pounder was immediately laid on the stones.

"He would have looked handsomer in another month, Simpson," said Charles.

"Perhaps he would, sir. My lady generally likes to get one as soon as she can."

At this stage, the groom, who had been standing apart, came up, and touching his hat, put into Charles's hand a note.

It was in Adelaide's handwriting. The groom knew it, the keeper knew it, they all knew it, and Charles' knew they knew it; but what cared he—all the world might know it. But they knew and had been talking of something else before he came up, which Charles did not know. If anything is going wrong, all the country side know it, before the person principally concerned. And all the country side knew that there had been a great and scandalous quarrel between Adelaide and Lady Ascot—all!—except Charles.

He put the note in his pocket without opening it; he gave the groom half-a-crown; he bade good-bye to the keeper; he touched his hat to the loiterers; and then he rode on his way toward Widgeonsmere, down the village street. He passed the church among the leafless walnut-trees, beneath the towering elms, now noisy with building rooks; and then, in the broad road under the lofty chalk downs, with the elms on his left, and glimpses of the flashing river between their stems, there he pulled up his horse, and read his love-letter.

"Dear Charles,—

"Ain't you very cross at my having been away when you came? I don't believe you are, for you are never cross. I couldn't help it, Charles dear. Aunt wanted me to go.

"Aunt is very cross and tiresome. She don't like me as well as she used. You mus'n't believe all she says, you know. It ain't one word of it true. It is only her fancy.

"Do come over and see me. Lord Hainault" (this, I must tell you, reader, is the son, not the husband, of Lady Ascot's most cherished old enemy) "is going to be married, and there will be a great wedding. She is that long Burton girl, whom you may remember. I have always had a great dislike for her; but she has asked me to be bridesmaid, and of course one can't refuse. Lady Emily Montfort is 'with me,' as the lawyers say, and of course she will have her mother's pearls in her ugly red hair."—

Charles couldn't agree as to Lady Emily's hair being red. He had thought it the most beautiful hair he had ever seen in his life.—

"Pour moi, I shall wear a camelia if the gardener will give me one. How I wish I had jewels to beat hers! She can't wear the Cleveland diamonds as a bridesmaid; that is a comfort. Come over and see me. I am in agony about what aunt may have said to you."

"Adelaide."

The reader may see more in this letter than Charles did. The reader may see a certain amount of selfishness and vanity in it: Charles did not. He took up his reins; again and stopped the horse, feeding at the roadside; and then he rode on; and, as he rode, said, "By Jove, Cuthbert shall lend me the emeralds!"

He hardly liked asking for them; but he could not bear the idea of Lady Emily shining superior to Adelaide in consequence of her pearls. Had he been a wise man (which I suppose you have, by this time, found out that he is decidedly not. Allow me to recommend this last sentence in a grammatical point of view), he would have seen that, with two such glorious creatures as Adelaide and Lady Emily, no one would have seen whether they were clothed in purple and fine linen, or in sackcloth and ashes. But Charles was a fool. He was in love, and he was riding out to see his love.

The Scotchman tells us about the Spey leaping out a glorious giant from among the everlasting hills; the Irishman tells you of Shannon rambling on past castle and mountain, gathering new beauty as he goes; the Canadian tells you of the great river which streams over the cliff between Erie and Ontario; and the Australian tells you of Snowy pouring eternally from his great granite crags, seen forty miles away by the lonely traveller on the dull grey plains; but the Englishman tells you of the Thames, whose valley is the cradle of Freedom, and the possessors of which are the arbiters of the world.

And along the Thames valley rode Charles. At first, the road ran along beneath some pleasant sunny heights; but, as it gradually rose, the ground grew more abrupt, and on the right a considerable down, with patches of gorse and juniper, hung over the road; while, on the left, the broad valley stretched away to where a distant cloud of grey smoke showed where lay the good old town of Casterton. Now the road entered a dark beech wood beneath lofty banks, where the squirrels, merry fellows, ran across the road and rattled up the trees, and the air was faint with the scent of last year's leaves. Then came a break in the wood to the right, and a vista up a long-drawn valley, which ended in a chalk cliff. Then a break in the wood to the left, and a glance at the flat meadows, the gleaming river, and the dim grey distance. Then the wood again, denser and darker than ever. Then a sound, at first faint and indistinct, but growing gradually upon the ear until it could be plainly heard above the horse's footfall. Then suddenly the end of the wood, and broad open sunlight. Below, the weirs of Casterton, spouting by a hundred channels, through the bucks and under the mills. Hard by, Casterton town, lying, a tumbled mass of red brick and grey flint, beneath a faint soft haze of smoke, against the soft roll in the land called Marldown. On the right Widgeonsmere Park, a great wooded promontory, so steep that one can barely walk along it, clothed with beech and oak from base to summit, save in one place, where a bold lawn of short grass stoops suddenly down towards the meadows, fringed at the edges with broom and fern, and topped with three tall pines—the landmark of four counties.

A lodge, the white gate of which is swung open by a pretty maiden; a dark oak wood again, with a long vista, ended by the noble precipitous hill on which the house stands; a more open park, with groups of deer lying about and feeding; another dark wood, the road now rising rapidly; rabbits, and a pot-valiant cock-pheasant standing in the middle of the way, and "cur-rucking," under the impression that Charles is in possession of all his domestic arrangements, and has come to disturb them; then the smooth gravel road, getting steeper and steeper; then the summit; one glimpse of a glorious panorama; then the front door and footmen.

Charles sent his card in, and would be glad to know if Lady Hainault could see him. While he waited for an answer, his horse rubbed its nose against its knee, and yawned, while the footmen on the steps looked at the rooks. They knew all about it too. (The footmen, I mean, not the rooks); though I wouldn't swear against a rook's knowing anything, mind you.

Lady Hainault would see Mr. Ravenshoe—which was lucky, because, if she wouldn't have done so, Charles would have been obliged to ask for Adelaide. So Charles's horse was led to the stable, and Charles was led by the butler through the hall, and shown into a cool and empty library to purge himself of earthly passions, before he was admitted to The Presence.

Charles sat himself down in the easiest chair he could find, and got hold of "Ruskin's Modern Painters." That is a very nice book: it is printed on thick paper, with large print; the reading is very good, full of the most beautiful sentiments ever you heard; and there are also capital plates in it. Charles looked through the pictures: he didn't look at the letter-press, I know—for, if

he had, he would have been so deeply enchained with it that he wouldn't have done what he did—get up, and look out of the window. The window looked into the flower-garden. There he saw a young Scotch gardener, looking after his rose-trees. His child, a toddling bit of a thing, four years old (it must have been his first, for he was a very young man), was holding the slips of matting for him; and glancing up between whiles at the great façade of the house, as though wondering what great people were inside, and whether they were looking at him. This was a pretty sight to a good whole-hearted fellow like Charles; but he got tired of looking at that even, after a time; for he was anxious, and not well at ease. And so, after his watch had told him that he had waited half an hour, he rang the bell.

The butler came, almost directly.

"Did you tell Lady Hainault that I was here?" said Charles.

"My lady was told, sir."

"Tell her again, will you?" said Charles, and yawned.

Charles had time for another look at Ruskin, and another look at the gardener and his boy, before the butler came back and said, "My lady is disengaged, sir."

Charles was dying to see Adelaide, and was getting very impatient; but he was, as you have seen, a very contented sort of fellow: and, as he had fully made up his mind not to leave the house without a good half-hour with her, he could afford to wait. He crossed the hall behind the butler, and then went up the great staircase, and through the picture-gallery. Here he was struck by seeing the original of one of the prints he had seen downstairs, in the book, hanging on the wall among others. He stopped the butler, and asked, "What picture is that?"

"That, sir," said the butler, hesitatingly, "that, sir—that is the great Turner, sir. Yes, sir," he repeated, after a glance at a Francia on the one side, and a Rembrandt on the other, "yes, sir, that *is* the great Turner, sir."

Charles was shown into a boudoir on the south side of the house, where sat Lady Hainault, an old and not singularly agreeable looking woman, who was doing crochet-work, and her companion, a strong-minded and vixenish-looking "female," who was also doing crochet-work. They looked so very like one of the Fates weaving woe, that Charles looked round for the third sister, and found her not.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Ravenshoe?" said Lady Hainault. "I hope you haven't been kept waiting!"

"Not at all," said Charles; and, if that was not a deliberate lie, I want to know what is.

If there was any one person in the world for whom Charles bore a cherished feeling of dislike, it was this virtuous old lady. Charles loved Lady Ascot dearly, and Lady Hainault was her bitterest enemy. That would have been enough; but she had a horrid trick of sharpening her wit upon young men, and saying things to them in public which gave them a justifiable desire to knock her down and jump on her; and she had exercised this talent on Charles once at Ranford, and he hated her as much as he could hate any one, and that was not much. Lord Saltire used to say, that he must give her the credit of being the most infernally disagreeable woman in Europe. Charles thought, by the twitching of her long fingers over her work, that she was going to be disagreeable now, and he was prepared. But, to Charles's great astonishment, the old lady was singularly gracious.

"And how," she said, "is dear Lady Ascot? I have been coming, and coming, for a long time, but I never have gone so far this winter."

"Lucky for aunt!" thought Charles. Then there was a pause, and a very awkward one.

Charles said, very quietly, "Lady Hainault, may I see Miss Somers?"

"Surely! I wonder where she is. Miss Hicks, ring the bell."

Charles stepped forward and rang; and Miss Hicks, as Clotho, who had half-risen, sat down again, and wove her web grimly.

Atropos appeared, after an interval, looking as beautiful as the dawn. So Charles was looking too intently at her to notice the quick, eager glances that the old women threw at her as she came into the room. His heart leapt up as he went forward to meet her; and he took her hand and pressed it, and would have done so, if all the furies in Pandemonium were there to prevent him.

It did not please her ladyship to see this; and so Charles did it once more, and then they sat down together in a window.

"And how am I looking?" said Adelaide, gazing at him full in the face. "Not a single pretty compliment for me after so long? I require compliments; I am used to them. Lady Hainault paid me some this morning."

Lady Hainault, as Lachesis, laughed and wove. Charles thought, "I suppose she and Adelaide have been having a shindy. She and aunt fall out sometimes."

Adelaide and Charles had a good deal of quiet conversation in the window; but what two lovers could talk with Clotho and Lachesis looking on, weaving? I, of course, know perfectly well what they talked of, but it is hardly worth setting down here. I find that lovers' conversations are not always interesting to the general public. After a decent time, Charles rose to go, and Adelaide went out by a side door.

Charles made his adieux to Clotho and Lachesis, and departed at the other end of the room. The door had barely closed on him, when Lady Hainault, eagerly thrusting her face towards Miss Hicks, hissed out—

"Did I give her time enough? Were her eyes red? Does he suspect anything?"

"You gave her time enough, I should say," said Miss Hicks, deliberately. "I didn't see that her eyes were red. But he must certainly suspect that you and she are not on the best of terms, from what she said."

"Do you think he knows that Hainault is at home? Did he ask for Hainault?"

"I don't know," said Miss Hicks.

"She shall not stop in the house. She shall go back to Lady Ascot. I won't have her in the house," said the old lady, furiously.

"Why did you have her here, Lady Hainault?"

"You know perfectly well, Hicks. You know I only had her to spite old Ascot. But she shall stay here no longer."

"She must stay for the wedding now," said Miss Hicks.

"I suppose she must," said Lady Hainault; "but, after that, she shall pack. If the Burton people only knew what was going on, the match would be broken off."

"I don't believe anything is going on," said Miss Hicks; "at least, not on his side. You are putting yourself in a passion for nothing, and you will be ill after it."

"I am not putting myself in a passion, and I won't be ill, Hicks! And you are impudent to me, as you always are. I tell you that she must be got rid of, and she must marry that young booby, or we are all undone. I say that Hainault is smitten with her."

"I say he is not, Lady Hainault. I say that what there is is all on her side."

"She shall go back to Ranford after the wedding, I was a fool to have such a beautiful vixen in the house at all."

We shall see Lady Hainault no more. Her son is about to marry the beautiful Miss Burton, and make her Lady Hainault. We shall see something of her by-and-bye.

The wedding came off the next week. A few days previously Charles rode over to Casterton and saw Adelaide. He had with him a note and jewel-case. The note was from Cuthbert, in which he spoke of her as his future sister, and begged her to accept the loan of "these few poor jewels." She was graciously pleased to do so; and Charles took his leave very soon, for the house was turned out of the windows, and the next day but one "the long Burton girl" became Lady Hainault, and Lady Ascot's

friend became Dowager. Lady Emily did not wear pearls at the wedding. She wore her own glorious golden hair, which hung round her lovely face like a glory. None who saw the two could say which was the most beautiful of these two celebrated blondes—Adelaide, the imperial, or Lady Emily, the gentle and the winning.

But, when Lady Ascot heard that Adelaide had appeared at the wedding with the emeralds, she was furious. "She has gone," said that deeply injured lady—"she, a penniless girl, has actually gone, and, without my consent or knowledge, borrowed the Ravenshoe emeralds, and flaunted in them at a wedding. That girl would dance over my grave, Armitage."

"Miss Adelaide," said Armitage, "must have looked very well in them, my lady!" for Armitage was good-natured, and wished to turn away her ladyship's wrath.

Lady Ascot turned upon her and withered her. She only said, "Emeralds upon pink! Heugh!" But Armitage was withered nevertheless.

I cannot give you any idea as to how Lady Ascot said "Heugh!" as I have written it above. We don't know how the Greeks pronounced their interjections. We can only write them down.

"Perhaps the jewels were not remarked, my lady," said the maid, making a second and worse shot.

"Not remarked, you foolish woman!" said the angry old lady. "Not remark a thousand pounds' worth of emeralds upon a girl who is very well known to be a pensioner of mine! And I daren't speak to her, or we shall have a scene with Charles. I am glad of one thing, though; it shows that Charles is thoroughly in earnest. Now let me get to bed, that's a good soul; and don't be angry with me if I am short tempered, for heaven knows I have enough to try me! Send one of the footmen across to the stable to know if Mahratta has had her nitre. Say that I insist on a categorical answer. Has Lord Ascot come home?"

"Yes, my lady."

"He might have come and given me some news about the horse. But there, poor boy, I can forgive him."

To be continued.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY AND ART.

BY THE REV. W. BARNES, AUTHOR OF "POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT," THE "PHILOLOGICAL GRAMMAR," ETC.

I.—DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

THE Beautiful may not be a thing of easy definition. Some have held it to be some kind of fitness of things, while others, as Pythagoras, seem to have sought it in number (proportion) or harmony of quantities. Some have taken beauty to be a true quality of things themselves, while others have held that it is only a loving apprehension, by the mind, of the fitness of things for fulfilling its own happiness. I would offer, as my opinion of the Beautiful, that which is less truly a definition than a theory, and say that the beautiful in nature is the unmarred result of God's first creative or forming will, and that the beautiful in art is the result of an unmistaken working of man in accordance with the beautiful in nature.

I do not understand, while I speak of God's first will, that He has two sundry ones. God's will is work; but there are cases in which His will takes form in what may be called after-work, when a prior work of His forming will has begun to be marred. A pea is planted, and there spring from it a rootling and a plantling, the work of God's first form-

ing will. The plantling is cut off; and, instead of it, there may outgrow two others, the after-work of God's forming will, which would not have acted in such work if His former work had not been marred. Again, the beauty of a species is the full revelation of God's forming will—as, in an ash-tree, is shown in the forming of one stem, with limbs, boughs, and twigs, of still lessening sizes, and of such forms and angles of growth as to the eyes of a draughtsman are marks of its species. Then, however, if an ash-tree is polled, there grow out of its head more young runnells than would have sprouted if the work of God's first will had not been marred by the man-wielded polling-blade. So also, if a man's arm, the work of God's first forming will, be broken, its bones may be again joined by a callous, through that Divine will which would never have taken form in such work but on the marring of its first work, the unbroken bone. If a man's hands be worn by a tool, or his heel be rubbed by an ill-fitting shoe, the evil may be warded off the hands by a horny skin, and from the heel by a water-filled bladder. God's first formative will, then, is the fulness of every form of good, and the after work of His formative will is a filling up of the losses of good from His primary work by good of the same or other forms.

It may be said that we do not find all, or most of God's works—plants, dumb animals, or man—in the full beauty of His first forming will. Most likely not. Certainly not. Man, or men, may be marred by the carelessness or vices of fathers or mothers; by evil passions and their deeds; by a misuse of good; by over-feeding or want; by over-work or inaction; by too little shelter, or too little air; by a sameness of action or unwholesome forms of work; by ill-placed abodes, or ill-spent lives; by vice and its reaction on the mind and body, as in the ill-bent will and bad looks of the sons of sin; by perverse fashions—as in the pummel feet of Chinese women, or the marred skulls of the tribe of flat-head Indians in America. So, also, the young plant may be bruised by a foot, smitten by man, planted in a wrong place; or a tree or shrub may be trimmed out of beauty for the sake of some service, or a whim—as a tree is polled for wood, or a box-bush is shapen into a cube, or globe, or a cock, or a crown.

Still, in plants, animals, and man, and in the world, there is yet so much of the beauty of God's primary work, that our minds can well rise from their marred shapes to the higher ones, or the beau ideal, of which they may be spoilt forms; and that beau ideal is, in our opinion, one of the true objects of high art. Though every child of Adam may not walk the earth in the beauty in which manhood was shown to the fancy-glances of a Raphael, or the sculptor of a Venus de Medicis or an Apollo, yet we may gather from choice forms of manhood, as well as womanhood, enough of beauty to conceive the good of God's first work; while we can only cry over thousands of forms of beauty forlorn through evil, and even through the evil of what is called good in the improved forms of labour in civilized lands. "Eheu! quanto decide-runt!" How have they fallen!

II.—BEAUTY OF FORM AND PROPORTION.

If the beautiful be the good of God's first forming will, then beauty must be good. And so it is. In the first chapter of Genesis, we read that God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good—where the Hebrew word for good, *tōv*, means, also, beautiful; as in the Septuagint it is given by the word καλὰ, beautiful. The beautiful is also the good by reason of a fitness or harmony which it possesses. But fitness, again, may be of sundry kinds.

One fitness is that of quantity, or strength. A body that had become too large in the legs from disease, or even from unincreased strength, would be uncomely, as it would be unfitting, and would beget in the beholder a thought or feeling of its unfitness; and a man with

a head over-big and overheavy for the muscles of the neck, or the easy balance of the body's weight, or with legs four times as great or long as needful, would be uncomely, as wanting in the good of God's first forming will, which is the action of man; and so, on the other side, hands too small or too short for their office to the body or mind, would be uncomely by the measure of their unfitness for their own being, or the well-being of the whole man.

God's rule of work is none to leave, and none to lack. He does not place the stem of the poplar under the broadly blown head of the oak, nor the oak-trunk under the wind-shearing head of the poplar.

The good of God's first forming will for man seems to be that there should not be on his body a spot where, for instance, one might fasten a wafer, or where an insect or a prickle might hold itself, so that it could not be reached by the fingers of one of the hands—as the good of His first forming will for a horse or cow is that there should not be on its body a spot which could not be freed of the annoyance of a fly by either the head or tail. Where, therefore, a man's body is thickened or deformed by disease or vice, or where his arms are so short or unbendsome, by misgrowth or mishap, that the hands cannot fulfil their office to the body, there is less beauty than there should be by the measure of their lessened harmony with the whole man—just as we deem that the docking of the tail of a horse or cow is a smiting of it out of harmony and beauty.

God's rule of no waste no want is a pattern for us in our buildings. A heavy building or roof on slender pillars of lead or brick would be unhandsome, even if they should stand untouched by side strokes, and uphold their weight; as they would beget in a beholder's mind a thought of the unsteadiness of the building, and of their unfitness for their office. So, on the other hand, to build a stone-pier for the uphanging of great-coats or hats, or a great though handsome stone bracket, such as we have somewhere seen, for a light clock-head, would be an uncomely waste of stone and strength, as unfitting in its kind as that of two men who might take a great shoulder-pole to carry a skein of worsted. On the other hand, a font which is to gather round it minister and people, from whom it may receive a shock, and who, for the peace of their minds in prayer, should have no misgiving of trust in its stability, can hardly be too massy.

Another fitness of things is that of number. That we should have two legs, or two hands, we can readily perceive, even without a loss of either of them—as we can perceive that a bird or insect should have two wings, and as we are taught by the stereoscope that we need two eyes. We can thus understand the good of the animal and other dualities, upon which the Greeks grounded the use of their dual word-form in their speech. But some seem to have applied this two-foldness of life-forms to *buildings;* in which there is no such need of it.

To make a blind window in a wall only to match a light-receiving one, or in the building of a stair-climbed turret to build a turret as its fellow only for the sake of a needless fellowship, or a matching of one with one, seems to be a slighting of the rule of fitness—no waste no want—and so of a rule of the Beautiful. A better rule might be—

> "Let your want give your plan,
> And then grace it as you can."

A very old writer—Capgrave, I think—is strong in praise of the number six, of which he writes: "This number of "sex is, amongis writeres, mech co-"mended, for that same perfection that "longeth to sex. The number of sex "is applied to a square ston whech "hath sex pleynes and viii corneres; "wherevyr you ley him, or turne "him, he lith ferme and stabille. "This number eke of sex is praysed "for his particular numberes, whech "be on, too, thre; and these be "cleped cote, for in her revolving they "make him evyr hool, as sex sithe on is "sex, threes too is sex, twyes three is "sex." The application of these numbers was, in his mind, that we are to

make two trinaries, as "Believe in "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and "love God with all our heart, soul, and "strength;" and three binaries, "Think "that we are of body and soul, 'that "'there be to wayes in the world: on "'to lyf another to deth,' and the love "of God and of our neighbour."

In taking up the bearing of numbers on the fitness or beauty of things, we cannot slight that of harmonic quantities on sound, form, and colour; and I feel I ought not to handle the subject of harmonic proportions without bestowing earnest thanks on Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh, by whom it has been so skilfully applied to form and colour in building and house-gear.

Oblong rectangles are the forms of manifold planes in buildings and house-gear—doors, windows, room-sides, room-floors, tables, boxes, bookcases, books, and pictures; and therefore it is worth while to learn whether there is a more or less comely form of rectangles, or of their outer frames. Of the square, which is a shapefast figure, and which, with the circle and equilateral triangle, makes a harmonic triad, there is no need that I should now discourse; but to many other cases of rectangular forms I think harmonic proportion may yield good effect. I like the effect which it has afforded in the framings of pictures. In the framing of a picture, we have often found a third harmonic term to its length and breadth, and have then taken the whole, or a half, or a quarter of that third quantity, for the width of the frame. On the taking of a half, the sum of the widths of the two sides, or two ends, makes up the third term of the triad, and on the taking of the quarter the third is found in the sum of the widths of the four frame-sides.

If we would frame harmonically a print or drawing with a margin within the frame, we may get the width of both its frame and margin, from a third harmonic dimension to the length and breadth of it, and then divide this third dimension into two parts, which shall be the latter two terms of a harmonic triad, of which the first is the whole dimension; and a square picture may be framed in harmony by taking, for the harmonic triad, (1) the width of the picture and two breadths of the frame; (2) the width of the picture; and, (3) the twofold width of the frame. I think that door-frames, shutter-frames, and the mantlings or frames of fire-places, may be often fitted for the better to the spaces they bound by harmonic proportions of widths; and, though the lettering pieces of bound-books are often set on their backs without symmetry either of width or place with the height of the book, yet, if the back of a book were divided into six spaces, and the lettering piece should take up the third from the top, it would be in harmony with the book's height, both in place and measure—since the six spaces of the whole back, and the three below, and the two above the lettering piece, would make a harmonic triad. So, again, I have reason to think well of the elevation of a church of which the heights of the tower, of the nave, and of the chancel are a harmonic triad, while another is made by the ground-widths of the nave, of the chancel, and of the tower. It might be worth while, also, to try whether a steeple would not be graceful if, at three harmonic spaces of height, it diminished by a harmonic triad of widths; or whether a spiral line, or a stream or path, made to wind through a lawn, would not be of graceful bends, if at three harmonic spaces it went off from its axis by the measures of a harmonic triad of ordinates.

In house-gear beauty may not be more costly than ugliness of form; and, therefore, if with the same labour we can have a joy of mind with a service to the body, we should be wise to seek it.

The numbers 2 and 5 often hold place in the limbs of animal forms, and in the organs of many tribes of plants, while the number 3 shows itself in other orders of plants; and the harmonic triad, 6, 3, 2, is found in the six legs, the three body-shares, and the two antennæ of insects, though in that case the harmony is one only of number, and not the better one of dimensions.

Many kinds of curves are determinate

and beautiful, and are found in the works of God. Is not the circle before us in the earth's sky-line, and in the sun and moon, and the daily path-bows of the heavenly bodies; in the fungi at our feet, and the blossoms of flowers, and the stems of plants; in a falling drop of rain, and the circle of the outsmitten water on the casting of a stone into a pool? You cannot fill a bag but that it swells into a circle; and the circle glows in the rainbow, and is swept out by the tornado and the cyclon. There is a pretty play of thought on curves in an *englyn* on the bridge of Llangollen, by Hughes, unworthily given as

> "A rainbow curves the bridge's bow,—like curves
> That in the greyhound flow,
> Or C[1] the circling vat may show,
> Or moon-rim in the pool below."

You cannot cast a stone, or strike a ball, or send a shot through the air, but that its path shall be a determinate curve of the truest form. You cannot hang a rope, or chain, or wire, on two props, but that it forms another true curve; and when, in the time of Sir Isaac Newton, men began, by the help of his new calculus, to seek the curve of least resistance from a fluid, they found it already chosen by the All-wise for the head of the fish. Then look for pleasure at the line of beauty, and other curves of charming grace in the wind-blown stems of grass, and bowing barley or wheat; in the water-shaken bulrush, in the leaves of plants, and in the petals of flowers; in the outlines of birds, and even their feathers and eggs; in the flowing lines of the greyhound, the horse and cat, and other animals; in the shell of the mollusc, and in the wings and markings of insects; in the swell of the downy cheek, the rounded chin, the flowing bendings of the pole and back, and the outswelling and inwinding lines from the head to the leg of woman stepping onward in the pride of youthful grace; and tell us whether nature does not show us graceful curves enough to win us from ugliness, even in a porringer. And since our Maker has so far made the form of man one of curves, we think women wrong their shapes, though they may gain warmth or ease, when they hide by jerkin or jacket, with a straight falling bag, the curve of the back.

Curves are so far in fellowship with motion that a curve may almost be taken as a symbol of it. The motion of a limb begins at a circular motion of a ball in a socket, and the line of the stepping-foot is a curve. A wheel is a circle, and rolls on a round axle-end; a boat-paddle and ship-screw make circular actions; the hand wields many of its tools in curves; the arrow is driven by a bow; a gun has a round bore, if not a circular action of a trigger; and a circular motion is found in the pulley, the lever, the screw; and two points in the faces of wood sundered by a wedge open in a curve, while the inclined plane is of best service with a drum, pulley, or some other rolling body. A train was going off in a curve, and its form slowly lessening, while its angular speed was increasing by the bend of the curve, till at last, by another turn, it shrunk slowly to a speck, without any seeming speed, when a lady alongside exclaimed, "How beautiful is motion!" The paths of the oncoming and offgoing bird, the flight-curves of the swallow and lark, the slow swim of the cloud, the giddy whirl of the foam at the pool, the hastening flow of the stream at the narrow, and its wide swing at the weir, the boundings of the thistledown, the curling of the wreath of smoke, the reeling barley, and the rocking tree, are all cases of curve-motions, and are all beautiful.

III.—BEAUTY OF COLOUR.

ALTHOUGH it is not now my place to give a dry lesson on colour, I may yet utter a few thoughts on the colours of the works of nature.

We can hardly overlook the three primary colours, red, blue, and black, besides the hue, white, and huelessness,

[1] Whether the bard means by the line C the curve of the tub, or C for *cwrw da*, good ale, I know not.

which is called black; and most people know that the mingling of any two primaries will form a secondary colour, which is a true contrast to the primary left out. Green is a contrast to red, and thence a red coat against green ground would outmark a soldier to a foe rifleman; and violet, which is a contrast to yellow, is placed against it in petals of the pansy. Green and violet are rather a harmony than a contrast, as they are bound together by blue, a primary of each of them; and orange and violet are reconciled by their common primary, red, as orange and green are of a common kindred with yellow, which they both contain.

Harmony, or beauty of colour, is of great effect in clothing, and decoration of buildings, and house-gear. For this end some may have what is called taste, or an inbred feeling of fitness and unfitness of colour—a gift more largely bestowed, for wise ends, on women. Some may win a skill in colour by observation of the works of nature and good art; and others may gain it through optics as a science.

As some patterns of the juxtaposition of colours, we have the ground-hues and the spots and markings of flowers and leaves, lichens and fungi, birds and their eggs, skinned animals and insects, and especially the lepidoptera and coleoptera. Among the many colours and hues that nature has set together, edge to edge, in the works of the world, I think the rarest pair, at least in England, is red and blue. I may have seen a foreign insect of the coleoptera, with one of those primaries on the other; but a lady would have but slight warrant from the great colourist for the wearing of a blue bonnet with a red shawl, though John, her coachman, may be shown forth with a red collar on a blue coat, and a reformed Turk may glory in a red fez and blue tunic.

I have collected, from time to time, in my walks, within a rather small range, cases of the contact of sundry pairs of colours on natural bodies, and find, of—

White and *yellow*, ten or twelve cases in flowers and birds.

White and *orange*, some cases, as in the petals of the horse-chestnut, and in the orange-tip butterfly.

White and *red*, in several plants, lepidoptera, and birds and eggs.

White and *purple*, mostly in blooms.

White and *green*, in ten or twelve species of plants, and, among birds, in the shoveller, wild duck, and peacock.

White and *black*, in the bean blossom, some few insects, and nearly twenty species of birds.

Yellow and *orange*, in the corolla of the toad-flax, and in the brimstone-butterfly.

Yellow and *red*, in manifold cases of flowers, and in some coleoptera, and more lepidoptera.

Mr. Layard found a deep dull red and a bright yellow mingled with black, much worn by a tribe, we believe, in Asia. They had good warrant for their choice of hues.

Purple and *yellow*, and *yellow* and *blue*, are found together in some blossoms; and the blue of the sea and the yellow of the sand are a striking pair of hues in the wilderness of Sinai.

Yellow and *green*, in more than twenty blooms, and a few coleoptera, and four orders of insects; and some birds wear *yellow* and *black*.

The lepidopterous insect, *colias edusa*, is bright with *orange* and *green*, and others shine in *orange* and *black*, while *orange* and *purple*, and *red* and *purple*, have tinted several kinds of flowers. Of *red* and *green*, the cases are manifold in flowers, with the *cicindela* and *curculio*.

Red and *black* mark flower, beetle, and butterfly, as *purple* and *green* tinge many a shining petal.

Purple and *black* decorate the *Io*, and *blue* and *green* the P. *Paris;* and *blue* and *black* are worn by several butterflies; and *green* and *black* mark the teal, the peacock, and the eggs of the guillemot.

These cases of the bysetting of colours are but a very small share of an almost infinite multitude, as they have been gathered from the Flora and Fauna of a few miles, with a few foreign insects; but yet, as far as they reach, they seem to betoken some markworthy facts.

Nature is very sparing of showy contrasts of warm and cold colours. Red and blue are very rare, and of yellow and blue the cases are but few; and black and blue are found in lepidoptera more often than white and blue are seen in our Flora or Fauna.

It is not uncommon for one of two strong colours to be overcast with a tinge of its fellow, or for both of them to be reconciled by a common touch of black, or of some third colour; or of one of them to be lightened by a dash of white, while the other is lowered by as much black; and so red, offhued with black,—russet and green upbrightened with white,—often meet in the autumn in dead and dying patches of fading leaves.

It may be shown, I believe, by the refractions of light in crystallized gypsum that brown is the complementary colour to lavender-grey; and how true to herself is nature, we may go forth and see, in the fall of year, in the dead and curled leaves of the mugwort, or meadow sweet, which are beautiful even in their death, with one side brown, and the other the brown-matching grey; and, if brambles be cut in the leaf-greeny season, their two surfaces soon wither into the harmony of grey and brown. And what use are we to make of these hues of nature? They are warrants for a grey mantle under locks of brown hair, or a brown bonnet or trimmings, or a grey room-wall with brown furniture; and if, in a hot summer's day, I see the dark leaf-shades playing on the grey bark of a young beech, I can boldly lay darkish leaf-shapes on a wall of the beech-bark's hue; or if, after the winter rains, I find a barkless pole in railings, tinted with the palest blue-grey, and on breaking off a splinter of it I find its inner wood of its true colour of pale brown-yellow, why should I not take the inner tint for my wall, and the outer one for the skirting? Or, if I pick up a piece of lichen of dull green on one side, and dull grey on the other, why should I not bind my book in one colour, and lay on it a lettering-piece of the other? Nature is the best school of art, and of schools of art among men those are the best that are nature's best interpreters.

IV.—LANDSCAPE.

A FLAT land is mostly felt to be more irksome and less beautiful than one of hills or slopes, and winding valleys, with hanging woods, and falling streams. It may not, however, be easy to show the cause of this truth, as far as it is a truth. Curve lines have more fellowship with motion than have straight ones, and the good is one with the beautiful. If the whole surface of the earth were a level it would be overspread with water, and unfit for the abode of man, who needs his dry ground, and plants, and animals; and it may be that he looks with instinctive coldness on even a small piece of this man-forbidding state of the earth—on a harmless little of what would be a deadly whole.

In the forms and colours of objects in a landscape there is a fitness and harmony of the good of God's formative will. The green of the earth, and the blue of the sky, of which the world affords us such breadths, are less wearisome and destructive to the sight than would be a world of red or white, and blinds our eyes more slowly than would an earth of silvery brightness, or a lasting vision of blood; and the effect of long-beholden breadths of strong colour blunts our sight to the truth of colour itself.

Much of the beauty of a landscape arises from the harmony of its forms and hues, and the fitness of nature's yielders of good to their offices and the wants of man. So we see beauty in the hill-sides of sundry slopes, and the various heights of light, and depths of shade, and mounds and hills of sundry curves, and yet true to the geological formation of their district, cutting each other at various angles, and rising one behind another in weaker tones of harmonious colour into fainter grey and blue; in the stream winding by the lowest

land; in the trees standing each on the soil of its order, and each varied in form from its neighbour by differences which, at first sight, may seem to be quite effects of chance, though to the more thoughtful man's eyes they show themselves true to the form of their species; in the white-lighted forenoon, the red evening, the dark cloud, all in turn casting their hues on the fair land, and glazing the sweet picture of earth and sky with the harmony of a master's touch.

The sun, and warmth, and light, are great blessings to man; and landscapes, with warm lights on grass, or tree, or water, when "the works of man are shining," although the sun itself is not on the picture, are beautiful with his soft tokens of his unfelt good. But we could not, in our toil or action, always gaze on the sun, nor bear his tropical might, nor his greatest summer heat, cast back from burning ground, without longing for the other good of God's work—the cool hues of the grass and leaves which absorb heat, the shade, and the air-cooling water; and, therefore, the air-blown ripples on the blue stream, the quivering leaves on the drooping tree, are also beauties, as tokens of the presence of God's good agencies, that are working good on us, while the sun is working good for us in other forms—forms in which we cannot yet behold it.

In all these beautiful things there is fitness — fitness of water to irrigate growth, and to run for all lips to the sea; fitness of land to take and send onward the stream; fitness of strength to weight, as of the stem to the head of a tree; fitness of elasticity to force, as that of the poplar, and the bough whose very name is bending, and the bulrush and grass to the wind; fitness of protection to life, as in the armed holly and thorn, and the bush, or ditch-guarded epilobium; and a harmony of the whole with the good of man.

There is a conceit of Metastasio on the harmony of a willow and a stream, in a stanza on "Ingratitude," beginning "Benché di senso privo."

> "Though mindless, yet the tree would seem
> To lean, with gratitude, its head
> O'er yonder water-yielding stream,
> That feeds it as it runs.
> By it with quiv'ring leaves o'erspread,
> It seems to make it sweet amends,
> In that its spreading head defends
> Its waves from burning suns."

There are cases of harmony which I am fearful I shall hardly retain against some who see only chance good where others see Divine love. For instance, the lower limbs of our meadow trees are mostly so high from the ground as to afford head-room for cattle or man in need of shade or shelter, and are thus in harmony with cattle and man. Now I know not whether botanists deem that cattle make the headway for themselves and man by killing off the limb-sprouts in the sapling, though a case which I found would lead me to believe that the good was given them. I knew a beech-tree that was standing on the brink of a gravel-pit, and its lowest limbs, on the field side, grew off horizontally, head-high, while the lowest, on the pit side, were also head-high from the slope, but grew down parallel with the pit slope, as those on the other side were parallel with the ground.

I am sorry to find that farmers have become such staunch foes of timber, if not of winding streams. A farmer, at a late meeting, thought that all the timber that may be needful for a farm should be grown together on the poorest land. Whether by poorest soils he meant those that are thinnest of mould, or deepest in corn-starving ground, I do not know; but I should be sorry to lose all elms but the stunted ones that may withstand the blasts on a soil of chalk, under three or four inches of earth. But I do not think the baleful gloom of a tree-head, or the winding of its roots is an unamended evil. It will shield a good space of ground from a slanting hail-storm, or nipping stroke of wind; its leaves are vegetable elements, and its wood is of service, and it screens cattle, and checks the waste of body-heat, which is a waste of good. A man who had seen some cows in a cleared field in a hail-storm, ended his tale to

me with the question, "Didden they zet their backs up?" If, however, I were a landowner, and had, in a well-formed landscape before my house, a fine tree, whose body was the very heart of a well-clustered composition, and whose head repeated the breadth of morning light that fell on its hillock; and if, in the evening, it outbore a breadth of shade in the foreground that upfilled a picture with cows or hay-makers beneath it—if it showed boughs of gold or russet in the autumn, or waved its crystal limbs in the snowy winter—I should be unwilling to give it up to the ruthless hand of Pluto for a few pence or shillings a year; for, if a joy from the beautiful is not worth money, why do we buy a ticket for a concert of music, or give money for a landscape scene on canvas or a panel?

A winding stream is felt to be more beautiful than a straight ditch; but, if the beautiful be good, there should be good in the stream's windingness. If a stream winds, by the law of gravity, through a deep valley, it takes the lowest ground and drains all of the higher; and it does not seem likely that there would be much gain of ground by the straightening of it, for a straight line would leave at sundry places higher ground on the right and left of it, and that could be drained only by a deepening of the straight ditch, and a deeper ditch would have at last a greater width of the upper rims. And if a waterfall is a beauty it is also a good, as its water is aerated in its fall, and sent on more wholesome for man and his animals.

There is another kind of beauty which is now sought in some animals—the fitness of readily fattening animals, for the yielding of gain to their owners. Of this fitness I have little need to speak, as it belongs rather to commerce than art. It is not harmony, for it is a fitness only on one side—a fitness not for the good continuance of the animal as such, but a fitness for man by its death. The form-beauty, however, of an animal, as a horse, bred for action and life service to man, is of a higher kind, as it is a fitness for the good continuance of the animal itself; but a fitness for action, and a fitness to be killed and eaten, are two sundry things.

V.—THE UNFITTING.

Colour or form which represents an unfittingness would be likely to become itself an unfittingness. Let a heavy gallery or wall, or aught else, be upborne by pillars of iron—which, though they may be slender, would yet, in iron, be strong enough for their office, though they would not be deemed trustworthy if they were in some softer or more brittle or bendsome substance; then we hold that, if they were painted in imitation of that unfit substance—their colouring would be in bad taste and itself unfitting, since it could only lessen a beholder's faith in the steadfastness of the fabric. So, again, natural thorns or prickles of cactus would be an unfitness on a hearth-rug, and it would seem as if the representation of such prickles, upstanding under our feet in carpet or drugget, would be out of place; and I should not wish to variegate my wall with imitations of reptiles, nor overscatter a table-cover with exact likenesses of black bobs, nor have a snuff-box or card-case of the shape and colouring of a toad.

On the other hand, the representation of a beauty may itself be rather beautiful than uncomely. If a woman have long hair it is a glory to her. The long hair flowing in lines of beauty over her inbending back is most comely, though, in daily life at home or abroad, it may be unhandy; but if, while it may be needful to fasten the long hair on the head, its place may be taken by ribbon streamers, the ribbons may be best of the colour of the hair, so as to afford a hint of the true beauty which may be withdrawn.

VI.—ART, TRUE AND FALSE.

Our view of beauty embraces worldly and heavenly beauty as of one kind, inasmuch as they are of one definition.

All wilful acts of God or man, for the winning of God's first given, and since forlorn good, are beautiful. There is a

most touching moral beauty in angel or man bearing or daring evil for the love that labours for other's weal even with acts too weak to win it. When a mother sinks with idle struggles to keep her babe above water—when the husband dies under a storm of wounds, bending as a shield over a beloved wife—when the children of a martyr, who cannot free their father from his chains, yet work, with tears on their faces, to pad the links with wool—there is a moral beauty; when God, or angel, or man, is waking or struggling against evil, for the winning back of the good of God's primary will, there is moral beauty. As it is the office of high art to seek and show to man the pure forms of God's untarnished earthly good, so it is the office of religion to seek and hold forth to man the pure form of His first spiritual good.

In a cluster of actions round a great incident, as that of a drama, a tale, or a life, the presence of one evil action, or one son of wickedness, or moral ugliness, does not always or needfully make the whole piece of action ugly. It may even heighten its beauty, which is love working for good. When the guilty conscience of a murderer in a drama of our great bard is wringing his soul, and showing itself to us in tokens of fear and dread, the loathsomeness of his crime does not make the whole piece loathsome, since we see God in his conscience working against evil, and Satan thriving only to be overcome, and God's primary will of love getting the upperhand. A good soul outlooking in a plain face, with the beauty of kindness and heavenly-mindedness, is a beauty that more than makes amends for the missing graces of the form, while the ill-looks into which evil wills have formed the faces of criminals are always more or less loathsome.

The aim of high art is the seeking and interpreting the beautiful of God's works and a working with His truth. It would be hard to find even now a sounder view of true *awen* (as the Welsh call it), or artistic genius, than that which is given in a Welsh triad. "The three main "necessaries for a man of *awen*, are an eye "to see nature, a heart to feel nature, "and boldness to follow nature;" and another triad holds that "there are three "men on whom every one should look "with esteem—one who looks with love "on the face of the earth, on works of "art, and on little children."

Photography, however helpful it is to artists, cannot take the place of high art, which always looks from marred to unmarred beauty; while photography must take blemishes with primary good. As I once went with a photographic friend to take the view of an old mansion, we found in the foreground the stumps of a row of headless poplars. We wanted the house, but not the stumps. But no; the sun was too faithful to belie his subject. It was all or none with Apollo. One might have the house with every turret, window, and line of tracery; but one must take the tree-stumps.

Glad am I to hear of the rise of art among the people of great towns, where much of the beautiful in nature must be far forlorn by many of working people. Many a plain wall rises high between the workman and the glory of the passing sun, and has shut out his window-framed piece of blue sky, and the cheering whiteness of the flying cloud. Many a day of smoke has blackened the clearness of the sweet spring-tide; many a bright-leaved tree has heretofore given way to crowded shades of narrow rooms. Many a rood of flowery sward has become rattling streets, where, for songs of birds, they have the din of hammers. Many a cheek has been paled, and lovely piece of childhood marred, by longsome hours of over-work. And well ought they to be cheered by beautiful works of art; so that, when of God's beauties the workman needfully loses so much, *animum picturâ pascat inani.*

The old workmen were faithful and wrought to God, or art, or conscience, rather than to Pluto. They finished their work fore and aft, not more for the outside crowd than for the eyes and soul of the worshipper. Their stone was stone; their oak was oak; their iron metal. But our age is

one of falsehood and sham: we have deal painted and veneered into an imitation of more costly wood; brick under white plaster, feigning stone; a worse metal washed with a film of a better one; cloth shown to our neighbours for leather; paste for gems; imitations instead of nature's truth. The veneer splits up; the paint wears or blisters off; the plaster falls down; the silver leaves the black metal; the cloth shows the bare thread; the paste shivers, and shows the hand's base lie. And this is English art! Shame! Does nature make you a handsome tree or flower near your town, and slight her work in the wold? or light up your water for a crowd-sought park, and not for the wanderer in the wilds? No. Nature and true art are faithful. But, alas! my reader, do not fancy that I am free of this falsehood of ornament. I am living in a house with a deal door painted in imitation of mahogany, so that if a man comes to my abode he is met by a great lie at my very threshold. But people will tell us that wood must be painted, even for the sake of the preservation of its surface from bad effects of weather. Our aim, however, may be the harmony rather than the falsehood of the paint. We may pick up a fungus, or a piece of lichen, or of rain-soaked timber, or a leaf or flower, and take a hint of the colour with which our door would harmonize with our wall, and thus we may please our friends' eyes rather than try to deceive their sight with a more or less ungainly falsehood. There does not seem to be any strong reason why all brick walls ought to be stone ones. Brick is made for walling, and is good for it; and if, in our English travels, we should go from a town of stone houses to another of brick buildings, I am not sure that such a change would be more irksome than invariable house-faces of white stone or plaster. It might be well to think more of the capabilities of brick for new forms of building, so that, with bricks of sundry edge-forms, one might devise a brick style—towards which, indeed, a step has been taken in the building with round-edged bricks the pillars of sheds, and in an in-building of patterns with bricks of several hues. Then we have churches with a fine high-wrought street end, and brick walls behind, out of man's sight (poor Pugin's eyesore!), as if the builders worked not for God, but for man; and so a low aim has wrought a low work of art. Of such a sham some writer speaks somewhat in the following strain,—for I quote from memory:—

"They built the front, upon my word,
As fine as any abbey:
But, thinking they might cheat the Lord,
They made the back part shabby."

There will be no high art where the workman panders to a low taste, or deceives men rather than instructs them in the truth; and there is no high aim but the beautiful. Follow nature: work to her truth. There have been times when in England women feigned a waist up under their armpits, and boys' hair was cut off that its place might be taken by a wig; when a village wright has carved a dog from a badly carved dog of his foreworker, while there were twelve live dogs in the parish; or has cut a new weather-cock by the pattern of an ugly old one, with a true cock clucking within hearing: and, even now, young ladies make wax or paper flowers, of which no botanist, either by the Linnæan or natural system, can tell the order or species. But a better acquaintance with true art will lead us to greater truths.

There is another subject of art—the difference between free-hand art and mechanical art. Of this latter we are beginning to have much; which, while it is good, is better than none, but less good than free-hand art of the same quality. As well-known instances of mechanical art we may take castings of artistic forms. A set of castings from a good figure may be good; but, as is too often found, repetitions of one form may become irksome. Some writer on antiquities has given the figure of a lamp, with a little Cupid blowing at the flame with bellows; another may have shown a child warming his hands; a third a boy setting in

fuel with tongs; and a fourth a figure lighting a little torch: and, if these designs were all good, and were seen by us in succession in four neighbours' houses, they would please us not only by their beauty, but also by the charm of variety. But, if some art-foundry were to send out thousands or hundreds of casts of the fire-blowing Cupid, and we found one of them in the house of every friend, we should at length be ready to cry, "Oh dear! there is the bellows boy again; can no mind think out another device?"

The study of art gives the mind a keener insight into the beauties of nature, and teaches us to see. A young lady, who was sketching beside an older hand at the sketching-board, had spread only a plain green for a grass-field in the foreground of their landscape; and she said, on seeing the sundry colours which he was taking for the grass, that she painted it as she saw it. But no. At one place was a patch of white daisies, at another a dull red tint of blooming sorrel, and at a third a brighter red of clover-blossom; here was a grey breadth of grass-blooms, there ranker and greener grass, and yonder a thinner and weaker green. Yet the young lady declared the field was green.

Bare width of landscape is sometimes mistaken for beauty. "Come up here; here is a beautiful view!" your friend will cry, leading you up a great bare hill; and, when you reach its ridge, what do you see but a dreadful stretch of nothingness in the foreground, with low, straight lines beyond it, and not a single object around which you can form a cluster, and a landscape which, from its barrenness and bleakness, is less in harmony with the life of man than the little dell on which you may have turned your back?

Then, again, the commercial mind may perceive little of the landscape's harmony with man's life but those forms of good which are of commercial value. When a stage coach yet climbed our hills, and rolled down our slopes, a friend was sitting on a coach beside a jolly passenger, who, like himself, was looking out right and left over the land. On coming to the top of a hill, a fine landscape was spread before them, and my friend uttered, "Oh, that is beautiful!" "Ees," replied his fellow-traveller, "I han't a zeed a better piece o' turnips than that to year."

Manifold are the kinds of beauty, and of manifold kinds are the beauties of painting—the beauty of the soul-painting of the great masters of the figure, with the mind outworking in the body; the beauty and truth of colour and action in the Dutch school; and the harmony, tone, and effect of colour, even with bad drawing, and, in some cases, it may be with a want of depth, in a work of Turner: and we should more often receive pleasure from good paintings, if we looked for the good which the painter has to give us, instead of wanting to find all things in every man.

Let those who follow art work on in faith, with the high aim of winning, at first, excellence rather than money. Money may come in the train of excellence to him who looks mainly to the higher end of mind-toil; but, where money is the first aim, the higher one may never be reached. The object of high art is the doing of good to men's minds; and we must not be discouraged to learn that the body is often a better paymaster than the soul, and that money may be made sooner by callings of service to the body, than by those that serve the higher man. But God has always a good reward for good work.

YEAR AFTER YEAR:

A LOVE SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
  Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
  Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
  Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould,
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
  Love we with love's own youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,
  Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
  Yet loved supremely, solely, as we cannot love save one.

Dearest and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,
  Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine,—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
  Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sighs and sinning,
  Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er pleasures past:
That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning:—
  I clasp arms about thy neck and love thee to the last.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM INDIA TO ENGLEBOURN.

If a knowledge of contemporary history must be reckoned as an important element in the civilization of any people, then I am afraid that the good folk of Englebourn must have been content, in the days of our story, with a very low place on the ladder. How, indeed, was knowledge to percolate, so as to reach down to the foundations of Englebournian society—the stratum upon which all others rest—the common agricultural labourer, producer of corn, and other grain, the careful and stolid nurse and guardian of youthful oxen, sheep and pigs, many of them far better fed and housed than his own children? All-penetrating as she is, one cannot help wondering that she did not give up Englebourn altogether as a hopeless job.

So far as written periodical instruction is concerned (with the exception of the *Quarterly*, which Dr. Winter had taken in from its commencement, but rarely

opened), the supply was limited to at most half-a-dozen weekly papers. A London journal, sound in Church and State principles, most respectable but not otherwise than heavy, came every Saturday to the Rectory. The Conservative county paper was taken in at the Red Lion; and David the constable, and the blacksmith, clubbed together to purchase the Liberal paper, by help of which they managed to wage unequal war with the knot of village quidnuncs, who assembled almost nightly at the bar of the Tory beast above referred to—that king of beasts, red indeed in colour, but of the truest blue in political principle. Besides these, perhaps three or four more papers were taken by the farmers. But, scanty as the food was, it was quite enough for the mouths; indeed, when the papers once passed out of the parlours, they had for the most part performed their mission. Few of the farm-servants, male or female, had curiosity or scholarship enough to spell through the dreary columns.

And oral teaching was not much more plentiful, as how was it likely to be? Englebourn was situated on no trunk road, and the amount of intercourse between it and the rest of the world was of the most limited kind. The rector never left home; the curate at rare intervals. Most of the farmers went to market once a week, and dined at their ordinary, discussing county politics after their manner, but bringing home little, except as much food and drink as they could cleverly carry. The carrier went to and from Newbury once a week; but he was a silent man, chiefly bent on collecting and selling butter. The postman, who was deaf, only went as far as the next village. The waggoners drove their masters' produce to market from time to time, and boozed away an hour or two in the kitchen, or tap, or skittle-alley, of some small public-house in the nearest town, while their horses rested. With the above exceptions, probably not one of the villagers strayed ten miles from home, from year's end to year's end. As to visitors, an occasional pedlar or small commercial traveller turned up about once a quarter. A few boys and girls, more enterprising than their fellows, went out altogether into the world, of their own accord, in the course of the year; and an occasional burly ploughboy, or carter's boy, was entrapped into taking the Queen's shilling by some subtle recruiting sergeant. But few of these were seen again, except at long intervals. The yearly village feasts, harvest homes, or a meet of the hounds on Englebourn Common, were the most exciting events which in an ordinary way stirred the surface of Englebourn life; only faintest and most distant murmurs of the din and strife of the great outer world, of wars, and rumours of wars, the fall of governments and the throes of nations, reached that primitive, out-of-the-way little village.

A change was already showing itself since Miss Winter had been old enough to look after the schools. The waters were beginning to stir; and by this time, no doubt, the parish boasts a regular book-hawker and reading-room; but at that day Englebourn was like one of those small ponds you may find in some nook of a hill-side, the banks grown over with underwood, to which neither man nor beast, scarcely the winds of heaven, have any access. When you have found such a pond you may create a great excitement amongst the easy-going newts and frogs who inhabit it, by throwing in a pebble. The splash in itself is a small splash enough, and the waves which circle away from it are very tiny waves, but they move over the whole face of the pond, and are of more interest to the frogs than a nor-wester in the Atlantic.

So the approaching return of Harry Winburn, and the story of his doings at the wars, and of the wonderful things he had sent home, stirred Englebourn to its depths. In that small corner of the earth the sergeant was of far more importance than Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. In fact, it was probably the common belief that he was somehow the head of the whole business; and India, the war, and all that

hung thereon, were looked at and cared for only as they had served to bring him out. So careless were the good folk about everything in the matter except their own hero, and so wonderful were the romances which soon got abroad about him, that Miss Winter, tired of explaining again and again to the old women without the slightest effect on the parochial faith, bethought her of having a lecture on the subject of India and the war in the parish school-room.

Full of this idea, she wrote off to Tom, who was the medium of communication on Indian matters, and propounded it to him. The difficulty was, that Mr. Walker, the curate, the only person competent to give it, was going away directly for a three weeks' holiday, having arranged with two neighbouring curates to take his Sunday duty for him. What was to be done? Harry might be back any day, it seemed; so there was no time to be lost. Could Tom come himself, and help her?

Tom could not; but he wrote back to say that his friend Hardy was just getting away from Oxford for the long vacation, and would gladly take Mr. Walker's duty for the three weeks, if Dr. Winter approved, on his way home: by which arrangement Englebourn would not be without an efficient parson on week days, and she would have the man of all others to help her in utilising the sergeant's history for the instruction of the bucolic mind. The arrangement, moreover, would be particularly happy, because Hardy had already promised to perform the marriage ceremony, which Tom and she had settled would take place at the earliest possible moment after the return of the Indian heroes.

Dr. Winter was very glad to accept the offer; and so, when they parted at Oxford, Hardy went to Englebourn, where we must leave him for the present. Tom went home—whence, in a few days, he had to hurry down to Southampton to meet the two Harrys. He was much shocked at first to see the state of his old school-fellow. East looked haggard and pale in the face, notwithstanding the sea-voyage. His clothes hung on him as if they had been made for a man of twice his size, and he walked with difficulty by the help of a large stick. But he had lost none of his indomitableness, laughed at Tom's long face, and declared that he felt himself getting better and stronger every day.

"If you had only seen me at Calcutta, you would sing a different song, eh, Winburn?"

Harry Winburn was much changed, and had acquired all the composed and self-reliant look which is so remarkable in a good non-commissioned officer. Readiness to obey and command was stamped on every line of his face; but it required all his powers of self-restraint to keep within bounds his delight at getting home again. His wound was quite healed, and his health re-established by the voyage; and, when Tom saw how wonderfully his manners and carriage were improved, and how easily his uniform sat on him, he felt quite sure that all would be soon right at Englebourn, and that Katie and he would be justified in their prophecies and preparations. The invalids had to report themselves in London, and thither the three proceeded together. When this was done, Harry Winburn was sent off at once. He resisted at first, and begged to be allowed to stay with his captain until the captain could go into Berkshire himself. But he was by this time too much accustomed to discipline not to obey a positive order, and was comforted by Tom's assurance that he would not leave East, and would do everything for him which the sergeant had been accustomed to do.

Three days later, as East and Tom were sitting at breakfast, a short note came from Miss Winter, telling of Harry's arrival—how the bells were set ringing to welcome him; how Mr. Hardy had preached the most wonderful sermon on his story the next day; above all, how Patty had surrendered at discretion, and the banns had been called for the first time. So

the sooner they could come down the better—as it was very important that no time should be lost, lest some of the old jealousies and quarrels should break out again. Upon reading and considering which letter, East resolved to start for Englebourn at once, and Tom to accompany him.

There was one person to whom Harry's return and approaching wedding was a subject of unmixed joy and triumph, and that was David the constable. He had always been a sincere friend to Harry, and had stood up for him when all the parish respectabilities had turned against him, and had prophesied that he would live to be a credit to the place. So now David felt himself an inch higher as he saw Harry walking about in his uniform with his sweetheart, the admiration of all Englebourn. But, besides all the unselfish pleasure which David enjoyed on his young friend's account, a little piece of private and personal gratification came to him on his own. Ever since Harry's courtship had begun David had felt himself in a false position towards, and had suffered under, old Simon, the rector's gardener. The necessity for keeping the old man in good humour for Harry's sake had always been present to the constable's mind; and, for the privilege of putting in a good word for his favourite every now and then, he had allowed old Simon to assume an air of superiority over him, and to trample upon him and dogmatize to him, even in the matters of flowers and bees. This had been the more galling to David on account of old Simon's intolerant Toryism, which the constable's soul rebelled against, except in the matter of Church music. On this one point they agreed, but even here Simon managed to be unpleasant. He would lay the whole blame of the changes which had been effected upon David, accusing him of having given in when there was no need. As there was nothing but a wall between the Rectory garden and David's little strip of ground, in which he spent all his leisure time, until the shades of evening summoned him to the bar of the Red Lion for his daily pint and pipe, the two were constantly within hearing of one another, and Simon, in times past, had seldom neglected an opportunity of making himself disagreeable to his long-suffering neighbour.

But now David was a free man again; and he took the earliest occasion of making the change in his manner apparent to Simon, and of getting, as he called it, "upsides" with him. One would have thought, to look at him, that the old gardener was as pachydermatous as a rhinoceros; but somehow he seemed to feel that things had changed between them, and did not appreciate an interview with David now nearly so much as of old. So he found very little to do in that part of the garden which abutted on the constable's premises. When he could not help working there, he chose the times at which David was most likely to be engaged, or even took the trouble to ascertain that he was not at home.

Early on Midsummer-day, old Simon reared his ladder against the boundary wall, with the view of "doctorin'" some of the fruit trees, relying on a parish meeting, at which the constable's presence was required. But he had not more than half-finished his operations before David returned from vestry, and, catching sight of the top of the ladder and Simon's head above the wall, laid aside all other business, and descended into the garden.

Simon kept on at his work, only replying by a jerk of the head and one of his grunts to his neighbour's salutation.

David took his coat off, and his pruning-knife out, and, establishing himself within easy shot of his old oppressor, opened fire at once—

"Thou'st gi'en thy consent then?"

"'Tis no odds, consent or none—her's old enough to hev her own waay."

"But thou'st gi'en thy consent?"

"Ees, then, if thou wilt hev't," said Simon, surlily; "wut then?"

"So I heerd," said David, indulging in an audible chuckle.

"What bist a laughin' at?"

"I be laughin' to think how folks changes. Do'st mind the hard things

as thou hast judged and said o' Harry? Not as ever I known thy judgment to be o' much account, 'cept about roots. But thou saidst, times and times, as a would come to the gallows."

"So a med yet—so a med yet," answered Simon. "Not but wut I wishes well to un, and bears no grudges; but others as hev got the law ov un medn't."

"'Tis he as hev got grudges to bear. He don't need none o' thy forgiveness."

"Pr'aps a medn't. But hev 'em got the law ov un, or hevn't em?"

"Wut do'st mean: got the law ov un?"

"Thaay warrants as wur out agen un, along wi' the rest as was transpworted auver Farmer Tester's job."

"Oh, he've got no call to be afeard o' thaay now. Thou know'st I hears how 'tis laid down at Sessions and 'Sizes, wher' I've a been this twenty year."

"Like enuff. Only, wut's to hinder thaay tryin' ov un, if thaay be minded to't? That's wut I wants to know."

"'Tis wut the counsellors calls the Statut o' Lamentations," said the constable, proudly.

"Wutever's Lamentations got to do wi't?"

"A gurt deal, I tell 'ee. What do'st thou know o' Lamentations?"

"Lamentations cums afore Ezekiel in the Bible."

"That ain't no kin to the Statut o' Lamentations. But there's summut like to't in the Bible," said the constable, stopping his work to consider a moment. "Do'st mind the year when the land wur all to be guv back to they as owned it fust, and debts wur to be wiped out?"

"Ees, I minds summut o' that."

"Well, this here statut says, if so be as a man hev bin to the wars, and sarved his country like, as nothin' shan't be reckoned agen he, let alone murder: nothin' can't do away wi' murder."

"No, nor oughtn't. Hows'mdever, you seems clear about the law on't. There's Miss a callin'."

And old Simon's head disappeared as he descended the ladder to answer the summons of his young mistress, not displeased at having his fears as to the safety of his future son-in-law set at rest by so eminent a legal authority as the constable. Fortunately for Harry, the constable's law was not destined to be tried. Young Wurley was away in London. Old Tester was bedridden with an accumulation of diseases brought on by his bad life. His illness made him more violent and tyrannical than ever; but he could do little harm out of his own room, for no one ever went to see him, and the wretched farm-servant who attended him was much too frightened to tell him anything of what was going on in the parish. There was no one else to revive proceedings against Harry.

David pottered on at his bees and his flowers till old Simon returned, and ascended his ladder again.

"You be ther still, be 'ee?" he said, as soon as he saw David.

"Ees. Any news?"

"Ah, news enuff. He as wur Harry's captain and young Mr. Brown be comin' down to-morrow, and hev tuk all the Red Lion to theirselves. And thaay beant content to wait for banns—not thaay—and so ther's to be a license got for Saturday. 'Tain't scarce decent, that 'tain't."

"'Tis best to get drough wi't," said the constable.

"Then nothin'll sarve 'em but the church must be hung wi' flowers, and wher be thaay to cum from without stripping and starving ov my beds? 'Tis shameful to see how folks acts wi' flowers now-a-days, a cuttin' on 'em and puttin' on 'em about, as prodigal as though thaay growed o' theirselves."

"So 'tis, shameful," said David, whose sympathies for flowers were all with Simon. "I heers tell as young Squire Wurley hevs 'em on table at dinner-time instead o' the wittles.

"Do'ee though! I calls it reg'lar papistry, and so I tells miss; but her only laughs."

The constable shook his head solemnly as he replied, "Her've been led away wi' such doin's ever sence Mr. Walker

cum, and took to organ-playin' and chantin'."

"And he ain't no sich gurt things in the pulpit neether, ain't Mr. Walker," chimed in Simon (the two had not been so in harmony for years). "I reckon as he ain't nothin' to speak ov alongside o' this here new un as hev tuk his place. He've a got a deal o' move in un, he hev."

"Ah, so a hev. A wunnerful sight o' things a telled us t'other night about the Indians and the wars."

"Ah! talking cums as nat'ral to he as buttermilk to a litterin' sow."

"Thou should'st a heerd un, though, about the battles. I can't mind the neames on 'em—let me zee—"

"I dwun't vally the neames," interrupted Simon. "Thaay makes a deal o' fuss ouver't aal, but I dwun't tek no account on't. 'Tain't like the owld wars and fightin' o' the French, this here fightin' wi' blackamoors, let 'em talk as thaay wool."

"No more 'tain't. But 'twur a 'mazin' fine talk as he gi'n us. Hev'ee seed ought 'twixt he and young missus?"

"Nothin' out o' th' common. I got plenty to do without lookin' arter the women, and 'tain't no bisness o' mine, nor o' thine neether."

David was preparing a stout rejoinder to this rebuke of the old retainer of the Winter family on his curiosity, but was summoned by his wife to the house to attend a customer; and by the time he could get out again Simon had disappeared.

The next day East and Tom arrived, and took possession of the Red Lion; and Englebourn was soon in a ferment of preparation for the wedding. East was not the man to do things by halves; and, seconded as he was by Miss Winter and Hardy and Tom, had soon made arrangements for all sorts of merry-making. The school-children were to have a whole holiday, and, after scattering flowers at church and marching in the bridal procession, were to be entertained in a tent pitched in the home paddock of the Rectory, and to have an afternoon of games and prizes, and tea and cake. The bell-ringers, Harry's old comrades, were to have five shillings apiece, and a cricket match, and a dinner afterwards at the second public-house, to which any other of his old friends whom Harry chose to ask were to be also invited. The old men and women were to be fed in the village school-room; and East and Tom were to entertain a select party of the farmers and tradesmen at the Red Lion, the tap of which hostelry was to be thrown open to all comers at the Captain's expense. It was not without considerable demur on the part of Miss Winter that some of these indiscriminate festivities were allowed to pass. But after consulting with Hardy she relented, on condition that the issue of beer at the two public-houses should be put under the control of David the constable, who, on his part, promised that law and order should be well represented and maintained on the occasion. "Arter all, Miss, you sees 'tis only for once in a waay," he said, "and 'twill make 'em remember aal as hev bin said to 'em about the Indians, and the rest on 't." So the Captain and his abettors, having gained the constable as an ally, prevailed; and Englebourn, much wondering at itself, made ready for a general holiday.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

One—more—poor—man—un-done—
One—more—poor—man—un-done.

The belfry-tower rocked and reeled, as that peal rang out, now merry, now scornful, now plaintive, from those narrow belfry windows, into the bosom of the soft south-west wind, which was playing round the old grey tower of Englebourn Church. And the wind caught the peal and played with it, and bore it away over rectory and village street, and many a homestead, and gently waving field of ripening corn, and rich pasture and water-meadow, and tall whispering woods of the Grange, and rolled it against the hill-side, and up the

slope past the clump of firs on the Hawk's Lynch, till it died away on the wild stretches of common beyond.

The ringers bent lustily to their work. There had been no such ringing in Englebourn since the end of the great war. Not content with the usual peal out of church, they came back again and again in the afternoon, full of the good cheer which had been provided for them; and again and again the wedding peal rang out from the belfry in honour of their old comrade—

One—more—poor—man—un-done—
One—more—poor—man—un-done.

Such was the ungallant speech which for many generations had been attributed to the Englebourn wedding-bells; and when you had once caught the words—as you would be sure to do from some wide-mouthed, grinning boy, lounging over the churchyard rails to see the wedding pass—it would be impossible to persuade yourself that they did, in fact, say anything else. Somehow, Harry Winburn bore his undoing in the most heroic manner and did his duty throughout the trying day, as a non-commissioned officer and bridegroom should. The only part of the performance arranged by his captain which he fairly resisted, was the proposed departure of himself and Patty to the station in the solitary post-chaise of Englebourn—a real old yellow—with a pair of horses. East, after hearing the sergeant's pleading on the subject of vehicles, at last allowed them to drive off in a tax-cart, taking a small boy with them behind, to bring it back.

As for the festivities, they went off without a hitch, as such affairs will, where the leaders of the revels have their hearts in them. The children had all played, and romped, and eaten, and drunk themselves into a state of torpor by an early hour of the evening. The farmers' dinner was a decided success. East proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and was followed by farmer Grove and the constable. David turned out in a new blue swallow-tailed coat, with metal buttons, of his own fabulous cut, in honour of the occasion. He and the farmer spoke like the leader of the Government and the Opposition in the House of Commons on an address to the Crown. There was not a pin to choose between their speeches, and a stranger hearing them would naturally have concluded that Harry had never been anything but the model boy and young man of the parish. Fortunately, the oratorical powers of Englebourn ended here; and East, and the majority of his guests, adjourned to the green where the cricket was in progress. Each game lasted a very short time only, as the youth of Englebourn were not experts in the noble science, and lost their wickets one after another so fast, that Tom and Hardy had time to play out two matches with them, and then to retire on their laurels, while the afternoon was yet young.

The old folk in the village schoolroom enjoyed their beef and pudding, under the special superintendence of Miss Winter, and then toddled to their homes, and sat about in the warmest nooks they could find, mumbling of old times, and the doings at Dr. Winter's wedding.

David devoted himself to superintending the issue of beer, swelling with importance, but so full of the milk of human kindness from the great event of the day that nobody minded his little airs. He did his duty so satisfactorily that, with the exception of one or two regular confirmed soakers, who stuck steadily to the tap of the Red Lion and there managed successfully to fuddle themselves, there was nothing like drunkenness. In short, it was one of those rare days when everything goes right, and everybody seems to be inclined to give and take, and to make allowances for their neighbours. By degrees the cricket flagged, and most of the men went off to sit over their pipes, and finish the evening in their own way. The boys and girls took to playing at kissing in the ring; and the children who had not already gone home sat in groups watching them.

Miss Winter had already disappeared,

and Tom, Hardy, and the Captain, began to feel that they might consider their part finished. They strolled together off the green towards Hardy's lodgings, the Red Lion being still in the possession of East's guests.

"Well, how do you think it all went off?" asked he.

"Nothing could have been better," said Hardy; "and they all seem so inclined to be reasonable that I don't think we shall even have a roaring song along the street to-night when the Red Lion shuts up."

"And are you satisfied, Tom?"

"I should think so. I have been hoping for this day any time this four years, and now it has come and gone off well, too, thanks to you, Harry."

"Thanks to me? Very good; I am open to any amount of gratitude."

"I think you have every reason to be satisfied with your second day's work at Englebourn, at any rate."

"So I am. I only hope it may turn out as well as the first."

"Oh, there's no doubt about that."

"I don't know. I rather believe in the rule of contraries."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, when you inveigled me over from Oxford, and we carried off the sergeant from the authorities, and defeated the yeomanry in that tremendous thunder-storm, I thought we were a couple of idiots, and deserved a week each in the lock-up for our pains. That business turned out well. This time we have started with flying colours and bells ringing, and so——"

"This business will turn out better. Why not?"

"Then let us manage a third day's work in these parts as soon as possible. I should like to get to the third degree of comparison, and perhaps the superlative will turn up trumps for me somehow. Are there many more young women in the place as pretty as Mrs. Winburn? This marrying complaint is very catching, I find."

"There's my cousin Katie," said Tom, looking stealthily at Hardy; "I won't allow that there's any face in the country-side to match hers. What do you say, Jack?"

Hardy was confused by this sudden appeal.

"I haven't been long enough here to judge," he said. "I have always thought Miss Winter very beautiful. I see it is nearly seven o'clock, and I have a call or two to make in the village. I should think you ought to get some rest after this tiring day, Captain East?"

"What are you going to do, Tom?"

"Well, I was thinking of just throwing a fly over the mill tail. There's such a fine head of water on."

"Isn't it too bright?"

"Well, perhaps it is a little: marrying weather and fishing weather don't agree. Only what else is there to do? But if you are tired," he added, looking at East, "I don't care a straw about it. I shall stay with you."

"Not a bit of it. I shall hobble down with you, and lie on the bank and smoke a cheroot."

"No, you shan't walk, at any rate. I can borrow the constable's pony, old Nibble, the quietest beast in the world. He'll stand for a week if we like while I fish and you lie and look on. I'll be off, and bring him round in two minutes."

"Then we shall meet for a clumsy tea at nine at my lodgings," said Hardy, as he went off to his pastoral duties.

Tom and East, in due time, found themselves by the side of the stream. There was only a small piece of fishable water in Englebourn. The fine stream, which, a mile or so below, in the Grange grounds, might be called a river, came into respectable existence only about 200 yards above Englebourn mill. Here two little chalk brooks met, and former millers had judiciously deepened the channel, and dammed the united waters back so as to get a respectable reservoir. Above the junction the little weedy, bright, creeping brooks, afforded good sport for small truants groppling about with their hands, or bobbing with lob-worms under the hollow banks, but were not available for the scientific angler. The parish ended at the fence next

below the mill garden, on the other side of which the land was part of the Grange estate. So there was just the piece of still water above the mill, and the one field below it, over which Tom had leave. On ordinary occasions this would have been enough, with careful fishing, to last him till dark; but his nerves were probably somewhat excited by the events of the day, and East sat near and kept talking; so he got over his water faster than usual. At any rate, he had arrived for the second time at the envious fence before the sun was down. The fish were wondrous wary in the miller's bit of water—as might be expected, for they led a dog of a life there, between the miller and his men, and their nets, and baits of all kinds always set. So Tom thought himself lucky to get a couple of decent fish, the only ones that were moving within his liberty; but he could not help looking with covetous eyes on the fine stretch of water below, all dimpling with rises.

"Why don't you get over and fish below?" said East, from his seat on the bank; "don't mind me. I can watch you from here; besides, lying on the turf on such an evening is luxury enough by itself."

"I can't go. Both sides below belong to that fellow Wurley."

"The sergeant's amiable landlord and prosecutor?"

"Yes; and the yeoman with whom you exchanged shots on the common."

"Hang it, Tom, just jump over and catch a brace of his trout. Look how they are rising."

"No. I don't know. I never was very particular about poaching, but somehow I shouldn't like to do it on his land. I don't like him well enough."

"You're right, I believe. But, just look there. There's a whopper rising not more than ten yards below the rail. You might reach him, I think, without trespassing, from where you stand."

"Shall I have a shy at him?"

"Yes; it can't be poaching if you don't go on his ground."

Tom could not resist the temptation, and threw over the rails, which crossed the stream from hedge to hedge to mark the boundaries of the parish, until he got well over the place where the fish was rising.

"There, that was at your fly," said East, hobbling up in great excitement.

"All right, I shall have him directly. There he is. Hullo! Harry, I say! Splash with your stick. Drive the brute back. Bad luck to him. Look at that!"

The fish when hooked had come straight up stream towards his captor, and, notwithstanding East's attempts to frighten him back, had rushed in under the before mentioned rails, which were adorned with jagged nails, to make crossing on them unpleasant for the Englebourn boys. Against one of these Tom's line severed, and the waters closed over two beauteous flies, and some six feet of lovely taper gut.

East laughed loud and merrily; and Tom, crestfallen as he was, was delighted to hear the old ring coming back into his friend's voice.

"Harry, old fellow, you're picking up already in this glorious air."

"Of course I am. Two or three more weddings and fishings will set me up altogether. How could you be so green as to throw over those rails? It's a proper lesson to you, Tom, for poaching."

"Well, that's cool. Didn't I throw down stream to please you?"

"You ought to have resisted temptation. But, I say, what are you at?"

"Putting on another cast, of course."

"Why, you're not going on to Wurley's land?"

"No; I suppose not. I must try the mill tail again."

"It's no good. You've tried it over twice, and I'm getting bored."

"Well, what shall we do, then?"

"I've a mind to get up to the hill there to see the sun set—what's its name?—where I waited with the cavalry that night, you know."

"Oh! the Hawk's Lynch. Come along, then; I'm your man."

So Tom put up his rod, and caught the old pony, and the two friends were

soon on their way towards the common, through lanes at the back of the village.

The wind had sunk to sleep as the shadows lengthened. There was no sound abroad except that of Nibble's hoofs on the turf,—not even the hum of insects; for the few persevering gnats, who were still dancing about in the slanting glints of sunshine that struck here and there across the lanes, had left off humming. Nothing living met them, except an occasional stag-beetle, steering clumsily down the lane, and seeming, like a heavy coaster, to have as much as he could fairly manage in keeping clear of them. They walked on in silence for some time, which was broken at last by East.

"I haven't had time to tell you about my future prospects."

"How do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes. I got a letter two days ago from New Zealand, where I find I am a considerable landowner. A cousin of mine has died out there and left me his property."

"Well, you're not going to leave England, surely?"

"Yes, I am. The doctors say the voyage will do me good, and the climate is just the one to suit me. What's the good of my staying here? I sha'n't be fit for service again for years. I shall go on half-pay, and become an enterprising agriculturist at the Antipodes. I've spoken to the sergeant, and arranged that he and his wife shall go with me; so, as soon as I can get his discharge, and he has done honeymooning, we shall start. I wish you would come with us."

Tom could scarcely believe his ears; but soon found that East was in earnest, and had an answer to all his remonstrances. Indeed, he had very little to say against the plan, for it jumped with his own humour; and he could not help admitting that, under the circumstances, it was a wise one, and that, with Harry Winburn for his head man, East couldn't do better than carry it out.

"I knew you would soon come round to it," said the captain; "what could I do dawdling about at home, with just enough money to keep me and get me into mischief? There I shall have a position and an object; and one may be of some use, and make one's mark in a new country. And we'll get a snug berth ready for you by the time you're starved out of the old country. England isn't the place for poor men with any go in them."

"I believe you're right, Harry," said Tom, mournfully.

"I know I am. And in a few years, when we've made our fortunes, we'll come back and have a look at the old country, and perhaps buy up half Englebourn, and lay our bones in the old churchyard."

"And if we don't make our fortunes?"

"Then we'll stay out there."

"Well, if I were my own master I think I should make one with you. But I could never leave my father and mother, or—or——"

"Oh, I understand. Of course, if matters go all right in that quarter, I have nothing more to say. But, from what you have told me, I thought you might be glad of a regular break in your life, a new start in a new world."

"Very likely I may. I should have said so myself this morning. But somehow I feel to-night more hopeful than I have for years."

"Those wedding chimes are running in your head."

"Yes; and they have lifted a load off my heart too. Four years ago I was very near doing the greatest wrong a man can do to that girl who was married to-day, and to that fine fellow her husband, who was the first friend I ever had. Ever since then I have been doing my best to set matters straight, and have often made them crookeder. But to-day they are all straight, thank God, and I feel as if a chain were broken from off my neck. All has come right for them, and perhaps my own turn will come before long."

"To be sure it will. I must be introduced to a certain young lady before we start. I shall tell her that I don't mean

to give up hopes of seeing her on the other side of the world."

"Well, here we are on the common. What a glorious sunset! Come, stir up, Nibble. We shall be on the Lynch just in time to see him dip if we push on."

Nibble, that ancient pony, finding that there was no help for it, scrambled up the greater part of the ascent successfully. But his wheezings and roarings during the operation excited East's pity. So he dismounted when they came to the foot of the Hawk's Lynch, and, tying Nibble's bridle to a furze bush—a most unnecessary precaution—set to work to scale the last and steepest bit of the ascent with the help of his stick and Tom's strong arm.

They paused every ten paces or so to rest and look at the sunset. The broad vale below lay in purple shadow; the soft flocks of little clouds high up over their heads, and stretching away to the eastern horizon, floated in a sea of rosy light; and the stems of the Scotch firs stood out like columns of ruddy flame.

"Why, this beats India," said East, putting up his hand to shade his eyes, which were fairly dazzled by the blaze. "What a contrast to the last time I was up here! Do you remember that awful black-blue sky?"

"Don't I? Like a night-mare. Hullo! who's here?"

"Why, if it isn't the parson and Miss Winter!" said East, smiling.

True enough, there they were, standing together on the very verge of the mound, beyond the firs, some ten yards in front of the last comers, looking out into the sunset.

"I say, Tom, another good omen," whispered East; "hadn't we better beat a retreat?"

Before Tom could answer, or make up his mind what to do, Hardy turned his head and caught sight of them, and then Katie turned too, blushing like the little clouds overhead. It was an embarrassing moment. Tom stammered out that they had come up quite by chance, and then set to work, well seconded by East, to look desperately unconscious, and to expatiate on the beauties of the view. The light began to fade, and the little clouds to change again from soft pink to grey, and the evening star shone out clear as they turned to descend the hill, when the Englebourn clock chimed nine.

Katie attached herself to Tom, while Hardy helped the Captain down the steep pitch, and on to the back of Nibble. They went a little ahead. Tom was longing to speak to his cousin, but could not tell how to begin. At last Katie broke silence:

"I am so vexed that this should have happened!"

"Are you, dear? So am not I," he said, pressing her arm to his side.

"But I mean, it seems so forward—as if I had met Mr. Hardy here on purpose. What will your friend think of me?"

"He will think no evil."

"But indeed, Tom, do tell him, pray. It was quite an accident. You know how I and Mary used to go up the Hawk's Lynch whenever we could, on fine evenings."

"Yes, dear, I know it well."

"And I thought of you both so much to-day, that I couldn't help coming up here."

"And you found Hardy? I don't wonder. I should come up to see the sun set every night, if I lived at Englebourn."

"No. He came up some time after me. Straight up the hill. I did not see him till he was quite close. I could not run away then. Indeed, it was not five minutes before you came."

"Five minutes are as good as a year sometimes."

"And you will tell your friend, Tom, how it happened?"

"Indeed I will, Katie. May I not tell him something more?"

He looked round for an answer, and there was just light enough to read it in her eyes.

"My debt is deepening to the Hawk's Lynch," he said, as they walked on through the twilight. "Blessed five minutes! Whatever else they may take with them, they will carry my thanks

for ever. Look how clear and steady the light of that star is, just over the church tower. I wonder whether Mary is at a great hot dinner. Shall you write to her soon?"

"Oh, yes. To-night."

"You may tell her that there is no better Englishman walking the earth than my friend, John Hardy. Here we are at his lodgings. East and I are going to tea with him. Wish them good night, and I will see you home."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

From the Englebourn festivities Tom and East returned to London. The Captain was bent on starting for his possessions in the South Pacific; and, as he regained strength, energized over all his preparations, and went about in cabs purchasing agricultural implements, sometimes by the light of nature, and sometimes under the guidance of Harry Winburn. He invested also in something of a library, and in large quantities of saddlery. In short, packages of all kinds began to increase and multiply upon him. Then there was the selecting a vessel, and all the negotiations with the ship's husband as to terms, and the business of getting introduced to, and conferring with, people from the colony, or who were supposed to know something about it. Altogether, East had plenty of work on his hands; and, the more he had to do, the better and more cheery he became.

Tom, on the contrary, was rather lower than usual. His half-formed hopes, that some good luck was going to happen to him after Patty's marriage, were beginning to grow faint, and the contrast of his friend's definite present purpose in life with his own uncertainty, made him more or less melancholy in spite of all his efforts. His father had offered him a tour abroad, now that he had finished with Oxford, urging that he seemed to want a change to freshen him up before buckling to a profession, and that he would never, in all likelihood, have such another chance. But he could not make up his mind to accept the offer. The attraction to London was too strong for him; and, though he saw little hope of anything happening to improve his prospects, he could not keep away from it. He spent most of his time when not with East in haunting the neighbourhood of Mr. Porter's house in Belgravia, and the places where he was likely to catch distant glimpses of Mary, avoiding all chance of actual meeting or recognition, from which he shrank in his present frame of mind.

The nearest approach to the flame which he allowed himself was a renewal of his old friendship with Grey, who was still working on in his Westminster rookery. He had become a great favourite with Mrs. Porter, who was always trying to get him to her house to feed him properly, and was much astonished, and sometimes almost provoked, at the small success of her hospitable endeavours. Grey was so taken up with his own pursuits that it did not occur to him to be surprised that he never met Tom at the house of his relations. He was innocent of all knowledge or suspicion of the real state of things, so that Tom could talk to him with perfect freedom about his uncle's household, picking up all such scraps of information as Grey possessed without compromising himself or feeling shy.

Thus the two old schoolfellows lived on together after their return from Englebourn, in a set of chambers in the Temple, which one of Tom's college friends, who had been beguiled from the perusal of Stephens' Commentaries, and aspirations after the woolsack, by the offer of a place on board a yacht and a cruise to Norway, had fortunately lent him.

We join company with our hero again on a fine July morning. Readers will begin to think that, at any rate, he is always blessed with fine weather whatever troubles he may have to endure; but, if we are not to have fine weather in novels, when and where are we to have it? It was a fine July morning, then, and the streets were already

beginning to feel sultry as he worked his way westward. Grey, who had never given up hopes of bringing Tom round to his own views, had not neglected the opportunities which this residence in town offered, and had enlisted Tom's services on more than one occasion. He had found him specially useful in instructing the big boys, whom he was trying to bring together and civilize in a "Young Men's Club," in the rudiments of cricket on Saturday evenings. But on the morning in question an altogether different work was on hand.

A lady, living some eight or nine miles to the north-west of London, who took great interest in Grey's doings, had asked him to bring the children of his night-school down to spend a day in her grounds, and this was the happy occasion. It was before the days of cheap excursions by rail, so that vans had to be found for the party; and Grey had discovered a benevolent remover of furniture in Paddington, who was ready to take them at a reasonable figure. The two vans, with awnings and curtains in the height of the fashion, and horses with tasselled ear-caps, and everything handsome about them, were already drawn up in the midst of a group of excited children, and scarcely less excited mothers, when Tom arrived. Grey was arranging his forces, and labouring to reduce the Irish children, who formed almost half of his ragged little flock, into something like order before starting. By degrees this was managed, and Tom was placed in command of the rear van, while Grey reserved the leading one to himself. The children were divided, and warned not to lean over the sides and tumble out—a somewhat superfluous caution, as most of them, though unused to riding in any legitimate manner, were pretty well used to balancing themselves behind any vehicle which offered as much as a spike to sit on, out of sight of the driver. Then came the rush into the vans. Grey and Tom took up their places next the doors as conductors, and the procession lumbered off with great success, and much shouting from treble voices.

Tom soon found that he had plenty of work on his hands to keep the peace amongst his flock. The Irish element was in a state of wild effervescence, and he had to draft them down to his own end, leaving the foremost part of the van to the soberer English children. He was much struck by the contrast of the whole set to the Englebourn school children, whom he had lately seen under somewhat similar circumstances. The difficulty with them had been to draw them out, and put anything like life into them; here, all he had to do was to repress the superabundant life. However, the vans held on their way, and got safely into the suburbs, and so at last to an occasional hedge, and a suspicion of trees, and green fields beyond.

It became more and more difficult now to keep the boys in; and, when they came to a hill, where the horses had to walk, he yielded to their entreaties, and, opening the door, let them out, insisting only that the girls should remain seated. They scattered over the sides of the roads, and up the banks; now chasing pigs and fowls up to the very doors of their owners; now gathering the commonest road-side weeds, and running up to show them to him, and ask their names, as if they were rare treasures. The ignorance of most of the children as to the commonest country matters astonished him. One small boy particularly came back time after time to ask him, with solemn face, "Please, sir, is this the country?" and, when, at last he allowed that it was, rejoined, "Then, please, where are the nuts?"

The clothing of most of the Irish boys began to tumble to pieces in an alarming manner. Grey had insisted on their being made tidy for the occasion, but the tidiness was of a superficial kind. The hasty stitching soon began to give way, and they were rushing about with wild locks — the strips of what once might have been nether garments hanging about their legs; their feet and heads bare, the shoes which their mothers had borrowed for the state occasion having been deposited under the seat of the van. So, when the procession arrived at the

trim lodge-gates of their hostess, and his charge descended and fell in on the beautifully clipped turf at the side of the drive, Tom felt some of the sensations of Falstaff when he had to lead his ragged regiment through Coventry streets.

He was soon at his ease again, and enjoyed the day thoroughly, and the drive home; but, as they drew near town again, a sense of discomfort and shyness came over him, and he wished the journey to Westminster well over, and hoped that the carmen would have the sense to go through the quiet parts of the town.

He was much disconcerted, consequently, when the vans came to a sudden stop, opposite one of the park entrances, in the Bayswater road. "What in the world is Grey about?" he thought, as he saw him get out, and all the children after him. So he got out himself, and went forward to get an explanation.

"Oh, I have told the man that he need not drive us round to Westminster. He is close at home here, and his horses have had a hard day; so we can just get out and walk home."

"What, across the Park?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it will amuse the children, you know."

"But they're tired," persisted Tom; "come now, it's all nonsense letting the fellow off; he's bound to take us back."

"I'm afraid I have promised him," said Grey; "besides, the children all think it a treat. Don't you all want to walk across the park?" he went on, turning to them, and a general affirmative chorus was the answer. So Tom had nothing for it but to shrug his shoulders, empty his own van, and follow into the park with his convoy, not in the best humour with Grey for having arranged this ending to their excursion.

They might have got over a third of the distance between the Bayswater Road and the Serpentine, when he was aware of a small thin voice addressing him.

"Oh, please won't you carry me a bit? I'm so tired," said the voice. He turned in some trepidation to look for the speaker, and found her to be a sickly undergrown little girl, of ten or thereabouts, with large pleading grey eyes, very shabbily dressed, and a little lame. He had remarked her several times in the course of the day, not for any beauty or grace about her, for the poor child had none, but for her transparent confidence and trustfulness. After dinner, as they had been all sitting on the grass under the shade of a great elm to hear Grey read a story, and Tom had been sitting a little apart from the rest with his back against the trunk, she had come up and sat quietly down by him, leaning on his knee. Then he had seen her go up and take the hand of the lady who had entertained them, and walk along by her, talking without the least shyness. Soon afterwards she had squeezed into the swing by the side of the beautifully-dressed little daughter of the same lady, who, after looking for a minute at her shabby little sister with large round eyes, had jumped out and run off to her mother, evidently in a state of childish bewilderment as to whether it was not wicked for a child to wear such dirty old clothes.

Tom had chuckled to himself as he saw Cinderella settling herself comfortably in the swing in the place of the ousted princess, and had taken a fancy to the child, speculating to himself as to how she could have been brought up, to be so utterly unconscious of differences of rank and dress. "She seems really to treat her fellow creatures as if she had been studying the Sartor Resartus," he thought. "She has cut down through all clothes philosophy without knowing it. I wonder, if she had a chance, whether she would go and sit down in the Queen's lap?"

He did not at the time anticipate that she would put his own clothes philosophy to so severe a test before the day was over. The child had been as merry and active as any of the rest during the earlier part of the day; but now, as he looked down, in answer to her reiterated plea, "Won't you carry me a bit? I'm so tired!" he saw that she could scarcely drag one foot after another.

What was to be done? He was already keenly alive to the discomfort of walking across Hyde Park in a procession of ragged children, with such a figure of fun as Grey at their head, looking, in his long, rusty, straight-cut black coat, as if he had come fresh out of Noah's ark. He didn't care about it so much while they were on the turf in the out of the way parts, and would meet nobody but guards, and nurse-maids, and trades-people, and mechanics out for an evening stroll. But the Drive and Rotten Row lay before them, and must be crossed. It was just the most crowded time of the day. He had almost made up his mind once or twice to stop Grey and the procession, and propose to sit down for half-an-hour or so and let the children play, by which time the world would be going home to dinner. But there was no play left in the children; and he had resisted the temptation, meaning, when they came to the most crowded part, to look unconscious, as if it were by chance that he had got into such company, and had in fact nothing to do with them. But now, if he listened to the child's plea, and carried her, all hope of concealment was over. If he did not, he felt that there would be no greater flunkey in the Park that evening than Thomas Brown, the enlightened radical and philosopher, amongst the young gentlemen riders in Rotten Row, or the powdered footmen lounging behind the great blaring carriages in the drive.

So he looked down at the child once or twice in a state of puzzle. A third time she looked up with her great eyes, and said, "Oh, please carry me a bit!" and her piteous, tired face turned the scale. "If she were Lady Mary or Lady Blanche," thought he, "I should pick her up at once, and be proud of the burden. Here goes!" And he took her up in his arms, and walked on, desperate and reckless.

Notwithstanding all his philosophy, he felt his ears tingling and his face getting red, as they approached the Drive. It was crowded. They were kept standing a minute or two at the crossing. He made a desperate effort to abstract himself wholly from the visible world, and retire into a state of serene contemplation. But it would not do; and he was painfully conscious of the stare of lack-lustre eyes of well-dressed men leaning over the rails, and the amused look of delicate ladies, lounging in open carriages, and surveying him and Grey and their ragged rout through glasses.

At last they scrambled across, and he breathed freely for a minute, as they struggled along the comparatively quiet path leading to Albert Gate, and stopped to drink at the fountain. Then came Rotten Row, and another pause amongst the loungers, and a plunge into the ride, where he was nearly run down by two men whom he had known at Oxford. They shouted to him to get out of the way; and he felt the hot defiant blood rushing through his veins, as he strode across without heeding. They passed on, one of them having to pull his horse out of his stride to avoid him. Did they recognise him? He felt a strange mixture of utter indifference, and longing to strangle them.

The worst was now over; besides, he was getting used to the situation, and his good sense was beginning to rally. So he marched through Albert Gate, carrying his ragged little charge, who prattled away to him without a pause, and surrounded by the rest of the children, scarcely caring who might see him, and who might not. They won safely through the omnibuses and carriages on the Kensington road, and so into Belgravia. At last he was quite at his ease again, and began listening to what the child was saying to him, and was strolling carelessly along, when once more, at one of the crossings, he was startled by a shout from some riders. There was straw laid down in the street, so that he had not heard them as they cantered round the corner, hurrying home to dress for dinner; and they were all but upon him, and had to rein up their horses sharply.

The party consisted of a lady, and two gentlemen, one old, the other young; the

latter dressed in the height of fashion, and with the supercilious air which Tom hated from his soul. The shout came from the young man, and drew Tom's attention to him first. All the devil rushed up as he recognised St. Cloud. The lady's horse swerved against his, and began to rear. He put his hand on its bridle, as if he had a right to protect her. Another glance told Tom that the lady was Mary, and the old gentleman, fussing up on his stout cob on the other side of her, Mr. Porter.

They all knew him in another moment. He stared from one to the other, was conscious that she turned her horse's head sharply, so as to disengage the bridle from St. Cloud's hand, and of his insolent stare, and of the embarrassment of Mr. Porter; and then, setting his face straight before him, he passed on in a bewildered dream, never looking back till they were out of sight. The dream gave way to bitter and wild thoughts, upon which it will do none of us any good to dwell. He put down the little girl outside the schools, turning abruptly from the mother, a poor widow in scant well-preserved black clothes, who was waiting for the child, and began thanking him for his care of her; refused Grey's pressing invitation to tea, and set his face eastward.—Bitterer and more wild and more scornful grew his thoughts as he strode along past the abbey, and up Whitehall, and away down the Strand, holding on over the crossings without paying the slightest heed to vehicle, or horse, or man. Incensed coachmen had to pull up with a jerk to avoid running over him, and more than one sturdy walker turned round in indignation at a collision which they felt had been intended, or at least there had been no effort to avoid. As he passed under the window of the Banqueting Hall, and by the place in Charing-cross where the pillory used to stand, he growled to himself what a a pity it was that the times for cutting off heads and cropping ears had gone by. The whole of the dense population from either side of the Strand seemed to have crowded out into that thoroughfare to impede his march and aggravate him. The further eastward he got the thicker got the crowd; and the vans, the omnibuses, the cabs, seemed to multiply and get noisier. Not an altogether pleasant sight to a man in the most Christian frame of mind is the crowd that a fine summer evening fetches out into the roaring Strand, as the sun fetches out flies on the window of a village grocery. To him just then it was at once depressing and provoking, and he went shouldering his way towards Temple Bar as thoroughly out of tune as he had been for many a long day.

As he passed from the narrowest part of the Strand into the space round St. Clement Danes' church, he was startled, in a momentary lull of the uproar, by the sound of chiming bells. He slackened his pace to listen; but a huge van lumbered by, shaking the houses on both sides, and drowning all sounds but its own rattle; and then he found himself suddenly immersed in a crowd, vociferating and gesticulating round a policeman, who was conveying a woman towards the station-house. He shouldered through it,—another lull came, and with it the same slow, gentle, calm cadence of chiming bells. Again and again he caught it as he passed on to Temple Bar; whenever the roar subsided the notes of the old hymn tune came dropping down on him like balm from the air. If the ancient benefactor who caused the bells of St. Clement Danes' church to be arranged to play that chime so many times a day is allowed to hover round the steeple at such times, to watch the effect of his benefaction on posterity, he must have been well satisfied on that evening. Tom passed under the Bar, and turned into the Temple another man, softened again, and in his right mind.

"There's always a voice saying the right thing to you somewhere, if you'll only listen for it," he thought. He took a few turns in the court to clear his head, and then went up, and found Harry East reclining on a sofa, in full view of the gardens and river, solacing himself with his accustomed cheroot.

"Oh, here you are," he said, making room on the sofa ;—"how did it go off?"

"Well enough. Where have you been?"

"In the City and at the Docks. I've been all over our vessel. She's a real clipper."

"When do you sail?"

"Not quite certain. I should say in a fortnight, though." East puffed away for a minute, and then, as Tom said nothing, went on. "I'm not so sweet on it as the time draws near. There are more of my chums turning up every day from India at the Rag. And this is uncommonly pleasant, too, living with you here in chambers. You may think it odd, but I don't half like getting rid of you."

"Thanks: but I don't think you will get rid of me."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall go with you, if my people will let me, and you will take me."

"W-h-ew! Anything happened?"

"Yes."

"You've seen her?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on. Don't keep a fellow in suspense. I shall be introduced, and eat one of the old boy's good dinners, after all, before I sail."

Tom looked out of window, and found some difficulty in getting out the words, "No, it's all up."

"You don't mean it?" said East, coming to a sitting position by Tom's side. "But how do you know? Are you sure? What did she say?"

"Nothing. I haven't spoken to her; but it's all up. She was riding with her father and the fellow to whom she's engaged. I have heard it a dozen times, but never would believe it."

"But, is that all? Riding with her father and another man! Why, there's nothing in that."

"Yes, but there is though. You should have seen his look. And they all knew me well enough, but not one of them nodded even."

"Well, there's not much in that after all. It may have been chance, or you may have fancied it."

"No, one isn't quite such a fool. However, I have no right to complain, and I won't. I could bear it all well enough if he were not such a cold-hearted blackguard."

"What, this fellow she was riding with?"

"Yes. He hasn't a heart the size of a pin's head. He'll break her's. He's a mean brute, too. She can't know him, though he has been after her this year and more. They must have forced her into it. Ah! it's a bitter business," and he put his head between his hands, and East heard the deep catches of his labouring breath, as he sat by him, feeling deeply for him, but puzzled what to say.

"She can't be worth so much after all, Tom," he said at last, "if she would have such a fellow as that. Depend upon it, she's not what you thought her."

Tom made no answer; so the captain went on presently, thinking he had hit the right note.

"Cheer up, old boy. There's as good fish in the sea yet as ever came out of it. Don't you remember the song—whose is it? Lovelace's :—

"'If she be not fair for me,
What care I for whom she be.'"

Tom started up almost fiercely, but recovered himself in a moment, and then leant his head down again.

"Don't talk about her, Harry; you don't know her," he said.

"And don't want to know her, Tom, if she is going to throw you over. Well, I shall leave you for an hour or so. Come up to me presently at the Rag, when you feel better."

East started for his club, debating within himself what he could do for his friend—whether calling out the party mightn't do good.

Tom, left to himself, broke down at first sadly; but, as the evening wore on he began to rally, and sat down and wrote a long letter to his father, making a clean breast, and asking his permission to go with East.

To be continued.

INDIAN CITIES—LUCKNOW.

Oudh is one of the gardens of India. Generally the north-west is sandy, arid, parched, desolate. Oudh smiles with refreshing verdure: the traveller on a march pitches his tent day after day beneath luxurious topes of mango-trees, whose spreading branches screen him from the burning sun. Such, at least, is the character of the north and east parts of the province; but the road from Cawnpore, where we left the Ganges, as far as Lucknow, was still generally through a brown and dreary country, not differing materially from the tedious monotony of the north-west provinces. But the capital itself, once the seat of Eastern misrule and selfish luxury, then the scene of events which have made its name a household word to English—henceforth, we trust, if we do our duty, and God's blessing rests upon us, to be gradually leavened by Christian civilization—is almost girt by a belt of park-like country; and from this point the natural beauties of Oudh begin.

Benares, as we have seen, is a purely Hindu city; Lucknow is purely Mohammedan. There the pagoda-shaped spires or cupolas of temples, are scarcely visible anywhere; the whole city appears one mass of minarets, and domes, and other signs of Islam. But before we mount a height, to look down on the glorious view which it presents, or drive along the bank of the Goomtee, past the long line of palaces and mosques, it may be well to anticipate the necessity of future explanations by a brief enumeration of the highly uninteresting sovereigns of Oudh.

The country was conquered by the Moslem at the end of the twelfth century B.C., by the Afghan Shaháb-u-dín, the last prince of the house of Ghor, the family which had superseded the kings of Ghazni, and were themselves displaced almost immediately after his death by the Slave dynasty, whose founder, Kutb-u-dín (A.D. 1206), originally a Túrki slave, first made India an independent empire, separated from Cabul and the countries beyond the Indus. From his time, then, Oudh becomes a province of the empire of Delhi, governed by a viceroy, who latterly bore the title of Subahdar. In 1732, the Emperor Mohammed Shah, the unworthy descendant of Timur, Akbar, and Arungzíb, granted the government to Sadat Khan, founder of the ex-royal family of Oudh. This chief had been at Delhi when the Persian ravager, Nadir Shah, descended like an Attila, or a Chengiz, on the defenceless Mogul empire, and had even led out the emperor's troops against him. But the result was their total defeat, and the capture of Sadat himself, who vainly offered the conqueror a ransom of three crores of rupees, to save Delhi from pillage and massacre. As Subahdar of Oudh, he established himself in the old Hindu city of Ajodhia, near Fyzabad, but he selected Lucknow as a military position, and built the now famous fort of the Muchee Bhawn. In 1747, his successor, Safdar Jung, was made Vizier to Mohammed Shah, and the title of Subahdar was changed into that of *Nawáb Wuzeer*, and we begin to hear in Anglicized Hindustani of the *Nabob* of Oudh. The subsequent list is as follows:—

1753.—Shujá-u-doulah succeeded. In the latter part of his reign, when a great portion of Rohilcund had been annexed to Oudh by the unscrupulous violence of Warren Hastings, he came to live at Lucknow as a more central position.

1775.—Asf-u-doulah made Lucknow his capital, and built the great Imambára.

1798.—Six months' reign of Wuzeer Ali. Deposed by the British.

1798.—Sadat Ali Khan, half-brother of Wuzeer Ali, and son of Asf-u-doulah,

built the part of the city between the Kaiserbagh and the Dilkhoosha.

1814.—Gház-u-dín Hyder received the title of king in 1822. This was the king who entertained Bishop Heber, and is described in his journal.

1827.—Nasir-u-dín Hyder. Known from the "*Private Life of an Eastern King.*"

1837.—Nusih-u-doulah, his uncle, called Mohammed Ali Shah. Built the Hoseinabád.

1847.—Wájid Ali Shah built the Kaiserbagh. Deposed by Lord Dalhousie, and is living at Garden Reach, Calcutta.

Now then, let us mount some good height, and look down upon Lucknow, which has been created by the Nawábs and kings. It is of immense size, as large as Paris, and also, like Paris, of almost fairy-like beauty, spreading itself out mainly on the right bank of the Goomtee, but with a few striking buildings also on the left. From the midst of a mass of green trees of glorious foliage, rise domes, towers, and minarets; some white, some golden, some painted in many colours, gleaming in the setting sun, and displaying a light vision of Oriental splendour. But our impression of the magnificence of Lucknow was diminished, when we got into a carriage, and made a closer investigation of the actual buildings, for they are deficient in strength, solidity, reality: brick, plaster, and other gimcrack materials take the place of stone and marble; they are the work not of the great days of Akbar and Shahjehan, but of a degraded and effete dynasty, who had no thought beyond the selfish shams which would most conduce to present splendour and self-indulgence. Their style is generally bad, a mixture of French, Italian, and Turkish; but they are redeemed by their fine position, their admirable grouping, their size, their number, their variety. We begin the drive from the Dilkhoosha Park, at the east end of the town, continue it to the Muchee Bhawn and the great Imambára, cross the river, and return along the left bank.

The first building of any interest is the palace of one of the Begums, called Banks' Bungalow in the descriptions of the siege, and now the official residence of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh. It is turned into a comfortable two-storied European house, with a thatched roof, and is surrounded by a large garden, adorned with kiosks, summer houses, and other fantastic specimens of Eastern decoration. It formed part of the enemy's first line of works, captured by Sir Colin Campbell on March 9th and 10th, 1858, and was the scene of the death of the gallant Hodson, who, from the day that he was the hero of hare and hounds at Rugby in 1840, to the day when he was the hero of the capture of Delhi in 1857, showed by his wonderful energy, self-possession, and readiness of action, how truly the boy is the father of the man, and the cricket or the football field a test of the qualities required for the battle and the siege. A simple stone marks the place where his body rests in the grounds of the Martinière; but a worthier monument is to rise to his memory in the old cathedral of Lichfield, near the home of his childhood and his youth, and beside the tomb of his loved and honoured father. We soon reach the site of streets and lanes full of mournful recollections, where some of the soldiers missed their way, and the sick and wounded were abandoned by the dooly bearers, and mercilessly butchered by the insurgents, when Havelock and Outram relieved the Residency garrison. But this part of the town is wholly changed by the destruction of the houses, and we drive along a wide street to the Kaiserbagh. The enormous size of this immense mass of stucco struck us with astonishment. It must be longer than the palace of Versailles. The gates are lofty and imposing, always decorated with fishes, emblems of royalty, which are sometimes developed into mermaids; and to these are often added bad plaster statues of dancing girls, with prodigiously long arms. The Kaiserbagh consists of many courts, in one of which is a pretty garden, with basins, and fountains, and watercourses, now dry and silent, crossed in one place by a very graceful bridge of

white marble, with pavilions of the same material. In the space between the palace and the river is a small monument, surmounted by a cross, marking the spot where Sir Mountstuart Jackson and his fellow-prisoners were murdered. Such a memorial in such a place, rising in quiet simplicity amidst the apparently triumphant symbols of the false prophet, which surround it on every side, will be tolerated, we may hope, by the sternest ultra-Protestant. At one end of the palace are two large mausoleums with very beautiful domes, erected by Ghází-u-dín Hyder to the memory of his father and mother. Driving on, we pass the battered gate where Neill was killed, and see on our right another palace, the Chatr Munzil, so called from the great gilt umbrella, or *chatr* (another emblem of Eastern royalty), on the principal dome, which was the residence of Mohammed Ali Shah, father of the builder of the Kaiserbagh. The kings of Oudh shared the absurd passion of other Oriental sovereigns for perpetuating their names, by erecting, each for himself, a new palace, costlier than the abode of his predecessor. The Chatr Munzil is perhaps in better taste than the Kaiserbagh, and also in a finer position, for it almost immediately overhangs the river. At last we came to the great sight of Lucknow, the ruins of the Residency, so called as having been formerly the dwelling-house of the British Resident, or ambassador at the court of Oudh.

It is of course not intended here to dwell on that glorious page in English history with which this building is connected. The best account of the defence and relief of the Residency is in Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh;* and perhaps the most graphic sketch of the great retaliation, when the besieged returned as the besiegers, and Lucknow was recovered in a few days from the mutineers, who for five long months had vainly battered at the hardly defensible Residency, will be found in Russell's *Diary in India.* Most of our readers are probably familiar with both these books, and therefore we will only refresh their memories by reminding them that the three great epochs or turning-points of the momentous history, connected with the building which we have now reached, than which no modern edifice is invested with deeper interest, are the disaster of Chinhut on June 30, 1857, the relief by Havelock and Outram on September 25th, and the glorious deliverance of the garrison by Sir Colin Campbell on November 19th. The story then shifts its scene to the Alumbágh, where Outram nobly held his own against a revolted kingdom for four months, till the drama terminates on March 14, 1858, with the capture of the Kaiserbagh, which included the recovery of the whole city. It was at sunrise on June 30th that the English force, numbering less than 1,000 men, crossed the Iron Bridge, near the Residency, to meet the advanced guard of the rebels, who were said to have advanced as far as Chinhut, a village north-east of Lucknow, with the object of attacking the city, and found there not an advanced guard, but a whole Sepoy army—more than nine regiments of infantry, 800 cavalry, and 200 artillery. About nine o'clock A.M. the bridge was recrossed by our men in full retreat, enabled to escape from the overwhelming force arrayed against them by the gallantry of Captain Radcliffe and his volunteers. The rebels soon followed them, and the siege of the Residency began. Then came the three months of unconquerable energy amidst hope constantly deferred, the blowing-up of the Muchee Bhawn, the deaths of Sir Henry Lawrence, of his successor Major Banks, of Polehampton, the devoted chaplain of Lucknow; of Fulton, the unrivalled engineer, whose name perhaps deserves to stand next to those of Lawrence and Inglis in the record of the defence; of many other brave men and delicate women, who fell victims to hardship and disease, and the ceaseless attacks of the ever-watchful enemy. Then followed the first relief, "the moment never to be forgotten,' when the deliverers were "fairly seen, "and the garrison's long pent-up feelings "of anxiety and suspense burst forth in "a succession of deafening cheers, from "every pit, trench, and battery; from

"behind the sand bags, piled on shattered "houses; from every post, still held by a "few gallant spirits, ... even from the "hospital."[1] Then the garrison entered on a period of incessant exertion, but comparative security, during which the British position was extended to include the Chatr Munzil. Next followed the final deliverance of the heroic defenders, clouded as it was by the death of Havelock; after which all Lucknow was abandoned, except the Alumbagh, which was still held, to show that our rule was only suspended, till Sir Colin returned, and, after first recovering the capital, proclaimed by the end of the year 1858, that our authority was everywhere restored and acknowledged in Oudh.

But we are lingering too long at the entrance of the Residency, the famous Bailey guard gate, now almost a ruin. This gate, with a tower and other fragments of the Residency house itself, the shell of the banqueting hall (used as a hospital during the siege), with part of Dr. Fayrer's house, and the foundations of Mr. Gubbins's, are the chief remains; besides the whole of the Begum Kothi, which alone, as a Mohammedan building, was spared by the mutineers after our troops left the place. Of the church little more than the foundations remain, and a new one is now rising on a more convenient site, near Banks's Bungalow. The churchyard is full of monuments, including one to Neill, and it is sad to see how ugly and tasteless they are. None is yet erected to Sir Henry Lawrence; and the stone by which Mrs. Polehampton marked her husband's grave disappeared during the reign of the rebels; but a new one is preparing to record his Christian faithfulness in life and death. Those who formed part of the garrison delight to accompany visitors to the scene of such heroic doing and suffering, and to point out the place of every battery, every foiled attack, every great calamity, every brave deed and hairbreadth escape. And it is hard to appreciate the extraordinary exertions which were required from the besieged, and the extremity of the peril, till the close proximity of the enemy and feebleness of the lines of defence have been realized by ocular evidence. The preparations for defending Lucknow in case of a recurrence of such danger are on a very different scale. The site of the Residency is protected, not by a narrow ditch and puny parapet, but by huge bastions and ramparts; and there are three forts stretching from it to the great Imambára of Asf-u-Doulah. From the Residency we pass to the Muchee Bhawn, the old fortress of Sadat Khan, where there is nothing of interest except the square where the magazine was blown up, in which stands a solitary native house, survivor of the great explosion. One house escaped, and also one Irishman. The officer, to whom the task of firing the train was entrusted, thought that he was the last to leave the fort, but had said to one of his men, "Wait for me," and forgot to tell him when he was going. The poor man thought that he was to wait during the explosion, and, in the true spirit of military discipline and obedience, actually did so, crouching in a corner of the square; and happily returned safe and sound, to give his companions a grotesque description of the way in "which it rained beams, and "stones, and bullocks, and horses, for a "quarter of an hour;" for many of these luckless animals had been unavoidably left behind.

The Imambára of of Asf-u-doulah is the one building which may be excepted from the general censure cast upon the plaster glories of Lucknow. But, before we describe it, some of our readers may wish to know what it is. An Imambára (abode of the Imam) is a college of Mohammedan sages, learned in the Koran, and consists generally of a large court, a spacious hall fronting the principal gate of the court, and a mosque by the side of the hall, not quite at right angles to it. Such an institution is only found in cities professing the Shiah faith. Persia is Shiah, Turkey is Suni, and in India Delhi is Suni, Lucknow and Moorshedabad are Shiah. The Sunites hold that the first four Khalifs and legitimate successors of Mohammed

[1] Gubbins, *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 300.

were his uncle Abubekr, his friend Omar, his son-in-law Othman, his nephew and son-in-law Ali. The Shiites consider the first three of these usurpers; they curse the memory of Omar with special rancour, and reverence Ali as a saint and as the first true Khalif. They extend their homage to his twelve descendants, the Imams, and especially to his two sons Hasan and Hosein, who fell victims to the persecution of Ali's rival Moawiyah. The death of Hosein is commemorated by the annual ceremonies of the Mohurrum, when devout Shiites work themselves up into a perfect frenzy of grief at the recital of his wrongs, rush weeping through the streets, and beat themselves, ejaculating, "Hasan! Hosein!" They hear almost without notice of any misfortune in their own family, only remarking that "it is wrong to indulge in "selfish sorrows of our own, when the "prophet's descendants alone have a "claim to our tears." This question of the title to the Khalifate 1,200 years ago, though the very name of the dignity thus fiercely contested has passed away, often divides Shiites from Sunites with a hatred to which Christian sectarianism happily affords no parallel. "I hear," said a Mohammedan prince of high position in India to a European friend, "that I am called a bigoted Mussulman; "yet really I have no dislike to a Chris- "tian, only I do hate a Sunite." In Lucknow the Shiite Asf-u-doulah built the grand Imambára which we have now reached, and which contains a noble hall, 263 feet long by 145 wide, including an ante-chamber at each end. "This immense building is covered with "vaults of simple form and still simpler "construction, being of a rubble or "coarse concrete, several feet in thick- "ness, which is laid on a rude mould or "centering of bricks and mud, and "allowed to stand a year or two to dry "and set. The centering is then re- "moved, and the vault, being in one "piece, stands without abutment or "thrust, apparently a better and more "durable form of roof than our most "scientific Gothic vaulting; certainly "far cheaper, and far more easily made, "as it is literally cast on a mud form, "which may be moulded into any shape "the fancy of the architect may dic- "tate."[1] From one of the minarets of the mosque is a magnificent view of Lucknow; and here our drive must end, and we will cross the Goomtee and return on the opposite side, while the long succession of domes, minarets, palaces, mosques, tombs, and towers, passes before us like a moving panorama.

The part of the city which we have seen this evening is much altered since the siege, and, indeed, the whole of it is in a transition state. Enormous spaces have been wholly cleared of buildings, long narrow native streets and bazaars have been swept away, and broad roads are run straight through the town, in imitation, we presume, of the Napoleonic anti-barricade policy in Paris. By the side of these roads, English-built bazaars in good Oriental style are rising, so that probably the future Lucknow will be a more beautiful city than the past. Around the fort there is a widespread desolation, for every building within 500 yards of it has been razed to the ground, which is strewn with brick and rubbish. But now we will begin another expedition where our last drive terminated, to see the more strictly native and poorer parts of the town. We return, therefore, to the Imambára, and leave it by a lofty and richly decorated gate, called the Rumi Darwáza (Turkish gate). Symmetry is a favourite virtue of Mohammedan architects, and they are fond of putting one gate which is often not wanted opposite to another gate which is wanted, *merely* for symmetry's sake; and the useless gate is called the *jawáb* (answer) of the other. So the Rumi Darwáza has a *jawáb* opposite to it. When our soldiers occupied the Imambára after the siege, they blundered the name Rumi Darwáza into *Romeo* Darwáza, and then, to show their knowledge of Shakspere, nicknamed the jawáb, *Juliet* Darwáza; and by this name it actually appears in the official plans drawn by the govern-

[1] Fergusson, *Handbook of Architecture*, vol. i. p. 450.

ment engineers for the new forts. Having cleared both "Juliet and her Romeo," we came to another Mohammedan mosque and college, the Hoseinabád (house of Hosein), inferior in grace and dignity to the great Imambára, but very pretty in detail. The buildings are placed round a court, in the middle of which is a garden with fountains, and a tank crossed by an ornamental bridge, the whole scene being wonderfully like the descriptions in the Arabian Nights, and therefore very attractive. Beyond the Hoseinabád we penetrated into the lanes and valleys of the native city, which are interesting as showing what labyrinths of building once occupied the vast space at the other end of the town, through which the relieving and conquering forces had to force their way in the memorable September and March, when Lucknow was in the hands of the mutineers. But in picturesque architecture and characteristic features, these native streets and bazaars are very inferior to those of Benares. We stopped at two very large mausoleums, spacious as mosques or churches, and erected, according to the practice of rich Mohammedans, by persons now living, to receive their remains hereafter. Both are tawdry, but costly and curious. On the top of one of them are two cupolas, shaped like beehives, covered with gilding; and inside the tomb is a model of the Kaaba at Mecca, of extreme sanctity, as being formed of Mecca earth. In the other is a model of Hosein's tomb at Bagdad, such as those which the Shiites carry about the streets at the Mohurrum, and afterwards break in pieces and bury. The *Chauk* (market) is worth seeing, from the great crowd of buyers and sellers, the picturesque variety of costume, and the piles of goods heaped up in the open shops, again recalling the Arabian Nights. The assertion that the people scowl at Europeans as they pass with looks of hatred and defiance, appeared to us entirely fictitious. We, at least, observed nothing of the kind.

We must omit in this brief sketch the names of many buildings, only too mournfully familiar to Englishmen from the records of the mutiny, and return to the point from which we originally started, and briefly notice two neighbouring buildings, the Dilkhoosha and the Martinière. The first (*Heart's Delight*) is a villa of the ex-king, much gilt and ornamented, in style something like a French château, standing in a beautiful park; and it was the point from which the siege operations of March may be said to have begun, for it was seized and occupied by the British troops, while the Martinière was the nearest point in the hands of the enemy. This latter was once also a villa, named Constantia, belonging to General Claude Martin, an eccentric Frenchman, in the service of the kings of Oudh, who died early in this century; but now, by the liberality of its former owner, it has become a richly endowed, and very useful school. It is a strange tasteless structure, with a number of statues on the roof and tops of the verandahs, many of which have been smashed by the English guns from the Dilkhoosha. In front is a large piece of water, with a column in the middle, and under the building is the body of the founder, interred there by his own desire, so that the house might be polluted in Mohammedan eyes, and not turned from scholastic purposes into a palace for a king or some of his Begums. There is now nothing over his grave but a plain tomb, covered with a slab of white marble; the inscription, bust, painted figures of grenadiers, and other ornaments with which it was decorated, were destroyed by the mutineers. He left all his property to found schools—one here, one at Calcutta, the third at his native city of Lyons. The Calcutta Martinière educates Christian boys and girls; that of Lucknow substitutes for the girls a well-taught native department. The system of education is excellent, and reflects great credit on the late principal, Mr. Schilling, who, with his sister and sixty-three of his pupils, took refuge in the Residency, and distinguished himself by his management of them under circumstances in which few schoolmasters were ever placed before; no less than in the

quiet days of an ordinary half-year. "Besides assisting in the defence of the "post, the boys were made useful in every "way. Some attended other garrisons "in the capacity of domestics, and others "were employed in fanning and attend- "ing upon the sick in hospital. Clean- "liness was enforced; and, by measures "carefully taken, the health of the boys "was preserved tolerably good throughout "the siege."[1] Probably under such discipline they learned more precious lessons than could have been furnished by the Latin and mathematics which they missed. Their master has been rewarded for his services by a large grant of land in the north of Oudh; and we hope that he will be as useful among the peasantry of his estate as he was among the boys of his college.

Our last sight in Lucknow was an impressive one. As we left it we stopped at the Alumbagh, the famous palace and garden, a little to the south of the city, and there we visited Havelock's grave. A large stone slab, destined to receive a monument, under a mango-tree, marks the spot where he lies, and a piece of metal fastened to the tree bears his name. We may hope that the future tomb will be in better taste than those which deform the burial-ground at the Residency. A simple, solid monument, with name, date, and some text of Scripture which was specially prized by him when living, should record the memory of the great commander, whose grave and stern, yet affectionate character, recalls to our recollection the best and most truly Christian among the Puritan heroes of the seventeenth century, and whose whole life was an impressive commentary on his own maxim, *Trust in God, and do your duty.*

And now we have left Lucknow once more thoroughly subjected to the rule of Britain. What shall we say of that rule? It is too late now to consider the annexation. For better or worse the deed is done, and is universally felt to be irrevocable. If it was in any way defiled by *fracta fides*, if any advantage was taken of the ignorance of the king, and the non-ratification of the treaty, we can only say that the punishment which befel us was terrible, and pray God to forgive the past, and to bless the future. But that it was necessary, either virtually or actually, to suppress the upstart and degraded dynasty which misgoverned Oudh, can hardly be doubted. Colonel Sleeman's book alone proves it, though he did not recommend the positive annexation of the kingdom. And, if there is truth in the following extract, written by one who knows Oudh well, it is plain that even in the short space between the annexation and the mutiny our rule bore some good fruit:—

"When we entered Oudh, its dacoits, "or professional robbers, were reckoned "by hundreds, and many of the richest "tracts lay waste for miles. Our officers "reported that they had ridden for "twenty miles, in some directions, over "the richest soil, without seeing a field "or a village. Where were those by "whom the land had before been tilled? "Where were the teeming thousands of "Oudh? They were to be found in all "the adjacent British districts, whither "they had fled to escape the grinding "exactions and unrelenting tyranny of "their own land. In those new districts "they had cleared the forest, raised new "villages, and acquired valuable proper- "ties. Before these military mutinies "began, after a brief tenure of thirteen "months, how changed was the scene! "All those numerous dacoits had become "peaceable subjects, residing in the "ancestral homes from which violence "had driven them. Thousands of the "cultivators had returned to reclaim "their long deserted lands; and every- "where new dwellings were rising, vil- "lages reappearing, and new wells were "being dug.... Riding in January, "1857, through a well-cultivated neigh- "bourhood, I drew up in a field where "a peasant was ploughing, to ask him "what rent he had engaged to pay for "the land. He named a very low one; "and, on my expressing doubt as to the "correctness of his reply, 'Sir,' cried "the man, 'who would give much for "a field which has not been tilled for

[1] Gubbins, p. 248.

"twenty years?' I found, on inquiry, "that the field belonged to a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of "which had long resisted the endeavours "of a powerful taloogdar to take possession of their property. At last he "had prevailed, had fired the village, "and slain many of the proprietors. I "rode through the village, which exhibited little more than bare mud walls. "... A few of the old proprietors met "me. They pointed to their desolate "abode, but they told me, with brightened aspect, that they had now "recovered possession of their own, and "that all would be well."[1]

And, since the suppression of the mutiny, a wise statesmanship has removed from Oudh one of the blots of our Indian administration. It has often been urged that, however just and merciful our rule may be compared with that of our Mohammedan predecessors, yet we are not doing our duty, unless we train the people to independent action, and help them to realize the idea and duties of a nation. But this cannot be done while all authority is in the hands of Europeans, while no posts of influence and activity are open to the natives, and nothing is left to them but the too congenial employment of money-making. English constitutionalists have proposed as a remedy for this evil, to place a few Hindus and Mohammedans in that somewhat anomalous body, the Legislative Council—a measure probably harmless enough as far as the government of India is concerned, and perhaps of some use as bringing natives into contact with European statesmen and legislators; yet certainly encouraging that love of talk, of words without deeds, and theories without practice, which is one of the principal evils of the national character. But the fiat of Lord Canning has just ratified a policy, suggested by Sir Henry Lawrence, and carried out by Mr. Wingfield, the able and energetic Chief Commissioner of Oudh. Such of the taloogdars, or great landholders, as show themselves worthy of confidence, are to have the powers of magistrates in their own domains, and under the auspices of Sir Robert Montgomery; the same privileges have been granted to the loyal Rájas and Sirdars of the Punjâb. This is exactly that initiation into the art of practical government which is required. A definite political position and appropriate duties are assigned to the natural aristocracy of the country. If any of the new magistrates abuse this power, they must be suspended from office; and, in the discharge of their functions, they must for a time be watched and controlled by English civilians. But we will hope that, by God's blessing, the confidence thus reposed in them, and the sense of responsibility which always follows from it, except in natures utterly degraded, will be of signal service to India, and, by awakening a consciousness of national life, will furnish an important element in work which, as we trust, is slowly but surely carried on by education, by contact with European thought and civilization, by the discipline of law and order, and by the labours and prayers of all true-hearted Christians, whether actually preaching Christ's Gospel, or showing forth its power and holiness by their lives.

G. E. L. C.

[1] Gubbins, p. 430.

THE OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, AND DUBLIN MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA: NEWS OF THE MISSION, AND OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The opening up of central Africa to commerce, Christianity, and civilization—such is the aim into which all enterprises of African adventure, and all speculations about Africa, have recently resolved themselves; and, when Dr. Livingstone left England with his party, in March, 1858, it was with a preconceived notion as to one particular route by which this object might be effected. "I expect," he said, "to find for myself "no large fortune in that country; nor do "I expect to explore any large portions of "a new country; but I do hope to find, "through that part of the country which "I have already explored, a pathway by "means of the river Zambezi, which "may lead to highlands where Europeans "may form a settlement, and where, by "opening up communication, and esta-"blishing commercial intercourse with "the natives of Africa, they may slowly, "but not the less surely, impart to the "people of that country the knowledge "and the inestimable blessings of Chris-"tianity."

Among the agencies organized in prosecution of this object, that which exists under the name of "the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Mission," possesses, both on its own account, and from its close connexion with Dr. Livingstone's continued labours, a special claim on public interest. The Mission grew out of visits paid by Dr. Livingstone, while he was here, to the two English universities. Without detailing the successive steps, suffice it to say that, after preliminary meetings and consultations in Oxford, Cambridge, and London, held prior to February, 1860, and in which such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Beresford Hope, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Robert Cecil, the Bishops of London, Oxford, and St. David's, Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Jeremie, Dr. Heurtley, the Dean of Westminster, and the late Archdeacon Hardwick, took an active part, an Association was formed for sustaining a Mission to Central Africa, in the joint names of the two universities, and that the scheme was afterwards extended so as to admit the University of Dublin, and thus represent, through the universities, the united Church of England and Ireland. The basis of the Mission and its plan of operations were arranged as follows:—Money was to be raised for the establishment of the Mission, and for its support for five years. The Mission was to consist of six clergymen, with a bishop at their head, together with a medical man, a staff of artizans, &c. While the primary object of the Mission was to be, "to spread Christianity "among the untaught people of Central "Africa," it was to "recognise the im-"portance of commerce and civilization "in developing the natural resources, "and in elevating the inhabitants of "these regions;" and it was to help in the suppression of domestic slavery in Africa, and of the slave-trade between Africa and other countries. Avoiding interference with the work of other Missionary Societies, it was to have for its own aim, not so much the formation of a Christian colony, as the settling of Missionaries "among the natives under "the protection of their chiefs," so as "by mere teaching and influence, to "help to build up native Christian "states." Finally, the special scene of operations in Africa was left undetermined; and, in this matter, the advice of Dr. Livingstone was to be waited for.

The result of these resolutions, duly and gradually carried into effect, was, that in December, 1860, a party, consisting of Archdeacon Mackenzie (a man who has forgone, for the life of a Missionary, all the prospects at home following on a brilliant University career), the Rev. L. J. Proctor, the Rev. H. C. Scudamore, Horace Waller, Esq., natu-

ralist and lay superintendent, S. A. Gamble and J. Adams, artizans, together with several blacks, as interpreters, &c. were collected in Capetown, ready to set out for the Zambezi. Livingstone's vessel, the *Pioneer*, having arrived at the Cape, from England, a portion of the party set out, in company with it, in the *Sidon;* and, on the 8th of January, 1861, they were followed, in H.M. steamer, *Lyra*, by Mr. Mackenzie and the rest—Mr. Mackenzie having, a few days before, been consecrated in the cathedral at Capetown as "Missionary "Bishop to the tribes dwelling in the "neighbourhood of the Lake Nyassa "and River Shire." It was Bishop Mackenzie's hope, on his leaving the Cape, to meet Livingstone at the mouth of the Zambezi, ascend that river with him in the steamer, and then disembark to commence the labours of the Mission at some point which Livingstone would assist in indicating, but which would probably be "near the "River Shire or the Lake Nyassa, from "which it flows." How far that hope was fulfilled, and what has been the history of the Mission hitherto, will be seen from the following extracts, which we are permitted to make from a manuscript letter from the Rev. R. Rowley, who set out from England to join the Mission, and who, arriving at Capetown the day after Bishop Mackenzie's departure, was fortunately enabled to overtake him at Natal, and join him in the *Lyra*.

"We sighted the *Sidon* about one o'clock, P.M., on the 7th of February, and anchored a short distance from her [on the Zambezi coast] about three hours afterwards. Captain Oldfield and the Bishop went on board of her at once. When they returned we learned that three of our party, who had come up by her, had been on shore several days, and that since then she had had no communication with them. A brisk gale was blowing, a heavy sea running; and by the aid of a glass we could see a tremendous surf on the bar of the Zambezi, and the *Pioneer* safely moored in the smooth water behind it. It was very evident she had no intention of coming out to us that night. Of Livingstone the *Sidon* knew nothing.

"My first impressions of the Zambezi and the neighbouring coast were by no means pleasant. The hopes one had entertained that commerce with the interior could be effected through the Zambezi were soon blown away. Nothing can be more unpromising than the low shelving coast covered with mangrove; nothing more impracticable for ordinary commercial purposes than the entrance to the river. No ships would care, considering the frequency of bad weather there, and the bad anchorage ground, to go within three miles of the land; we anchored seven miles from the shore, and then had but seven and a half fathoms of water. Livingstone, with his contempt for danger, energy of purpose, and intuitive knowledge of the best thing to be done on every emergency, cannot well understand the difficulties experienced by ordinarily endowed men in getting over the bar of the river; but, as there are not many Livingstones in the world, and a great many ordinarily endowed men, it is very certain that, whatever the moral and religious future of the poor people in the interior may be, their commercial position will not be much improved unless some better communication with them is opened. They may be able to produce cotton, sugar, hemp, ivory, and many other things in abundance,—they would do so,—but their products will never find their way into Europe unless a happier highway for their exports and imports be discovered. Sailors have a perfect horror of the Zambezi and its neighbourhood, and they have good reason for their dislike. . . . Small steam-boats, drawing but a few feet of water, might not find the bar impassable save in rough weather; but even they would require a very skilful pilotage; for the channel is often shifting, and then they might come to grief on a sand-bank, although fortified against the assaults of the breakers. Altogether, it must be a very large profit indeed, much larger than is ever likely to be acquired, that would tempt commercial men to encounter the difficulties of the Zambezi."

It was not without considerable delay and difficulty that the party were able to effect their landing on this unpromising beach; but, when they did effect it, they found, to their infinite satisfaction, that Livingstone was there to meet them, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and a number of Mackololo blacks. "Livingstone had been there since the "1st of January. He had made the "trifling journey of 1,000 miles on foot "in order to meet us, having come "down from Linyanti." The great traveller and the Missionaries had, of course, much to talk about on their meeting; but they soon came to the main matter—the prospects of the

Mission, and the question of the place and locality for its first operations.

"To my great surprise, I learnt from the Bishop that Livingstone was averse to our going up to the Shire by the Zambezi. He is deeply impressed with the necessity existing for a better communication with the interior. Not only are the difficulties of the river and the land journey very great, but the Portuguese, who lay claim to the river and adjoining territory, love us not. They make little or no use of what they claim; but, on the true 'dog in the manger' principle, they do all they can to prevent any one else doing so. Their mode of proceeding at the mouth of the Zambezi is, nevertheless, very ridiculous. Until Livingstone proved to the contrary, they thought the bar impassable under any circumstances; but, no sooner did they learn that they were mistaken, than they sent down a party of soldiers to erect a flagstaff and custom-house, and to keep possession in the name of his most sacred majesty of Portugal. At this present time some five or six miserable half-caste fellows, under the command of a corporal are there. Cocked-hatted and bestrapped to an awful extent are these poor fellows; but of such inferior physical endowments, that it would be but child's play for one of our sailors to kick them all into the sea. They appeared to be very much afraid of our friends at first, and removed to a respectful distance from them; but after a while plucked up courage, and were very anxious to sell them eggs, which they collect from the nests of the water-fowl, and beautifully-made wicker-baskets, which they make, and by which employment they vary the fearful monotony of their terrible existence. Siccard, their consul at Tette, the only man among them who appreciated the English, and had a friendship for Livingstone, has been removed to Ibo, and they seem determined to make our position as uncomfortable as possible. If located in the interior, they would not really molest us; for the natives hate them, and with reason, and they would fear to approach our locality; but they could cause much annoyance to any friends passing up or down the river: could detain them, exact an enormous duty from all exports or imports, and, in short, make us most uncomfortable. If the Ruvumah can be opened, the various difficulties besetting the navigation of the Zambezi would be obviated. It has no bar; it proceeds from the locality of Lake Nyassi, the very spot we wish to occupy; and it is beyond Portuguese territory. Some think it neutral ground; but there can be little doubt, from all I hear, that it belongs to the Emperor of Zanzibar. From him or his successors no molestation is dreaded; for, judging by all past experience, they are only too glad to cultivate the friendship of Europeans—of Englishmen, especially—and would gladly permit ingress and egress wherever we pleased. Livingstone, therefore, proposed that, instead of proceeding up the Shire, as originally intended, we should accompany him up the Ruvumah in the *Pioneer*. His reasons for doing so were: (1), He had great hopes that we should find the Ruvumah affording an unimpeded communication with the sea, and that the interior could be easier penetrated by it than by the Zambezi. (2), That this was the most unhealthy season of the year; that we were without a doctor; were ignorant of the symptoms preceding the fever, and not skilful in its treatment; that we should be obliged to wait some time in the valley of the Shire, the most unhealthy place we could be in, before we could transport either ourselves or our stores to the high, healthy country; and that the people of that locality—now that Chibisa, a friendly chief, had removed his tribe to another part of the country—were not so amiably disposed as to enable us to trust them. He promised, however, in the event of our not seeing our way clear to the acceptance of his proposal, to go up with us to the Shire, stay there with us some days, and give us during that time the full benefit of his advice and influence."

It was not without great reluctance that the Missionaries gave in to Livingstone's views:—

"A council, consisting of Captain Oldfield [of the *Lyra*], who takes a most lively interest in the success of the Mission, and has done much to forward its success, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, the Bishop, Proctor, Scudamore, myself, and Waller, were called in the poop, and the momentous question debated. It appeared that we did not comprehend at first the full force of Livingstone's objections to our going up the Shire at this time, or until the Ruvumah had been tried. He said, after we had arrived at the Murchison Falls, the highest point we could get by the steamer, that the difficulties of transit would be so great as to amount almost to an impossibility, unless we could command a great deal of native labour; that the natives of that district were churlish, would do nothing for us, had even refused his presents; that we could not leave any portion of our stores behind us, but should be forced to leave a guard, supposing a part of us, with a portion of our stores and baggage, pushed our way up to the high land; and that the present time of year was so unhealthy that, unless we were with those in the valley of the Shire, or some one else well versed in the fever treatment, the most fatal consequences would ensue. Dr. Kirk gave similar testimony. Both were evidently concerned for our safety, and seemed to consider themselves responsible for our welfare. Not a particle of selfishness was observable in anything they advanced. No doubt they were both anxious to see what could be done with the Ruvumah; it has been Livingstone's hope for a long time.

He appears to *love* the country for which he has done and suffered so much, and, consequently, those who come forward to help him; and it was manifest that, however much he desired to commence at once the exploration of the Ruvumah, nothing but the tenderest interest for our safety and welfare induced him to persuade us from going up the Zambezi there and then. Two more noble, disinterested, trustworthy, and Christian men, than Livingstone and Kirk, it would be hard to find. They deserve to work together; and, as eye meets eye, you can see that their labour has been to them, in more senses than one, a real labour of love. Still, it seemed to the Bishop, to Scudamore, to me, and to Captain Oldfield also, that the difficulties alluded to were scarcely greater than we had anticipated before coming out, and that the consequences of uncertainty and delay might really prove more injurious to us. The Bishop put the peculiarity of our position as mere Christian Missionaries very forcibly before Livingstone; spoke of us as having left active and useful labour in England, and how anxious we were not to lead any longer than was absolutely necessary the comparatively useless life forced upon us during the last four or five months; and, although he had unlimited confidence in all of us, expressed a fear that the uncertainty and delay might, despite ourselves, expose us to much that it were well to avoid—might really injuriously influence those who would otherwise follow us, and cause our friends at home much anxiety. Livingstone replied that he did not anticipate any ill consequences would result from the delay—at the most it would be but a three months' delay. We need not all come up the Ruvumah. The greater part of us could stay at the Island of Johanna, one of the Comoros, a most healthy place, where we could acquire the Makoa language, the very language needed for our missionary work, and where we could also make ourselves acquainted with the habits and tone of thought of the natives, and many other things equally necessary for us to know. I then asked Livingstone if it really was his deliberate opinion, that in going up to the Shire now, we should be exposing ourselves to more than ordinary risk, and a risk greater than he could sanction. He said it was. I then called his attention to the possibility, the probability, of the Ruvumah expedition not realizing all he hoped from it, and asked him, in that event, what course he would advise us to adopt. "Come back to the Zambezi," said he; "it would then be the most healthy season of the year." But I suggested that, even if that were so, other difficulties, upon his showing, still remained—the difficulties arising from the ill will of the people in the valley of the Shire, and in the getting of our stores and baggage to the high lands. He replied that we should then be a stronger party, that he and his would be with us to help us, that we should have the benefit of their experience, not only in fever, but in all else; the Makololo with him could help us, and, though the difficulties we should have to encounter would really be very great, still, it being the healthy season of the year, and, with our united efforts, he had little doubt but that we should get readily over them. That once accomplished, the path of those who followed us would be much easier. He clung, however, to the notion, that we should not need to come back, but that the Ruvumah would prove to be the best channel of communication with the interior. To act contrary to this advice, considering with what authority it was given, would have been a very daring thing. I felt—I am also sure that the Bishop and others of us felt—that we would give anything if the Doctor had said You can and ought to go up, despite what you will encounter; but, as he would not say that, and in my heart I believe he had good reason for not saying it, we could do nothing else but follow his advice. The sacrifice, and it really is a sacrifice, we have made of our own feelings, in doing this will secure Livingstone to us by stronger ties than would have been possible had we acted otherwise. And to have the hearty, living co-operation of such a man, in a country he has made his own, will be most invaluable to us. Had we gone up to the Shire by way of Zambezi after his protest against our doing so, and anything unusually painful had befallen us, friends at home might have said—without reason, perhaps—but still they might and would have said,

"'Here, by the good Providence of God, these people met with the only man on the face of the earth who was in a position to advise them for the best; in order to do this he had travelled a thousand miles; he did advise them, they rejected his advice; and their fall is only the natural result of their presumption and folly.'

"We gave in to Livingstone—he pledging himself to fetch us from Johanna within three months, and to go with us up to the Nyassi district either by way of the Ruvumah or the Zambezi and Shire. It was arranged that the Bishop and one other should accompany the expedition, and the Bishop selected me for his companion.

"Details relative to the departure of the three ships were soon arranged. The *Pioneer* was to proceed at once to the Ruvumah, the *Lyra* and the *Sidon* to Johanna. The *Lyra* was to be at Johanna first, where she would land our stores, and those of our party in her who would stay behind, and then run over to the Ruvumah with the Bishop and myself, and coal and stores for the *Pioneer*. The *Sidon* would land the rest of our party, and the remainder of our stores at Johanna, and would also go over to the Ruvumah with coal for the future use of the *Pioneer*; and then we were to be left to our own resources."

The remainder of Mr. Rowley's letter describes the voyage to Johanna, where

the *Lyra* arrived Feb. 21, and gives an account of what the Missionaries saw and did in that and other islands of the Comoro group. As these islands are tolerably well known, however, by previous descriptions, the only other extract we shall make from Mr. Rowley's letter is one referring less to them than to the general anticipations and speculations of the Missionaries respecting their African enterprise.

"I used to think that we had been in too great a hurry to leave England—that it would have been better had we delayed our departure for some months. But circumstances have been so ordered that we appear to have come out at a happy moment. We may fail in the grand objects we have in view; humanly speaking, as I have before said, the chances are greatly against us. We have to contend against the power and reminiscences of ages of heathenism, and we have to fight against a principle which cupidity has made all-but impregnable. Central and Eastern Africa are exciting great interest in the minds of more than one class of people at this present moment; and it seems more and more necessary, as we get better acquainted with the object, that an effort, somewhat different from what has been already made, should at once be made to raise the natives of these places to a higher standard of existence than they had at present obtained, before others, with motives less worthy, succeed in corrupting them irretrievably. Unless we, or those who will, I trust, follow us, succeed in persuading the natives to provide themselves by their own labour with the European comforts now becoming day by day more desirable to them—unless we can convert them to Christ—slavery must become as universal here as it was, and is on the western coast; there is no help for it. The British government is the only government in the world really in earnest about the suppression of the slave trade; yet, in order to avoid embroilment with other powers, the 'instructions' supplied to our naval commanders are so ambiguously framed that efforts of our cruisers are really paralysed—for, unless a man shrinks not from a responsibility which intimidates men of ordinary calibre, successful action is almost an impossibility. No less than 19,000 slaves were exported last year from Zanzibar and Ibo. It is said, with what truth I can't say, that as many as 600 vessels are employed in the slave trade on the eastern coast of Africa. Many of them can be no more than Arab dhows; but some are vessels of large tonnage, fitted, without regard to expense, with every appliance for successful traffic; and nine-tenths of these vessels are American. To keep this fleet of the devil in check we have some five or six cruisers, fettered and hampered by the before-mentioned 'instructions.'"

The letter from which the above extracts are taken is dated "H.M.S. *Lyra*, Zaoudsi, Mayotte, Feb. 27, 1861." At that date, therefore, the Missionaries were still among the Comoro Islands, waiting to return to the continent, and begin their labours according to the plan agreed upon between them and Dr. Livingstone.

A MYTH ABOUT THE NIGHTINGALES.

What spirit moves the quiring nightingales
To utter forth their notes so rich and clear?
What purport hath their music which prevails
At midnight, thrilling all the silent air?
'Tis said, some weeks before the hen-birds land
Upon our shores, their tuneful mates appear,
And in that space, by hope and sorrow spanned,
Their choicest melodies are ours to hear:
And is it so? For solace till they meet
Do these low calls and answers haunt the grove?
Do these wild voices, round me and above,
Of amorous forethought and condolence treat?
Well may such lay be sweetest of the sweet,
That aims to fill the intervals of love!

THE RAINBOW.

FATHER of all! Thou dost not hide thy bond
As one that would disclaim it. On the cloud,
Or springing fount, or torrent's misty shroud,
Lord of the waters! are Thy tokens found:
Thy promise lives about the ambient air,
And, ever ready, at a moment's call,
Reports itself in colours fresh and fair:
And, where St. Lawrence rushes to his fall,
All-watchful, Thou dost tend his angry breath,
Infusing it with rainbows! One and all
The floods of this green earth attest thy faith,
The cloud, the fount, and torrent's watery wall;
And, badged with sweet remembrancers, they say,
"My word, once given, shall never pass away."

CHARLES TURNER.

GRASBY VICARAGE.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.[1]

A CRISIS without parallel is convulsing the Western Hemisphere. The grandest republic that the world ever saw has cleft asunder by the midst. The second great family of the Anglo-Saxon race has turned its arms against itself. On the issue of the struggle hang the destinies of a whole continent—probably of every English dependency—to a great extent, that of the world.

Yet England stands puzzled and bewildered before this spectacle. Her sight seems to have become contracted by the blessedly small proportions of her own internal contests, in which the fates of government run as yet on some microscopic question of excise or customs. Startled up from such discussions, she looks on, and has not yet realized the gigantic character of present Transatlantic events. Her press, large and little, mostly confines itself to sanctimonious lamentations over the wretchedness of civil war, or philosophic sneers at the combatants' folly, or embraces both in a characteristic combination of pharisaic self-righteousness with *doctrinaire* self-sufficiency. The leading journal affects not to be able to see what the Americans are fighting about, and chuckles at "Mr. President Lincoln's" inability to enforce a threatened blockade. The whole mercantile community seems absorbed in the single consideration of how its yearly provision of cotton shall be got in. A minister of state for foreign affairs seems to think that his part is played if he insists on the letter of the law of nations, as to the effectiveness of a blockade. A queen's proclamation treats both parties to the conflict as "belligerent states."

Perhaps the mere fact that the North

[1] It will be understood that the views in this paper are offered only as those of the individual writer; but it is believed that the expression, by a competent authority, of views on the American question so much more strong and determinate than have yet appeared in this country, cannot but do good, whether one is led wholly to agree with them or not.—ED.

is the focus of the religious life of America should alone suffice to make our own religious men pause before condemning the wickedness of the North in this conflict; as the fact that the North is equally the centre of America's thrift, energy, worldly wisdom, industry, trade, capital, should suffice to make our moneyed men pause before condemning its folly. I believe, indeed, that this state of feeling, if it could be persevered in,—if it represented anything else than the mere confused waking up of a nation's mind before a wholly new crisis,—would be as fatal to England's simplest interests as it would be disgraceful before God and man. I believe we have neither the right nor the power to stand by as passive, still less as contemptuous, spectators of the conflict. I believe it vitally concerns us to see our own course as a nation in reference to it plainly, to enter upon it resolutely. I believe our part is not that of a judge nor of an arbiter. I believe it demands from us hearty and unflinching sympathy with one of the parties, and all support to him which can be granted without compromising his independence and his dignity.

The first thing for us to realize fully is this: Slavery is the root and the pivot of the struggle. We have no right to mistake this fact, especially since the secession of the border Slave States. The word may be little pronounced at present, because, in fact, the question of specific African slavery is swallowed up in a much vaster one. But, without the existence of slavery, there would have been no such convulsion; and no safe peace between the contending parties can ever be established, still less any re-union, without a solution of that question. Now, slavery is a curse inflicted by England of old upon her American children; a fatal sting left behind it by our colonial government. We cannot, as a nation, avoid that responsibility. We cannot lift up pharisaic hands at America for not shaking it off. We know perfectly well that emancipation had to be enforced by the mother-country upon her small West Indian colonies, and bought of them in hard cash; that they would never have peaceably abolished slavery themselves.

But the responsibility is not only a traditional one; it is an actual one, attaching to every man, woman, and child in these kingdoms. The strength of slavery lies in the cotton interests of the South; the strength of the cotton interests lies in the English demand. The power of the Southern slaveowners is altogether of modern growth. The founders of the American Union, to whatever state they might belong, looked upon slavery simply as a transitory evil. Jefferson would be stoned to-day as an abolitionist in Charleston. It is we—by our colonial mal-administration, by a century of misgovernment of India—who have fed and fostered American slavery. Half the tale of millions spent in buying the freedom of our own slaves,—perhaps a quarter only,—devoted in various ways to developing the growth of cotton in India and our other tropical colonies, would probably, ere this, have set every American slave free.

Let us look on, therefore, if we do no more, with awe, with searchings of heart. If the crisis goes on and gains in intensity,—if our western cotton supply should be indeed cut off, and half the looms in Lancashire have to stand idle, and want, with discontent and class hatreds in its train, to stalk wrathful, or stagger helpless, through the centres of our industry, it will be no chance calamity, but one which we have elected to encounter,—which we have invited by our conduct,—of which it becomes us at least, by the straining of every nerve, of every prayer, to avert the recurrence.

When we have proceeded thus far, the next step is clear enough. Were it founded on the most legitimate resistance to the most undoubted wrongs, the so-called Southern Confederacy has no right to claim our abiding sympathy. It represents slavery,—slavery untempered by any influence of allied freedom. It represents the perpetuation of that unwholesome, unnatural, immoral state of things which now prevails, in which the

prosperity of the most important industry of the free countries of Europe rests on the continued perpetration of a great treason against God and man. It represents, in other words, perpetual uncertainty, perpetual distrust, perpetual fear on the part of the slaveowners' customers; and, at the same time, the certainty of future convulsions, of a servile war or wars. It represents all this, and more than this. It represents, inevitably, sooner or later, even if this present struggle should be hushed up, the terrible internecine grapple between the North and South.

For it is childish to suppose that a Northern and a Southern republic could ever co-exist peaceably, whilst founded on the two opposite principles of freedom and slavery. The emancipation of the African in the South would be the only basis on which a peaceful separation could take place. Slavery cannot subsist in the neighbourhood of freedom. What is the only tangible ground on which the present separation is based? That in spite of the Fugitive Slave Law, Southern slaves will escape, and are not always to be brought back; above all, that so-called "Personal Liberty Acts" have been passed, which forbid their being brought back from certain states. Will they escape less, or come back more, when there is no Fugitive Slave Law?—when "Personal Liberty Acts" are no longer contrary to a constitution that the South has been the first deliberately to tear asunder,—when the soil of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Pennsylvania gives, as there it is little doubt it would give ere long, instant legal freedom to the slave? Is it possible to conceive of a friendly partition of the "Territories" between the two republics? The evidence of all travellers goes to show that American slavery is essentially wasteful and depopulative. It scourges the land on its track; it turns the fruitful field into a wilderness. And for the very same reason it is always ravenous for more space, always in quest of virgin soil to fasten on and to famish. Are the thrifty and industrious men of the North likely to give up to foreign slave-owners what they already grudge, and have a right to grudge, to their slave-holding countrymen? The Kansas struggle was sharp enough already; what will the struggle be when there are a dozen Kansases, and no possible arbiter but the sword? But will the struggle be only for the Territories? Far from it. Every border slave state will become a Kansas. Every time that the unthrifty grasp of slavery lets slip a patch of soil back into the hands of nature, there is the site of an energetic freeman's future homestead. The process of now peaceful colonization from the North, which has raised up already an abolition party in Maryland and in Virginia, in Kentucky, in Missouri, will fester into an unceasing border warfare. Heralded no doubt too often by reckless champions, freedom must yet pursue slavery to Southward, to Westward, in the track of her own wastefulness, till, met by the Eastward advance of Californian freemen, the latter be hemmed in on all sides. If there be separation, twenty times must the slave-power turn and stand at bay; twenty times must there be occasion for a war far more dreadful, because proceeding from a longer-nourished spirit of mutual exasperation, than the present one. No doubt it may be that the present conflict will stop after the first heats are over; that freedom will for the time content herself with taking up what may be termed a mere defensive position, on a line chiefly marked by the Potomac, the Ohio, the Missouri, embracing only, in addition to her present territory, those states and portions of states which by necessary attraction would gradually have been won to her. But sooner or later slavery, the curse of God's earth, the curse of man made in God's image, must be finally worsted on the American soil by freedom. The longer that last conflict is delayed, the more dreadful, I repeat it, must it be.

I know it will be insisted by some: True Freedom is not involved in the present contest. There is a division, no doubt, between slave states and free. But the spirit of slavery is as strong in the free North, if not stronger, than in

the South. The men of colour are disregarded, despised. Only the other day Ohio excluded them from its citizenship. No one speaks of emancipation. Mr. Lincoln only obtained his seat upon an express disclaimer of any intention to interfere with slavery where it existed. —I know all this; and yet I feel sure that the conflict, as it develops itself, will become more and more one of principle; that if the coloured men of the North show only ordinary loyalty, it must sweep away more prejudices against them than twenty years of abolitionist preaching, nationalize them more thoroughly than twenty acts of congress; above all, I feel sure that the issue of the conflict lies in the emancipation of the Southern slaves.—Nothing, I believe, can avert that consummation, save a rapid and overwhelming triumph of the North. But the exact contrary may take place. The South, more daring, more prepared, more reckless, may well at first have the upper-hand. I believe that the North will shrink long, and shrink wisely, and shrink righteously, from any appeal to its natural allies, the slave population of the South. I believe that slave population is far as yet from being even capable of hearing such an appeal. I believe the consequences of it, when heard, will be fearful. But whether the North have to make it themselves in the last extremity, or whether, which seems to me more probable, the slaves respond beforehand to a fancied call, I feel convinced that sooner or later they will turn the scales of the struggle, by throwing their chains into the one or the other. For the South *cannot* meet at once a two-fold enemy, the men of the North without, its revolted slaves within. It is not absolutely inconceivable that, if hard pressed by the arms of the North, in a fit of desperate generosity, it might itself fling liberty to its slaves. If it does not—and I dare not hope that it will,—when the hour of the rising strikes, the victory of the North is sealed. I pray God it may be sealed beforehand. I pray God the North may resume authority over the whole Union ere that hour, with so firm a grasp as to be able to moderate the crisis of emancipation, to regulate its course, to check the outbursts of a real servile war. If it should not do so,—if the Secessionists baffle all its endeavours,—I can see no other solution to the slavery question for the Southern Confederacy but a war of extermination for white or black.

In the meanwhile, I can see no ground for surprise that, beyond one flight of Maryland slaves, no slave movements are yet heard of. The rigid terrorism which evidently prevails at the South, which stops almost any news from reaching us but such as it suits Mr. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues to communicate, has probably withheld till now from the mass of the slave-population the very fact of the struggle now engaged, or has completely distorted for them its character. But even were the slaves informed of its true nature, the most ardent abolitionist should deprecate any premature movement on their part. Their strength, at present, is to sit still. Their simplest policy is to lull every suspicion of their masters till, if possible, some signal advance of the North compels the slave-owner either to give in, or to put weapons in the hands of his slaves. That will be the African's own hour. When once the freeman's rifle is in his hands, let him never lay it down till he has secured for himself the rights of a freeman. It will be for him to choose then whether there shall be a Southern Confederacy or not; and if he should prefer to cast his lot with his old masters, no longer as a thing, but as a man—no longer as a dependent, but as an equal—then indeed may the North accept secession, with regret indeed, but without fear, and with a clear conscience.

There are those, I know, who believe, or affect to believe, that the work of emancipation may safely be trusted to secession itself, on the ground that American slavery is becoming so far milder in character that it must be looked on as undergoing a process of painless extinction. That, in default of any safer means, emancipation *may* be trusted to secession itself, I do most firmly believe; for I know that the

God of Truth and Righteousness means freedom as the heritage of all His children, black or white; that He will sooner or later secure it to all, and will turn to His own purposes all the passions, and oppressions, and vices of men. But that the emancipation which may be expected from secession, unless extorted by the pressure of extreme danger, can be anything else than that of fire and sword, I do not believe. And as to the increasing mildness of the slavery system of the South, let any one take up one of the late yearly reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society; let him overcome the first disagreeable impression which the harshness of its opening pages may produce; let him read it to the end, and say whether the facts which it records do not make its harshest words appear tame. Tarrings and featherings of white men, of aged women; burnings alive of negroes, free or slave; acquittals of masters after the most barbarous murders of their slaves; kidnappings of free coloured persons, of pure whites; public proposals, not only for the reopening of the African slave-trade, but for the general enslavement of poor whites, to say nothing of the free coloured people; subtleties of legal construction, tending to make individual emancipation impossible; such is the tale which year after year unrolls. Let me take, from the single report of 1859, only an instance or two of the last class of cases, as the least harrowing in detail, though perhaps, at bottom, not the least painful.

A testator in Georgia bequeathed slaves to a legatee for life, directing that they should, after that, be freed, and sent to a free State, or to Liberia. The bequest was held void under the Emancipation Acts of Georgia, because, in legal contemplation, its effect would be the instant liberation of the slaves in Georgia, on termination of the life-estate, which is contrary to the spirit and policy of the laws of Georgia.

It was held of old by the Virginian courts, that to give slaves by will the choice of slavery or freedom, emancipated them utterly; and, under the authority of these decisions, "wills had been drawn all over the State." The whole chain of precedents was upset in 1857, by a decision that "slaves have no civil "or social rights, no legal capacity to "make, discharge, or assent to contracts," and therefore cannot "exercise an election in respect to manumission." Consequently, to give them the choice of freedom was to perpetuate their slavery. This new jurisprudence took a further step in the following year. A lady, whose will had been framed with the utmost care, and pronounced flawless by a Judge of the Court of Appeals, directed that her slaves should be freed on the 1st January, 1858, and sent, at the expense of the estate, to Liberia, or to any free state; but, she added, "if "any of them shall prefer to remain "in Virginia, it is my desire that they "shall be permitted to select their "owners from among my relations." It was at first held by the court that the slaves were free, unless they declined their freedom; but, on appeal, the decision was reversed, and it was ruled that the slaves, having no legal capacity to make the choice proposed to them, were still in slavery.

So far from the slavery of the South having become milder, there is every evidence to show that both the written law of slavery and the judicial construction of that law has grown uniformly harsher and harsher. And wherever slavery now extends, it carries with it all its latest and harshest features. New Mexico, for instance, has started into existence, not only on the basis of a recognition of slavery, but of a total prohibition of emancipation. And what reasonable man can doubt that, should secession succeed in establishing itself, the mere necessities of self-defence must force the South more and more rapidly down the same dreadful, and finally desperate course? that the absolute forbiddance of emancipation, the enslavement of the whole free coloured population, and eventually of the poor whites, and, unless the slave-breeding states of the Northern border should maintain a pre-eminence which the mere fact of

their later secession must have already greatly impaired, the reopening of the African Slave-trade, are among its necessary results?

Beside such gigantic evils, the mere question of intellectual development shrinks into paltriness. Yet we may not forget that the struggle of the North with the South is that of civilization with barbarism, of light with darkness. The invaluable works of Mr. Olmsted show clearly that slavery is absolutely destructive of any system of general education; that the thinning of the white population which it produces forbids all instruction to the poorer whites; that the ignorance of the children even of well-to-do landowners places them below the level of the artizan's son of the North. As to literature, beyond a system of journalism which must be one-sided under pain of extinction, the South has and can have none. If it gives birth to a man of genius anywhere, he must necessarily take up his abode at the North, for the South has neither eyes to read, nor ears to hear, what he writes or says. Where are the Lowells, Longfellows, Bryants; where the Harriet Stowes, Hawthornes, Coopers, Holmeses; where the Channings, Emersons, Theodore Parkers of the South? Where are its men of science,—beyond here and there a physiologist, bent upon an anatomical demonstration of the right of human oppression, or upon resolving the sufferings and degradation of slavery into forms of medical pathology, and ticketing them with Latin names? This gradual quenching of human enlightenment can only proceed at a more rapid rate, if the South come out of the conflict victorious. More and more it must become a mere oligarchy, in which not only power, but knowledge, and morality even, must become the mere privilege of the few. For the sake of the South itself, the speedy and complete triumph of the North is a thing to be earnestly prayed for.

But I have hitherto treated the so-called Southern Confederacy on its own ground, as a slave state indeed, but as one having a right to exist. Has it such a right? I declare that in all history I know of no instance of such shameful national deceit, falsehood, and hypocrisy as that upon which it is founded. There have been ere this, God knows, foul and shameless usurpations of power without number; but such usurpations have been the crimes of single men. The Southern Confederacy, if it subsists, will offer the unheard-of spectacle of a people born to national existence with a lie on its lips, and the fruits of robbery in its hand.

For this so-called Southern Confederacy is nothing but a successful Southern conspiracy. Thanks to the selfish indolence of the North, the slave-power had succeeded in making itself dominant in the Union. For a whole generation nearly, with scarcely a break here and there, it had held the Federal authority in its hands. The time came when the eyes of the North were opened by the too unblushing encroachments of the South. The North woke up from its lethargy, and in the last struggle but one for the Presidency gave the South a warning which it was too astute to neglect. Had the election of Colonel Fremont been carried, we should perhaps have never heard of secession. But in his place there was seated in the President's chair a politician the most contemptible, assuredly, that ever filled the chair of Washington (I forget neither Mr. Polk nor Mr. Tyler in using these words). Mr. Buchanan's term of office seems to have had no other practical effect than that of enabling the South to organize the most gigantic treason that the world ever saw. The plans of the conspirators were ripe when the time came for him to sink out of office. They had for them all the experience of statemanship. Every office was filled with their creatures. Almost every military post of danger within their limits was held by men whom *they* could trust. The Southern arsenals were filled with the whole *matériel* of war. Much of the navy was safe, as we have seen, in a Virginian dock-yard. And so, when 1860 had fulfilled the promise of 1856, when Fremont's republican minority

had swelled into a majority for Lincoln, they had nothing to do but to throw off the mask, and send forth their proclamations of nationality—

> "Stuffed out with big preamble, empty words,
> And adjurations of the God in heaven."

I believe that much unfair criticism has been expended on President Lincoln for his conduct in this crisis. For myself, I have confidence in "Old Abe." I thank God that the ruling hand in the North is his, and not that of some eloquent politician like Mr. Seward, whose coaxing speeches to the South have received so blunt a reply from the Columbiads of Charleston. Mr. Lincoln's position has been one of unexampled difficulty. He found himself with the barren title and loose authority of President, in a capital contained within a slave state, and close upon the borders of a revolted one, without an army, almost without a navy, the head of an administration filled with traitors. Army, navy, administration, he has had all three to organize at once, in the face of the enemy; he, the log-splitter of the West, matched against the practised statesmen of the South. I see no reason to doubt that he has acted manfully and judiciously till now. His proclamations have seemed to me always marked by plainness and directness—in short, by every quality which the *Times* has denied them to possess. He has succeeded in putting the South in the wrong at every step. He has maintained the border-states in their allegiance long enough to show that the primary justification alleged for secession,—want of protection to slaves,—is a falsehood, since the states whose slaves have most facilities,—I might say have alone facilities,—for escape, are precisely those which have stayed longest in the Union. South Carolina, surrounded by slave territory except on its sea-board, was the first to secede; not one of the seven gulf-states has to endure on its internal frontier the polluting touch of freedom. Virginia's secession is of yesterday; Maryland riots, and breaks up railway lines, but does not secede; Delaware, a mere strip of sea-shore, open to all the risks to "slave property" of the coasting trade; New Jersey, the last Northern spur of slavery jutting out into freedom, are in arms for the Union; Kentucky, separated by a river alone from free Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, affects to stand neutral; Missouri, the Delaware of the West, surrounded almost on three sides by free territory, has not yet seceded; even in the states I have named, Western Virginia, Western Kentucky, cast in their lot with the North; from Missouri itself come volunteers. On the other hand, the seizure of United States property by the seceded states is an act of sheer robbery, such as alone ought to put the Southern Confederacy at the ban of civilized nations; followed, as it has been, by the attack on Fort Sumter, and the unpunished violence of a Baltimore mob against soldiers simply going to the defence of the national capital. Thus, there has not been one step in the development of the Southern movement which has not been a flagrant wrong, an outrage on municipal law and on the law of nations alike. Conspiracy, robbery, treason, warfare unprovoked, such have been its constant features.

And now, forsooth, it has taken a new step. It is about to cover the sea with privateers. Do men realize what a Southern privateer in tropical seas is likely to be? Simply a pirate. Ask any merchant-seaman of the last generation, who has traded in the Atlantic or the Pacific, what was the condition of the waters of North and South America in the days of the wars of independence of the Spanish colonies. Ask him what quarter the privateers of those days showed to the defenceless. Yet there were then no oceanic steamers, no clippers, rivals of steam. Nor was there then a Californian Eldorado discovered, nor an Australian. For every single privateer of those days, there will be ten. For every rakish schooner, there will be clippers of thrice the size, and nearly double the speed. For every sugar-

vessel there will be a gold-ship for prize. And yet the *Times* has almost chuckled at the fact of Southern letters of marque being hawked round London!

And now perhaps we may see a little why it is that the North is rushing with such terrible energy into that struggle which our wise men affect hardly to understand; why the word "slavery" is hardly mentioned. The slavery question, as I have said, is absorbed in a far larger one. The struggle is that of all order, all loyalty, all justice, all peace, to say nothing of all trade and all prosperity, against anarchy, against treason, against brigandage. It is one of those great judgment days in the history of God's earth, in which there is a separation of the mingled elements of human polity; in which like cleaves to like; in which freedom finds itself surrounded by a whole family circle of rights, and slavery only takes the helm amidst the crew of wrongs. The North know and feel that if the right of wilful secession, founded on no tangible wrong, be once admitted, their whole union falls asunder; the American nation exists no longer. A riotous individualism takes the place of social order; every county, every city, every township, every hamlet, may claim the right to secede; every individual citizen may quote the example in justification of any exercise of his self-will. Society sinks dissolved,—the right of the strongest becomes the sole arbiter between man and man. Does England suppose that such an example is likely to be a beneficial one to our North American colonies, to Australia, to the Cape?

Surely it is of vital interest to the whole civilized world, but above all to England, that this should not be; that there should be, on the other side of the Atlantic, something else than a fluctuant mass of petty hostile communities. It is of vital interest to the whole civilized world, but above all to England, that the seas should be free,—that the marvellous hoards of the gold-fields of the nineteenth century should not be at the mercy of the first pirate calling himself a privateer. The permanent interests of the civilized world lie therefore with the North in this struggle, not with the South. If the security of the seas alone were to be purchased by the entire suppression of the cotton supply of the Southern States, sooner or later it would be felt to be cheaply purchased.

But the Morrill tariff? some one may say. The Morrill tariff was an act of monstrous folly, which probably was only perpetrated through the minds of the American people being absorbed in the far greater subject of secession itself. I believe the North to be heartily ashamed of it already. I believe England alone has it in her power to procure its abolition, with or without the concurrence of any other state, though all are interested in doing so. The question is simply this, whether advantage shall not be taken of this unexampled opportunity to abolish privateering at once and for ever? The measure which America, still under Southern influence, through the mouth of Mr. Buchanan, repelled, after the Crimean war, as contrary to her interests, would now, through the righteous judgment of God upon her foolish selfishness, prove to her the greatest of boons. Let the abolition of the Morrill tariff by the United States accompany a declaration by them, to be accepted by England, and I trust by all the European powers, that privateering shall be treated as piracy, and the southern conspirators will be deprived of their only really dangerous weapon of offence; nor should the quasi-recognition of them as a "belligerent power" by the Queen's Proclamation stand in the way of such a measure as respects ourselves. As between England and America, we should be only returning to a previously existing state of things, since there was an express provision to this effect contained in the treaty of 1782, but which unfortunately was not renewed, and why should not the slave trade be declared piracy on the same occasion?

Meanwhile, does not our heart thrill within us with mixed feelings of shame, and admiration, and pride, as we behold

the North girding itself for the battle? How have we scorned the Americans for their worship of the "almighty dollar!" Lo! the merchants of New York—New York, the one city of all the North most dependent on its southern interests, the fitter-out of slavers, the stronghold of the democratic party for years—come forward to pledge their support to the Union with a patriotism and self-sacrifice which put our sneers to the blush. Contributions by private individuals of a million of dollars towards the expenses of the war; salaries guaranteed by merchants to their clerks whilst absent on the country's service; judges descending from the bench to shoulder the rifle as volunteers; such are a few only of the grand instances of self-devotion which alone should be sufficient to prove to the most sceptical the enormous issues which the North feels to lie in this conflict. For the first time in history, since the days of old Rome, when Hannibal was under her walls, capital, the most arrant coward under heaven, has shown itself courageous. "Bears" are nowhere; money *chooses* to be abundant; the prices of Northern, *i.e.* loyal, securities struggle not to fall.

As we look upon these things, surely we Englishmen ought to feel that these men of the North are indeed "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." In spite of the large increase in Old England's colonial family, New England, though now dwelling apart, is still her mother's truest counterpart. Search the annals of America, and you will see that, by a natural gravitation, almost all that is noblest and best has ever sought the North. New England and Pennsylvania are peoples from the first, carrying with them orderly freedom, and self-respect, and energy indomitable. Virginia, the Carolinas, represent at the outset but the struggles and scrambles of broken-down gentlemen and reckless adventurers. Any gleams of moral beauty which attach to the history of the South soon become quenched in gloom. The toleration of Maryland ends in the disgraceful *rowdyism* of Baltimore. The bright promise of Georgia's freedom leads only to the sad dissensions between Oglethorpe and the Wesleys, and the shameful sanctioning of slavery by Whitfield. Since the American revolution, even more than before, each worthier batch of European emigrants—with one single noteworthy exception, the Germans of Texas—has invariably settled in the free North and West. And as to the more recent accretions to the South, is there one that does not estrange it more and more from its kinship with ourselves? How much have we in common with the mongrel population of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, as compared even with California, which the indomitable energy of the North has transformed from one of the sinks of the earth into a settled country, in half the time which it has taken to introduce the merest elements of security and decency into Texas?

Yes, the strong ties of blood bind England above all, yet not only England, but with it all the nations of free Protestant Europe, all the various branches of the great Teutonic race, Germans and Dutch, Swedes and Norwegians, essentially to the North. But race alone cannot explain the wondrous unhoped for spectacle of Northern self-devotion. Nothing, as it seems to me, can explain it but that strange religious revival which, a few years ago, ran through the United States, but exhibited its special power at the North. It was mixed up, no doubt, with much extravagance and much hypocrisy; it has seemed to end in no practical result; it has appeared to many, and often to myself, but as a passing cloud. But I doubt greatly whether in that religious revival there were not sown the seeds of the present national movement. The most dispassionate observers did not fail to notice, that for the first time it startled men hitherto absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, by sudden glimpses of a world beyond. It must have been to many a first revelation of the reality of God's presence. It must have broken up the soil of many a fallow heart. Surely it was the Divine preparation for this hour of terrible trial.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MR. BUCKLE'S DOCTRINE AS TO THE SCOTCH AND THEIR HISTORY.[1]

BY THE EDITOR.

PART I.

It may have been remarked by many besides myself what a deal of writing there has been of late about the Scottish character—its merits and defects; its peculiarities, more especially, in contrast with the English. Neither the writers in the leading journal nor the Saturday Reviewers seem able to keep their hands off the topic. Besides the running fire of references to it in the midst of other things, there is every now and then, in these quarters, an express dissertation on Scotticism and the Scotch. Whether the Scotch have humour, and, if so, of what kind it is, and wherein it differs from English wit; whether there is a type of intellect that can be called distinctively Scottish, and, if so, how it has arisen and what has been the worth of its manifestations; whether, in our national literature, the Scotch have always been but hodmen and second-rates, interspersed in a succession of grander Englishmen, or whether, granting that the English stream, prior to its junction with the Scottish, was much the more full and broad, one might not yet fairly maintain that the mountain-stream did deliver into its sister, at the time of their junction, some small characteristic accumulation of moment, and that, since that time, an unexpectedly large proportion of the blended waters has consisted in the swollen flood from the hills; how much of the good and how much of the bad in the Scottish mind has been caused by the Scottish theology; whether almost every really eminent Scotchman for a century past has not been a recreant from the Kirk; whether there is or can be such a thing as free thought, except profoundly under the rose, within six miles of Dr. Candlish; and whether in all the earth there is such another city as Glasgow for the theological use of sulphur combined with the physiological use of alcohol—on these and other forms of the same question not a day passes without something new or old being said in print. The odd thing is that, with so many stirring matters to think of, people should be hammering away so busily at this somewhat abstract topic of the intellectual differences between the Scotch and the English. Partly it may be because there have been so many racy books of Scottish biography and Scottish history of late to furnish texts for the discussion; partly it may be because the Scotch themselves raised a controversy recently about the Scottish Lion and the rights of the Thistle, which has naturally provoked a reaction; but then, as these causes are themselves effects, the explanation of the phenomenon is still to seek. It cannot be for nothing that so much speculative effort has recently been expended in this direction. Something must be in the air on the subject which will one day precipi-

[1] History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Volume the Second. London: Parker, Son and Bourn. 1861.

tate itself. What that is only Zadkiel knows; but little wonder that some over-patriotic Scots should meantime see a latent compliment to their country in this excess of literary attention to it, even though the form is often that of sarcasm and banter.

All recent dissertations about Scotland and Scotticism, however, have been but trifles compared with that which Mr. Buckle has just sent forth. Here the speculation is systematized, expanded, and brought to a head. Mr. Buckle, indeed, has not been provoked into the inquiry by any of the little irritations—caused, let us say, by passing exhibitions of Scottish self-conceit—that have provoked others into it. He walks into the Scotch as a philosopher out on a tour of grave and extensive research. He takes up the subject because it lies before him as part of the plan of a most comprehensive work. Having, in his first volume, laid down certain general principles towards an intended History of Civilization in England, and taken a partial survey of French History by way of introduction, he now, in this volume, presents us, still by way of introduction, with surveys of Spanish History and Scottish History, intimating that these are to be followed by similar surveys of German History and the History of the United States of America, and that then the Introduction will be complete, and he will be free to enter on his main subject with all the side-lights collected in his previous expatiations over so many various regions. Fortunately, the interest of the volumes already published does not depend much on the possibility that the vast plan of which they form a part will ever be accomplished. This was true of the first volume; but it is even more true of the second—which, if it does not propound so many straggling assertions of a general kind challenging philosophic debate, is certainly more compact as a literary performance. Here we have Spain and Scotland bound together, the one in about a hundred and fifty pages, and the other in about four hundred and fifty, and held up to the gaze of all men for comparison and contrast. What they will say in Spain about the Spanish part of the volume, it may not be easy to surmise; but in Scotland, about the Scottish part of it, there will be some gnashing of teeth. It is long since any hand has taken such a grip of the thistle; it is long since the fierce little land has received such a rouser. Not, by any means, that it is all onslaught. On the contrary, here the Scottish zealots for nationality may have, if they like, a most effective counterblast by an Englishman to recent English assertions that Scottish nationality is now all moonshine, and that the relations of Scotland to England are now only those of a province—of a bigger Lancashire, or Yorkshire. The entire drift of Mr. Buckle's dissertation is that the Scotch retain, as the result of the conditions in which they are and through which they have passed, a most marked individuality—that the Scottish mind or mode of thought is, in some respects, the direct antithesis of the English, and has, for that very reason, been able to perform, for the now united nation, certain remarkable and even splendid services, in contemplating which all generous and candid Englishmen are bound to cry "Bravo," and may do well to cry "Encore." If any of the Scotch want such backing, here they may have it; and, the next time any English blockhead maintains that the rose is now the one botanical symbol for Great Britain, and that the thistle is extinct, they may heave Mr. Buckle's book at that block's head. But, farther, even what of the book does consist of onslaught will not be universally ill-received in Scotland. Whether Mr. Buckle knows the fact or not, there is no part of Her Majesty's dominions in which his delineations of what he considers Scottish characteristics will have been received with so much glee by a considerable part of the population. There is not on the earth a people so addicted to laughing at themselves as the Scotch; and, though a good many of them get very angry when a stranger raises the laugh,

there are others who do not do so, but will take the materials for their self-satire from any quarter. In an old Scottish song, referring to one of the enterprises of the Scotch for the compulsory enlightenment of their English neighbours on a point in dispute, the Blue Bonnets are represented as marching south with these words for their marching chorus—

> "That the haill warld may see
> That there's nane in the richt but we
> O' the auld Scottish nation."

It cannot be denied that even now, in anything they do, the Scotch are apt to be found singing the same song of their unique infallibility among the nations; but, just as the song-writer saw the humour of the thing in his day, so his successors do in this, and there is many a Scot who will raise his voice in the chorus, and feel his nerves thrill as he does so with a kind of belief in its truth, and who, the next moment, will be ready to die with laughter at the thought that he and others should have been making such fools of themselves. To all such Mr. Buckle's book will afford as much amusement as offence; besides which, as Mr. Buckle ought to know, there is, throughout Scotland, a large number of educated persons, including even some clergymen, to whom his book, or, at all events, parts of it, will come only as a reinforcement in aid of views which they have long been entertaining and urging. As soon as the book appeared, indeed, some of the leading Scottish newspapers hastened, with all the delight people usually feel in being able to say, "We told you so," to circulate among their readers the most blistering extracts from it.

But whether the Scotch like Mr. Buckle's estimate of them and of their history is a comparatively insignificant matter. The real question is whether and how far the estimate is true. Has this able and popular writer put forth, with respect to the Scottish nation, an account which Englishmen and others may safely accept as accurate; or has he, with all his pains, produced only a wretched caricature, and so done injury both to the people he misrepresents and to those who may receive the misrepresentation and proceed upon it; or has he, as able and popular writers will sometimes do, put forth, on a complex subject, a quantity of mingled truth and error, of real information and of ludicrous ignorance, of useful invective against what deserves invective, and of speech about certain men and things of the past which must be characterized as flippant and impertinent even from him, and which cannot become common without impairing the tone of the general mind, robbing it of all sympathy with the highest in human history, and shrivelling it to an ignoble and disgusting sharpness? At a time when book follows book, and each wave of impressions gives place rapidly to the next, it is not every dissertation respecting which it would be worth while to ask such questions; but Mr. Buckle is a writer of no ordinary mark and reputation, and his subject in the part of the present volume to which we have been referring is one the contemporary bearings of which are neither few nor unimportant.

At the outset of his dissertation, Mr. Buckle, with a praiseworthy desire that his readers shall from the very first understand what he is to be about, lays down that general thesis or proposition respecting the Scotch which his dissertation is to prove and illustrate. The thesis is expressed most distinctly and formally in the Analytical Table of Contents prefixed to the volume, as follows:—

"*The Scotch unite liberality in politics*
"*with illiberality in religion. This is the*
"*largest and most important fact in their*
"*history; and the rest of the volume will*
"*be occupied in investigating its causes.*"

Now, on this thesis, before proceeding farther, one may remark that it is by no means so clear as it looks. "Liberality in politics" and "Illiberality in religion" are both phrases to which different meanings may be and are attached; and it might depend on knowing which meanings Mr. Buckle had in view whether a reader already tolerably

acquainted with the Scotch and their history might not at once agree with him before reading a word more of his treatise. Thus to say that "liberality in politics" has been a characteristic of the Scotch may mean several things. It may mean that the Scotch as a nation have been always characterized by a readiness to produce and admit the most advanced ideas in matters of civil organization and government and to square their public polity in accordance with them—that their institutions have always been of the kind popularly called liberal, as having involved, relatively to other countries at the same time, both the greatest amount of equal justice and freedom to all ranks and classes, and the greatest power of action in the body of the citizens to make political changes. In this sense I do not know that any Scotchman would claim superiority for his country, or would think of putting it on a par with England—any Scotchman, at least, who knows anything of Scottish History in comparison with English; who recollects what the old Scottish constitution was, at a time when the English constitution had shaped itself fundamentally as it now is; or who has ever realized to himself that extraordinary Dundas despotism, or government by one absolute minister acting through a handful of place-holders, under which Scotland lay bound hand and foot beside a comparatively free England within the memory of persons now living, under which the most moderate Whiggism was a crime watched by the police, and under which (so rich may be the conditions of individual nurture even in a despotism) Scotland yet contrived to be cheery enough and to breed an unusual number of her best and bravest men. It can hardly be, therefore, in this sense that Mr. Buckle means that the Scotch have been "liberal in politics." They may be "liberal" in this sense now; they may always have had "liberal" thinkers in this sense among them; but "liberality in politics" in this sense is not the exact epithet of praise that one would apply to them from a survey of their history in contrast with that of England. What Mr. Buckle means by saying that the Scotch have been liberal in politics seems rather to be that they have always been characterized by a collective spirit of resistance to tyranny, by an insurrectionary spirit, or, which is the same thing in his language, by a spirit of beautiful disloyalty to any secular authority placed over them. That this is chiefly his meaning appears from various passages, but especially from one in which he notes absence of loyalty as a virtue—for such it is in his philosophy—in which the Scotch have far excelled the English. Compared with the Scotch, he says, the English must be pronounced "a meek and submissive people." Now, besides that this is a somewhat strained and unnatural meaning of the phrase "liberality in politics"—besides that the phrase "impatience in politics," or the like, would better express the virtue here ascribed to the Scotch—it would only be within certain limitations, much more precise than Mr. Buckle attempts, that any one knowing the Scotch and their history could hear *this* virtue ascribed to them without astonishment. What a patient people the Scotch are in politics, how deferential they are to anything calling itself authority, or even to mere use and wont, might be proved not only by such historical instances as have been cited, but by present facts. The Scotch at this day put up with exercises of civil authority which would rouse the most stolid English neighbourhood; whereas in England a sturdy yeoman will almost always be found to stand up for a public right of way against duke or earl and to spend his last shilling in contesting it, such a case is rare in Scotland; on the Scottish bench language is used towards individuals and respecting the press which no English judge would dare to use; you could positively, I believe, stop a Scotch ballad-singer or bill-sticker in the street by simply going up to him and saying that a gentleman—you would not require to be more particular—had forbidden ballad-singing or bill-sticking till that day fortnight. "Superstitious

attachment to their princes," which Mr. Buckle thinks is the last charge that could be brought against the Scotch, is, according to the usual reading of their history, one of the first qualities that would be set down in an inventory of their characteristics. How they clung to Charles I. as their "sweet prince" months and months after it was evident that the sweet prince was swindling them and boring English aldermen to death for money in order to invade and slay them; what asses they made of themselves with Charles II.; in what wild paroxysms they rose for the exiled Stuarts, and, when these failed, what strains of passion, still most musical in our literature, they sent after them in lament!

> "A wee bird cam to our ha' door;
> It warbled sweet and clearly,
> And aye the owercome o' its sang
> Was Wae's me for Prince Charlie!
> Oh, when I heard the bonny bonny bird,
> The tears cam drapping rarely;
> I took my bonnet off my head,
> For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie."

True, despite all this, they fought their kings; their history has been one series of insurrections and explosions against tyranny; they have been in a flame for freedom when England lay fat in lethargy; again and again they have thrown their lives and the poor all they had into a desperate cause of popular excitement. On examination, however, it will be found that these collective risings of the Scotch against tyranny have mainly been when the tyranny was of certain kinds—either foreign tyranny, or tyranny ecclesiastical. When the Scotch have roused themselves against power, it has been either to assert their national independence or to resist interference with their religion; and the occasion on which they roused themselves most famously was when both these motives came into action at once, and an English Archbishop tried to ram a Liturgy and Book of Canons down their throats and to rule Scotland ecclesiastically from Lambeth. But it is not, surely, the first of these susceptibilities of the Scotch—their intense love of national independence—that Mr. Buckle has in view when he calls them liberal in politics. It may be a noble susceptibility; but the name by which it usually goes is patriotism, and it may or may not be conjoined with a zeal for liberal institutions within the country it guards from foreign servitude. In the other susceptibility so conspicuous in the Scotch—susceptibility to interference with their religion—there may be more of what, in Mr. Buckle's sense, stands for political liberality. But then this very religious susceptibility of theirs, in which their liberality in politics, if that is the name which Mr. Buckle chooses to give to their readiness to resist authority, has so evidently had its chief root and origin, is also, it seems, on another side, the seat and habitat of the *il*liberality with which they are charged. For the negative part of Mr. Buckle's thesis respecting the Scotch is just as ambiguous as the positive part; and it so happens that in the negative part he leans to exactly that meaning of his terms from which he leant away in the positive. If national "liberality in politics" is to be understood as meaning a collective spirit of resistance to authority in civil matters, why should not national "liberality in religion" be understood to mean a collective spirit of resistance to authority in religious matters? If so, however, the Scotch must be pronounced to have been singularly liberal in religion; for interference with their religion has been always that which they would flare up in rebellion rather than put up with. But it is with *il*liberality in religion that Mr. Buckle charges them. In speaking of Scotch illiberality in religion, therefore, he must use the word "liberality" in that sort of sense in which, as we have seen, he does *not* use it when speaking of Scotch liberality in politics. He must mean that the Scotch as a nation have been characterized by an obstinate clinging to a bad and barbarous system of religious ideas, by an imperviousness to all new speculative views touching on religion, by stern bigotry and intolerance of religious difference among themselves, by

persistence beyond other nations in a set of superstitious beliefs, customs, and institutions, originating in times when men knew nothing of this orb and how regularly it wheels and generates, and cramping now to all health of human nature and all movement of human thought. In other words, when speaking of the Scotch in respect of their politics, he regards them collectively, defining their liberality as consisting in their resistance to any authority acting upon them in the mass; but, when speaking of the Scotch in respect of their religion, he regards them distributively, defining their illiberality as consisting in their stagnation internally, their intolerance of individual liberty among themselves. So far as he succeeds in avoiding this inconsistency, it is by representing the Scotch as having had two sets of masters—their sovereigns or other civil rulers, and their clergy. To the one set of masters they have been uniformly disloyal; and in this consists their liberality. To the other set of masters they have been uniformly and abjectly servile; and in this consists their illiberality. They have been tigers to their kings, but sheep to their priests. Into some such statement as this Mr. Buckle's thesis does seem to resolve itself in the text of his work. The paradox of Scottish History, the phenomenon in the Scottish character which calls for study more than any other, is, he there says, "that the people should "constantly withstand their kings and "as constantly succumb to their clergy; "that, while they are liberal in politics, "they should be illiberal in religion; "and that, as a natural consequence of "all this, men who, in the visible and "external department of facts and of "practical life, display a shrewdness "and a boldness rarely equalled, should "nevertheless, in speculative life, and "in matters of theory, tremble like "sheep before their pastors and yield "assent to every absurdity they hear, "provided their church has sanctioned "it." This, if a simple version of the thesis, is at least intelligible. Of its truth more anon; meantime one must again reclaim against a mode of expression which leaves on the mind all the confusion arising from the fact, not denied by Mr. Buckle himself, but not grappled with by him as it ought to have been before he fixed his phraseology, that what is here called the illiberality of the Scotch—*i. e.* their servility to their priests—is the identical sentiment forth from which have flashed all very conspicuous exhibitions of what is here called their liberality—*i. e.* their non-servility to their civil rulers. That sheepishness of the Scotch to their clergy for which Mr. Buckle condemns them has been, even according to his own account, but the fountain or untransmuted form of that tiger-like ferocity to their kings for which he praises them. It is Touchstone's estimate of a shepherd's life over again. "In respect of itself it is a good "life; but, in respect that it is a shep-"herd's life, it is naught. In respect "that it is solitary, I like it very well; "but, in respect that it is private, it is "a very vile life. Now, in respect it is "in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but, "in respect it is not in the court, it is "tedious. As it is a spare life, look "you, it fits my humour well; but, as "there is no more plenty in it, it goes "much against my stomach." That such a higgledy-piggledy of remarks should be presented in an elaborate work as a fully digested thesis respecting a nation was, we submit, unworthy of a clear thinker. Mr. Buckle might have retained the substance of his paradox, but solved it to himself, and rid it of its confusion to his readers, by a deeper analysis.

Accepting, however, the sort of general meaning which does emerge emphatically enough from Mr. Buckle's dissertation, let us follow him more in detail. The purpose of his dissertation, he says, is to indicate the causes of that anomaly in the Scottish character to which he has called attention and to trace the results to which the anomaly has led. It will be found that he accomplishes this task in three parts, which may be viewed separately—first, a survey of Scottish History down to the beginning of the

seventeenth century, so as to exhibit the formation of the alleged national type of character in the conditions through which the nation passed prior to that time; next, a continued survey of the history and condition of Scotland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so as to exhibit the national character in its fully-fledged state, and convey a more vivid conception of it, and especially of its bad side, to English readers of the present age; and, lastly, an examination of the Scottish intellect as represented in the most illustrious Scottish thinkers of the eighteenth century, so as to ascertain the cause why these thinkers, almost all of whom were sceptical and thorough-going men, who had made minced meat of theology in their own ruminations, produced so little effect on their fellow-countrymen, but left them to blare on into the present nineteenth century unenlightened and unabashed, still the same priest-ridden pack of intolerants, bawling clotted nonsense, that they were before. Let us view these portions of the book each by itself:—

I. *Mr. Buckle's Survey of Scottish History to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.* In the actual work this survey is distributed into two chapters —the first coming down rapidly to the end of the fourteenth century; the other, more at leisure, devoted to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Both taken together constitute Mr. Buckle's representation of the process by which the Scottish character was gradually formed into its alleged type out of the aboriginal stuff, whatever it was, that was first cast upon North Britain, to be blown on by its winds and warmed by its meagre sunshine.

Mr. Buckle has been praised for his summaries of history; but I must say I think his summary of Scottish History as far as the fifteenth century exceedingly poor. And hereby hangs a tale. Mr. Buckle is one of those who, possessed with the fine and truly stimulating idea of the possibility of a Science of History, in which the laws that govern the coexistence and the sequence of social phenomena shall be at length ascertained and expressed in distinct generalizations, similar to those which now express our conclusions in the less complex sciences of astronomy, general physics, chemistry, and biology—he is one of those, I say, who, possessed with this idea, have been insisting on its application to the art of historical writing, and have been telling us what a beggarly rigmarole of battles, names of kings, and other things edifying to no mortal, most of our historical writing has hitherto been. All this is to be rectified! As the science of history is to chase hand-to-mouth empiricism out of our practical politics, so it is to chase equally the mere rubbish of the antiquarian, the mere drivel of the moral-lesson man, and the mere paint-pot blotching of the colourist, out of our historical literature! In the histories of nations, written then as they ought to be, one will have something very different from anything that has been seen heretofore; one will have the essence and marrow of matters; one will behold generation linked with generation; one will be able to see in every fragment of bypast life an illustration and necessary portion of that vast sociological march the route of which, as well as its rate, is determined by the nature of things! We are very glad to hear it. I do not know that the importance of this idea now going about so much in the phrase "Science of History" can be overrated. Well understood, it is worth a fortune to a man; it opens up new horizons to the view of the intellect. But "*Il y a fagots et fagots*:" there is one Science of History and there is another Science of History; and much depends on whether you take up with the more difficult form of the science or the easier. In the one case you will probably plod on, not saying much about the Science of History, except on special occasions, even while your thoughts are full of it—rather oppressed with the grandeur and complexity of the speculations that press in upon you on all sides in connexion with it, and finding at least a provisional value and interest in almost everything

that any clever or careful person has thought it worth while to set down respecting any bit of life he saw or has read up from record. In the other case, you will be very impatient about particulars, very disrespectful to poor old bodies that chanced to be born before the Science of History was heard of, very narrow in your likings, and awfully cock-sure about things. I suppose there is no highly cultured man of the present day who has not had the notion of a Science of History in one shape or another lying in his head for a good many years past. Not to speak of the older expositions on the subject by Vico, Kant, and those who were contented with the phrase "Philosophy of History," it is long since people might have read and since many did read the systematic dissertation of Auguste Comte, who identified himself more with the speculation than any contemporary thinker, who claimed the nascent science as one of his own founding, christened it by the hybrid name of Sociology, and really contributed to it a mass of luminous generalizations, such as are to be found nowhere else, and the value of some of which it does not require agreement with his general philosophy to appreciate. It is too bad, then, that a sort of diluted Comtism, which is really rather late in the day, except for popular purposes, should be making its boast among us, and teaching us how to suck eggs. For, after all, when they favour us with an example of egg-sucking themselves, we do not find that the process is very different from that to which we have been accustomed, or that much more is got by it. What I mean is that, when those persons who, in their zeal for the Science of History, are always speaking with such contempt of the way in which history has been hitherto written, try their hands at a bit of history themselves, the result is not so very rich, so very different from ordinary, as might have been expected. After reading such specimens of history on the new scientific principle, one is apt to feel, at least in many cases, as the Irishman did after his experience of the luxury of a sedan-chair. They put him into the chair; but, as it had no bottom, he had to pad along on his feet in the mud all the same, with the additional difficulty of adjusting his pace to that of the carriers so as not to get his shins broken; and so his verdict at the end of the journey very naturally was that "it was a fine "contrivance, but, except for the dignity "of the thing, he would rather have "walked." Just so, after reading some specimens of history by the new patent method, one feels that, but for the dignity of the thing, a bit of hearty narration in the old style of Herodotus or Fuller or Sir Walter Scott, not to speak of such more analytical accounts of a people and their civilization as one might have from a Guizot and other modern historians, would have been more to the purpose and more really instructive. At least one would not then be shut up in a box, but might look about one to see what was to be seen. For almost all the specimens of history I have met with of that new and improved kind which is to supersede the old have seemed to me to be characterized by an extreme thinness in the historical matter—an extreme nervelessness in the presentation of facts, physiognomies and incidents, such as would take hold on the memory or flash on the mind an image of the time written about—compensated for only by two things: the occurrence here and there of a general expression, formulating in a sort of algebraic manner the supposed conflict or tendency of affairs; and a plentiful use of invective, conveying the writer's contempt for past modes of thought and action in the ratio of their distance from the present. Now, as regards generalizations in history, luminous expressions for groups of facts, he is certainly a person of deficient culture who does not value such things, who does not regard the faculty and habit of producing them as, on the whole, the best test of intellectual power in this as in other departments; but my experience is that, so far as they are not questionable, they are to be found in as abundant quantity and of as good

quality in the pages of many historians who make no fuss about them as in the essays of some of those who go about so cockily with the placard "Science of History" stuck in their hats. As regards the use of invectives, I believe the question will one day be raised whether the historical philosophers of the school now in view have any right, according to their own principles, to the use of moral epithets at all. I believe the question will be raised whether, according to their own principles, they have a right to bring into the study of history any other spirit than that of simple scientific inquisitiveness; whether they can consistently use the words "wrong" or "bad" in any other sense than as indicating the mere difference from the present which was necessarily caused by the fact of antecedence in the order of evolution; whether they have any more right to treat with moral disgust men in a state of feudalism, or in a state of subjection to priestcraft, than they have so to treat matter in a state of nebulosity, or animal life not yet burst beyond the stage of the saurians. I do not say that, when the argument comes, they will be beaten on this question; but I maintain that their philosophy requires more looking after and fortifying on this side than they seem to be at all aware of; and, meanwhile, I note it as curious that the spirit of calm and unreprobating inquisitiveness in historical matters which one might have expected in them is found rather among those who, in the respect under notice, are opposed to them.

It would be doing wrong to Mr. Buckle to say that *all* the foregoing remarks apply to him. It would be unfair to represent his philosophy as merely a variety of that diluted Comtism which is so rife now as an element of British opinion, and which is but a soured and degenerate Comtism after all — for the strange French apostle of the *Philosophie Positive*, and of Sociology as a part of it, was a man of much more large and generous views of things, as well as of infinitely greater fertility in generalization, even to the bounds of the comic, than are the most demonstrative of his disciples. Mr. Buckle is a man with a genuine and marked tone of his own, participating with Comte in certain speculations that belong to many advanced minds of our time in common, but working these speculations in a way which, if narrow, is at least English—a man whose intellectual independence and vigour his opponents are bound to respect. But much of what I have said does apply to him. Here, for example, is one passage, in which, after reiterating his general proposition as to the character of the Scottish nation, he protests against the notion that the apparent inconsistency of the two parts of that character is a real inconsistency. "In the moral world, as "in the physical world, nothing is anom-"alous, nothing is unnatural, nothing is "strange. All is order, symmetry, and "law. There are opposites, but there "are no contradictions. In the character "of a nation inconsistency is impossible. "Such, however, is the still backward "condition of the human mind, and with "so evil and jaundiced an eye do we "approach the greatest human problems "that not only common writers, but "even men from whom better things "might be hoped, are on this point "involved in constant confusion, per-"plexing themselves and their readers "by speaking of inconsistency, as if it "were a quality belonging to the subject "which they investigate, instead of being, "as it really is, a measure of their own "ignorance. It is the business of the "historian to remove this ignorance by "showing that the movements of nations "are perfectly regular, and that, like all "other movements, they are determined "solely by their antecedents. If he "cannot do this, he is no historian. He "may be an annalist, or a biographer, "or a chronicler, but higher than that "he cannot rise, unless he is imbued "with that spirit of science which "teaches, as an article of faith, the "doctrine of uniform sequence; in other "words the doctrine that, certain events "having already happened, certain other "events corresponding to them will

"also happen.[1] To seize this idea with "firmness, and to apply it on all occa- "sions, without listening to any excep- "tions, is extremely difficult; but it "must be done by whoever wishes to "elevate the study of history from its "present crude and informal state, and "do what he may towards placing it in "its proper rank as the head and chief "of all the sciences." Now, without reverting to the question how far the former portion of this extract is suicidal —how far, if two apparently contradictory facts in the character of the Scottish nation are not contradictions, but necessarily and organically related, Mr. Buckle has any right to break his mind, in contemplating them, into two parts, and to smile approvingly on the one fact, while he pursues the other with hootings—let us attend to the latter portion of the extract. After such an eloquent description of the true business of the historian, is not one entitled to look for rather better things than usual from Mr. Buckle himself when he condescends to appear as a practitioner of the historical art? Such might fairly be the expectation; but I believe that whoever entertains it, and comes to read Mr. Buckle's historical summaries, will, in most cases, be greatly disappointed.

His summary of Scottish History as far as the fifteenth century, at all events, is no very superb specimen of historiographic power. The subject was difficult, and, save to a Scotchman, not very inviting—Scotland till the time in question having been but a small and out-of-the-way corner of the earth, over which, whatever savage energy for the future may have been accumulating in it, the Muse of General History had no immediate call to hover. But, for that very reason, the subject was one affording peculiar opportunity for any special talent one might have in the art of historical representation. Now I challenge any one who knows anything of Scotland and the Scotch to say whether, in Mr. Buckle's outline of Scottish History to the fifteenth century, there is any vision, any gleam, any wink, of Scotland and the Scotch at all. The sketch is featureless, feeble, confused. A few pages of Scott's easiest slipshod, a few pages of old Barbour, or of Blind Henry, are, for the purpose of sheer science even, worth a score of it. The climatology of a country and the other sciences of its physical conditions are matters on which Mr. Buckle sets much store as laying the foundations for a true history of its civilization; but what shred of any ordinary guide-book to Scotland would not give a more distinct conception of the jagged little land, its distribution into Highlands and Lowlands, the alternate blue and grey of the skies over it, its bleak tracts of moor, its fertile straths and expanses, its inland lengths of loch, the varied totality of its features, than is here given by one who was bound by his own theory of the supreme importance of physical conditions to outdo, if possible, every one else in precise physical delineation of any country he might be treating of? At the utmost the single distinct fact respecting Scotland that emerges from Mr. Buckle's preliminary description is that it was a little country, rather barren, pre-exposed, by its geographical position, to the attacks of the Scandinavians, when that nation should come to exist. And then, when on this land he places its human inhabitants whose activity in this little area of unpromising physical conditions is to constitute Scottish history, he is equally vague. It is one of Mr. Buckle's perversities—for no other name can be given them—that he will see nothing in that doctrine of races, that conception of humanity as composed of certain breeds of men, dis-

[1] It is evident from this sentence that Mr. Buckle, like other men, can make a slip of the pen, and fail in making the passing items of his thought consistent with his main thought; for, though the annalist and chronicler might be sent to the wall without pity, the biographer ought surely to have the right of the pavement and a bit of the historian's umbrella. For Mr. Buckle cannot mean, of course, that in the lives of individuals the law of uniform sequence holds less than in the lives of nations, or that faith in that law, and rigorous recollection of it in writing, are less necessary to the biographer than to the historian.

tinguishable from each other by hereditary differences of habit and aptitude, which has now for many years been regarded by almost all our best historians as perhaps the most "luciferous" generalization imported into history, and which has recently received such curious confirmation from those speculations of Mr. Darwin which show how small differences in any particular direction may be accumulated till the sum-total amounts to a manifest variation in organism. Hence in Mr. Buckle's work there is no attempt at an ethnological construction of the Scottish nation. Of original Celts, whether Gaelic or Cymric, of Romans, of Saxons or Angles, of Scandinavians, of Normans—of these as constituent elements of a compound which would have been different had any one of the elements been omitted, we hear nothing. Reference is indeed made to the Roman invasion, to the Irish invasion, and to the Scandinavian invasions, as agencies in Scottish history —but agencies in what way? Not as colonizations, not as contributions of aught positive to a national being then in process of formation—for, what of any value could come from the Romans, "the scourges and oppressors of the world" as Mr. Buckle has now at last profoundly taken their measure, "whom "a false and ignorant sympathy has "invested with noble qualities which "they never possessed," or from the Scandinavians, now at last hit off, in all their essential characteristics, with equal precision and profundity of appreciation in the epithet "nation of pirates?"— but only as agencies of impediment and desolation, arresting what might otherwise have been. The Roman, the Irish, the Scandinavian and finally the English invasions, resulted, as far as effect on Scotland was concerned—in what? In the prevention of the rise of towns, and, consequently, of a burgher class! Magnificent! All is now plain! Scottish civilization and Scottish History are now explicable right off! In consequence of this absence of a considerable burgher-class, it necessarily befel that the chief fact in Scottish history came to be a scramble for power between two classes —a rude civil aristocracy or wrangling pack of nobles, not one of whom could write his name; and a more astute and equally ambitious clergy. Into this duality of nobles and clergy, coupled with the fact that the kings, as the national enemies of the nobles, sided rather with the clergy, Mr. Buckle resolves all the complexity of things and events in Scotland down to the end of the fourteenth century. Now it is not averred that Mr. Buckle does not here state what, with certain explanations and additions, may be taken as a fact. It is only averred that, after such preliminary heaving of the parturient mountain, with such a grand-looking matron as the Science of History present to act the part of Lucina, the birth is smaller than might have been expected. It is averred that the fact, so far as it is a fact, might have been got anywhere— in any decent summary of Scottish History extant. It is averred that the general notion of Scottish History derived from that exclusive attention to this fact which alone distingushes Mr. Buckle's dissertation from such mere ordinary summaries, is partial, poor, and insufficient—that it is as if, in answer to a request for a description of a river in the upper part of its course, we were to receive no other information than that for many miles in that part the river ran between two banks. Of course it did; it is rather a weakness of rivers in general to run between two banks; or, to speak without metaphor, one might almost express in a fixed formula the relations in which, in all European countries, the nobles, the clergy and the crown stood to each other during the time when the institution of monarchy arose out of the ruins of feudalism. By all means, if Scotland presented any peculiarities in this respect, let us have them. But to call Mr. Buckle's vague series of paragraphs, ending in his representation of all as wound up in the fact of "a coalition between the kings and the clergy against the nobles," a summary of Scottish History as far as the fifteenth century! The subject, we

repeat, is a somewhat difficult, and, save to Scotchmen themselves, not perhaps a very attractive one. To summarize Scottish History prior to the fifteenth century might seem a task worth no Englishman's while, who had anything else to do, unless perchance he should possess that rueful kind of personal interest in it which might arise from his having married a Scotchwoman and found her an insoluble problem. But, if the thing is done at all, it ought to be done rightly. To speak in the Johnsonian manner, much of the potentiality of Scotland, of her entire outfit and capability for the future, had been acquired prior to the fifteenth century. The Reformation and Calvinistic Theology, with its accompaniment of Presbyterianism, had to come; but the substratum of the national character, on which these agencies were to work, and which they had to modify, was already there. The Scotchman of the fifteenth century was as distinctly-marked a being as the Scotchman of any subsequent time—as dolichokephalic, with as high cheek-bones, as perfervid, as opinionative, as fond of his country, and as ready to roam from it for philanthropic reasons. To the production of this type of national character, and of all that stood connected with it as part of the general condition of Scotland at that time, many and various agencies had contributed, some of which had been in operation while yet the Roman Empire existed, others of which had come into action during the period of the disintegration of that Empire by the Gothic race, others belonged to the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages, and others to the centuries immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest of England. Among the more remote and hitherto less-appreciated of these agencies may be mentioned such as the following:—the peculiar original mixture of races in Scotland, and, especially, the mixture of the Celtic and Teutonic ingredients in proportions and after a manner different from what took place in England, one curious result of which was that a Celtic dynasty and a Celtic sentiment and tradition of nationality survived at the heart of the nation after its working strength and the bulk of its conscious life were Teutonic; the antecedence of Culdee Christianity to Roman Catholic Christianity in its religious history; the remarkable concentration of Scandinavian enterprize and colonization on the northern parts of Scotland; the immigration of Norman families into Scotland, by extension from England after the Norman Conquest, and the importation with them of new customs and institutions, and of family interests connecting the aristocracies of the two countries so as to cause difficulties in the matter of allegiance; a mediæval trade between Scottish towns of the East Coast and the Hanse towns of the Continent; the separation of the total population of Scotland, notwithstanding certain common traditions, into two portions so distinct and so mutually hostile as the English-speaking Lowlanders and the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. Whenever a real Science of History shall have leisure to apply itself to the investigation of the life of Scotland prior to the fifteenth century, it will have to take account of such agencies as these, and, as the scientific phrase is, to "co-ordinate" their result. There have been attempts of the kind already. Mr. Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*, published more than twenty years ago, is a work not only of more accurate knowledge, but also of far greater ingenuity, far more exquisite historical science, than there is any gleam of in Mr. Buckle's summary; and Mr. Innes is at present publishing illustrations of early Scottish History, which show that the material for a proper science of the subject is not yet exhausted. But, apart from any investigation, still possible, of the more remote and obscure agencies in Scottish civilization and the formation of the Scottish national character, popular tradition itself might have helped Mr. Buckle to much that would have enriched his exposition, and prevented him from offering such a wretched fact as the antagonism between the nobles and the clergy of Scotland

at the beginning of the fifteenth century as any approach to the substance of Scottish society even in those rude old times. It is not for nothing that the memory of the Scotch and all their popular literature of legend to this day revert so earnestly and pointedly to the year 1286, when their King Alexander fell from his horse at Kinghorn and the realm was left kingless, as an epoch of supreme importance in their national history. It was the long struggle for national independence which followed that event, and of which Wallace and Bruce are the heroes, that wrought the national temperament into the form which it retained essentially intact till the time of Knox, and that determined the entire tenor of Scotland's future relations to England. The result of that struggle was that the truly politic and able scheme of the first English Edward for the incorporation of the whole island into one monarchy was baffled and frustrated, and that—in accordance with the intention of a power higher than Edward's, and involving, as it proved, a deeper policy in the long run and a more splendid good to all—there remained one obstinate bit of the island which was not English, would not be English, would ally itself with France rather than submit to England, would at all hazards conserve its small autonomy until such time as it could unite with England on equal terms and have those terms registered publicly and honourably.

I should have liked to complete my review of Mr. Buckle's dissertation in one number. Here, however, for the present I must stop—reserving for another number my examination of his continued sketch of Scottish History during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including his account of the Scottish Reformation; also some criticism on his representation of the state of Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and on that peculiar analysis of the Scottish intellect by which, in his last chapter, he tries to account for the alleged fact that the great Scottish thinkers of the last century produced no effect on their fellow-countrymen, and that, notwithstanding such a series of thinkers, Scotland remains at this day the same sink of superstition and fanaticism that it was two hundred years ago. In parts of what I thus reserve I shall have to speak as severely as I have had to do in the present paper; but, as I shall also have just occasion in other parts for higher praise than I have yet been able to give, it is the more incumbent that I should not let this paper go forth without a strong acknowledgment of my sense of Mr. Buckle's very great merits. In two respects, it seems to me, he deserves the honour of real distinction among his literary contemporaries. In the first place, though not a rich thinker—though rather a man of three or four ideas which he uses as a constant and prong-like apparatus than a man of fertile invention from moment to moment—yet he is a thinker, and a thinker of real force. All that he writes is vertebrate, if one may so express it, with some distinct proportion or other, true or false; and there is consequently the same kind of pleasure in reading anything he writes that there is in reading a dissertation by Mr. John Stuart Mill, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or others of that select class. In the second place, he is characterized, in a singular degree, by moral fearlessness, by a boldness in speaking right out whatever he thinks. This is a quality that has been recently much needed in our literature; and I believe that the present exercise of it in so conspicuous a manner upon Scotland and the Scotch will do much good. In much that he says as to the present state of Scotland, Mr. Buckle is as ludicrously ignorant and as grossly unjust as in his representations of the past history of the country; nevertheless there is a vein of truth in what he says, and Scotland has been in want of some such rousing. I shall hope to speak plainly and candidly in this matter.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE END.

"My dear Katie,

"I know you will be very much pained when you read this letter. You two have been my only confidantes, and you have always kept me up, and encouraged me to hope that all would come right. And after all that happened last week, Patty's marriage, and your engagement—the two things upon earth, with one exception, that I most wished for—I quite felt that my own turn was coming. I can't tell why I had such a strong feeling about it, but somehow all the most important changes in my life for the last four years have been so interwoven with Patty and Harry Winburn's history that, now they were married, I was sure something would happen to me as soon as I came to London. And, indeed, it has. Dear Katie, I can hardly bring myself to write it. It is all over. I met her in the street to-day; she was riding with her father and the man I told you about. They had to pull up not to ride over me; so I had a good look at her, and there can be no mistake about it. I have often tried to reason myself into the belief that the evil day must come sooner or later, and to prepare myself for it; but I might have spared myself, for it could not have been worse than it is if I had never anticipated it. My future is all a blank now. I can't stay in England; so I have written home to ask them to let me go to New Zealand with East, and I am sure they will consent, when they know all.

"I shall wait in town till I get the answer. Perhaps I may be able to get off with East in a few weeks. The sooner the better; but, of course, I shall not go without seeing you and dear old Jack. You mustn't mind me calling him Jack. The only thing that it gives me any pleasure to think about, is your engagement. It is so right; and one wants to see something going right, some one getting their due, to keep alive one's belief in justice being done somehow or another in the world. And I do see it, and acknowledge it, when I think over his history and mine since we first met. We have both got our due; and you have got yours, Katie, for you have got the best fellow in England.

"Ah, if I only could think that she has got hers! If I could only believe that the man she has chosen is worthy of her! I will try hard to think better of him. There must be more good in him than I have ever seen, or she would never have engaged herself to him. But I can't bear to stop here, and see it all going on. The sooner I am out of England the better. I send you a parcel with this; it contains her notes, and some old flowers, and other matters which I haven't the heart to burn. You will be the best judge what should be done with them. If you see your way to managing it, I should like her to know that I had sent them all to you, and that, whatever may happen to me hereafter, my love for her has been the mainstay and the guiding-star of my life ever since that happy time when you all came to stay with us in my first long vacation. It found me eaten up with selfishness and conceit, the puppet of my own lusts and vanities, and has left me—Well, never mind what it has left me. At any rate, if I have not gone from worse to worse, it is all owing to her; and she ought to know it. It cannot be wrong to let her know what good she has scattered unknowingly about her path. May God bless and reward her for it, and you too, dear cousin, for all your long love and kind-

ness to one who is very unworthy of, but very thankful for, them.—Ever yours, affectionately,

"T. B."

The above letter, and that to his father, asking for leave to emigrate, having been written and sent off, Tom was left, on the afternoon of the day following his upset, making manful, if not very successful, efforts to shake off the load of depression which weighed on him, and to turn his thoughts resolutely forward to a new life in a new country. East was away at the docks. There was no one moving in the Temple. The men who had business were all at Westminster, or out of sight and hearing in the recesses of their chambers. Those who had none were for the most part away enjoying themselves, in one way or another, amongst the mighty whirl of the mighty human sea of London. There was nothing left for him to do; he had written the only two letters he had to write, and had only to sit still and wait for the answers, killing the mean time as well as he could. Reading came hard to him, but it was the best thing to do perhaps; at any rate he was trying it on, though his studies were constantly interrupted by long fits of absence of mind, during which, though his body remained in the Temple, he was again in the well-kept garden of Barton, or in the hazel wood under the lea of the Berkshire hills.

He was roused out of one of these reveries, and brought back to external life and Fig-tree Court, by a single knock at the outer door, and a shout of the newsman's boy for the paper. So he got up, found the paper, which he had forgotten to read, and, as he went to the door, cast his eye on it, and saw that a great match was going on at Lords'. This gave a new turn to his thoughts. He stood looking downstairs after the boy, and considering whether he should not start at once for the match.

He would be sure to see a lot of acquaintance there at any rate. But the idea of seeing and having to talk to mere acquaintance was more distasteful than his present solitude. He was turning to bury himself again in his hole, when he saw a white dog walk quietly up seven or eight stairs at the bottom of the flight, and then turn round, and look for some one to follow.

"How odd!" thought Tom, as he watched him; "as like as two peas. It can't be. No. Why, yes it is." And then he whistled, and called "Jack," and the dog looked up, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "All right, I'm coming directly; but I must wait for my master." The next moment Drysdale appeared at the bottom of the stairs, and, looking up, said—

"Oh! that's you, is it? I'm all right then. So you knew the old dog?"

"I should rather think so," said Tom. "I hope I never forget a dog or a horse I have once known."

In the short minute which Drysdale and Jack took to arrive at his landing, Tom had time for a rush of old college memories, in which grave and gay, pleasant and bitter, were strangely mingled. The night when he had been first brought to his senses about Patty came up very vividly before him, and the commemoration days, when he had last seen Drysdale. "How strange!" he thought; "is my old life coming back again just now? Here, on the very day after it is all over, comes back the man with whom I was so intimate up to the day it began, and have never seen since. What does it mean?"

There was a little touch of embarrassment in the manner of both of them as they shook hands at the top of the stairs, and turned into the chambers. Tom motioned to Jack to take his old place at one end of the sofa, and began caressing him there, the dog showing unmistakably, by gesture and whine, that delight at renewing an old friendship for which his race are so nobly distinguished. Drysdale threw himself down in an arm-chair, and watched them.

"So you knew the old dog, Brown?" he repeated.

"Knew him?—of course I did. Dear old Jack! How well he wears; he is scarcely altered at all."

"Very little; only steadier. More than I can say for his master. I'm very glad you knew Jack."

"Come, Drysdale, take the other end of the sofa, or it won't look like old times. There, now I can fancy myself back at St. Ambrose's."

"By Jove, Brown, you're the right sort. I always said so, even after that last letter. You pitched it rather too strong in that though. I was very near coming back from Norway to quarrel with you."

"Well, I was very angry at being left in the lurch by you and Blake."

"You got the coin all right, I suppose? You never acknowledged it."

"Didn't I? Then I ought to have. Yes, I got it all right about six months afterwards. I ought to have acknowledged it, and I thought I had. I'm sorry I didn't. Now we're all quits, and won't talk any more about that rascally bill."

"I suppose I may light up," said Drysdale, dropping into his old lounging attitude on the sofa, and pulling out his cigar-case.

"Yes, of course. Will you have anything?"

"A cool drink wouldn't be amiss."

"They make a nice tankard with cider and a lump of ice at the Rainbow. What do you say to that?"

"It sounds touching," said Drysdale. So Tom posted off to Fleet Street to order the liquor, and came back followed by a waiter with the tankard. Drysdale took a long pull, and smacked his lips.

"That's a wrinkle," he said, handing the tankard to Tom. "I suppose the lawyers teach all the publicans about here a trick or two. Why, one can fancy oneself back in the old Quad looking out on this court. If it weren't such an outlandish out-of-the-way place, I think I should take some chambers here myself. How did you get here?"

"Oh, they belong to a friend of mine who is away. But how did *you* get here?"

"Why, along the Strand in a Hansom."

"I mean, how did you know I was here?"

"Grey told me."

"What! Grey who was at St. Ambrose's with us?"

"Yes. You look puzzled."

"I didn't think you knew Grey."

"No more I do. But a stout old party I met last night—your godfather, I should think he is—told me where he was, and said I should get your address from him. So I looked him up this morning, in that dog-hole in Westminster where he lives. He didn't know Jack from Adam."

"But what in the world do you mean by my godfather?"

"I had better tell my story from the beginning I see. Last night I did what I don't often do, went out to a great drum. There was an awful crush of course, and you may guess what the heat was in these dog-days, with gas-lights and wax-lights going, and a jam of people in every corner. I was fool enough to get into the rooms, so that my retreat was cut off; and I had to work right through, and got at last into a back room, which was not so full. The window was in a recess, and there was a balcony outside, looking over a little bit of garden. I got into the balcony, talking with a girl who was sensible enough to like the cool. Presently I heard a voice I thought I knew inside. Then I heard St. Ambrose, and then your name. Of course I listened; I couldn't help myself. They were just inside the window, in the recess, not five feet from us; so I heard pretty nearly every word. Give us the tankard; I'm as dry as an ash heap with talking."

Tom, scarcely able to control his impatience, handed the tankard. "But who was it?—you haven't told me," he said, as Drysdale put it down at last empty.

"Why, that d——d St. Cloud. He was giving you a nice character, in a sort of sneaking deprecatory way, as if he was sorry for it. Amongst other little tales, he said you used to borrow money from Jews—he knew it for a certainty because he had been asked himself to join you and another man, meaning me, of course, in such a transaction. You remember how he wouldn't acknowledge

the money I lent him at play, and the note he wrote me which upset Blake so. I had never forgotten it. I knew I should get my chance some day, and here it was. I don't know what the girl thought of me, or how she got out of the balcony, but I stepped into the recess just as he had finished his precious story, and landed between him and a comfortable old boy, who was looking shocked. He *must* be your godfather, or something of the kind. I'll bet you a pony you are down for something handsome in his will."

"What was his name? Did you find out?"

"Yes; Potter, or Porter, or something like it. I've got his card somewhere. I just stared St. Cloud in the face, and you may depend upon it he winced. Then I told the old boy that I had heard their talk, and, as I was at St. Ambrose with you, I should like to have five minutes with him when St. Cloud had done. He seemed rather in a corner between us. However, I kept in sight till St. Cloud was obliged to draw off; and, to cut my story short as the tankard is empty, I think I put you pretty straight there. You said we were quits just now: after last night, perhaps we are, for I told him the truth of the Benjamin story, and I think he is squared. He seems a good sort of old boy. He's a relation of yours, eh?"

"Only a distant connexion. Did anything more happen?"

"Yes; I saw that he was flurried and didn't know quite what to think; so I asked him to let me call, and I would bring him some one else to speak to your character. He gave me his card, and I'm going to take Blake there to-day. Then I asked him where you were, and he didn't know, but said he thought Grey could tell me."

"It is very kind of you, Drysdale, to take so much trouble."

"Trouble! I'd go from here to Jericho to be even with our fine friend. I never forget a bad turn. I met him afterwards in the cloak-room, and went out of the door close after him, to give him a chance if he wants to say anything. I only wish he would. But why do you suppose he is lying about you?"

"I can't tell. I've never spoken to him since he left Oxford. Never saw him till yesterday, riding with Mr. Porter. I suppose that reminded them of me."

"Well, St. Cloud is bent on getting round him for some reason or another; you may take your oath of that. Now my time's up; I shall go and pick up Blake. I should think I had better not take Jack to call in Eaton Square, though he'd give you a good character if he could speak; wouldn't you Jack?"

Jack wagged his tail, and descended from the sofa.

"Does Blake live up here? What is he doing?"

"Burning the candle at both ends, and in the middle, as usual. Yes, he's living near his club. He writes political articles, devilish well I hear too, and is reading for the bar; besides which he is getting into society, and going out whenever he can, and fretting his soul out that he isn't prime minister, or something of the kind. He won't last long at the pace he's going."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. But you'll come here again, Drysdale; or let me come and see you. I shall be very anxious to hear what has happened."

"Here's my pasteboard; I shall be in town for another fortnight. Drop in when you like."

And so Drysdale and Jack went off leaving Tom in a chaotic state of mind All his old hopes were roused again as he thought over Drysdale's narrative. He could no longer sit still; so he rushed out, and walked up and down the river-side walk, in the Temple gardens, where a fine breeze was blowing, at a pace which astonished the gate-keepers and the nursery-maids and children, who were taking the air in that favourite spot. Once or twice he returned to chambers, and at last found East reposing after his excursion to the docks.

East's quick eye saw at once that something had happened; and he had very soon heard the whole story; upon

which he deliberated for some minutes, and rejoiced Tom's heart by saying: "Ah! all up with New Zealand, I see. I shall be introduced after all, before we start. Come along; I must stand you a dinner on the strength of the good news, and we'll drink her health."

Tom called twice that evening at Drysdale's lodgings, but he was out. The next morning he called again. Drysdale had gone to Hampton Court races, and had left no message. He left a note for him, but got no answer. It was trying work. Another day passed without any word from Drysdale, who seemed never to be at home; and no answer to either of his letters. On the third morning he heard from his father. It was just the answer which he had expected—as kind a letter as could be written. Mr. Brown had suspected how matters stood at one time, but had given up the idea in consequence of Tom's silence; which he regretted, as possibly things might have happened otherwise had he known the state of the case. It was too late now, however; and the less said the better about what might have been. As to New Zealand, he should not oppose Tom's going, if, after some time, he continued in his present mind. It was very natural for him just now to wish to go. They would talk it over as soon as Tom came home; which Mr. Brown begged him to do at once, or, at any rate, as soon as he had seen his friend off. Home was the best place for him.

Tom sighed as he folded it up; the hopes of the last three days seemed to be fading away. He spent another restless day; and by night had persuaded himself that Drysdale's mission had been a complete failure, and that he did not write out of kindness to him.

"Why, Tom, old fellow, you look as down in the mouth as ever to-night," East said, when Tom opened the door for him about midnight, on his return from his club; "cheer up; you may depend it's all to go right."

"But I haven't seen Drysdale again, and he hasn't written."

"There's nothing in that. He was glad enough to do you a good turn, I dare say, when it came in his way, but that sort of fellow never can keep anything up. He has been too much used to having his own way, and following his own fancies. Don't you lose heart because he won't put himself out for you."

"Well, Harry, you are the best fellow in the world. You would put backbone into any one."

"Now, we'll just have a quiet cheroot, and then turn in; and see if you don't have good news to-morrow. How hot it is; the Strand to-night is as hot as the Punjaub, and the reek of it—phah! my throat is full of it still."

East took off his coat, and was just throwing it on a chair, when he stopped, and, feeling in the pocket, said,—

"Let's see, here's a note for you. The porter gave it me as I knocked in."

Tom took it carelessly, but the next moment was tearing it open with trembling fingers. "From my cousin," he said. East watched him read, and saw the blood rush to his face, and the light come into his eyes.

"Good news, Tom, I see. Bravo, old boy. You've had a long fight for it, and deserve to win."

Tom got up, tossed the note across the table, and began walking up and down the room; his heart was too full for speech.

"May I read?" said East, looking up.

Tom nodded, and he read,—

"DEAR TOM,—I am come to town to spend a week with them in Eaton Square. Call on me to-morrow at twelve, or, if you are engaged then, from three to five. I have no time to add more now, but long to see you.—Your loving cousin,

"KATIE.

"P.S.—I will give you your parcel back to-morrow, and then you can *burn* the contents yourself, or do what you like with them. Uncle bids me say he shall be glad if you will come and dine to-morrow, and any other day you can spare while I am here."

When he had read the note, East got up and shook hands heartily with Tom,

and then sat down again quietly to finish his cheroot, watching with a humorous look his friend's march.

"And you think it is really all right now?" Tom asked, in one form or another, after every few turns; and East replied in various forms of chaffing assurance that there could not be much further question on the point. At last, when he had finished his cheroot, he got up, and, taking his candle, said, "Good night, Tom; when that revolution comes, which you're always predicting, remember, if you're not shot or hung, you'll always find a roost for you and your wife in New Zealand."

"I don't feel so sure about the revolution now, Harry."

"Of course you don't. Mind, I bargain for the dinner in Eaton Square. I always told you I should dine there before I started."

* * * * *

The next day Tom found that he was not engaged at twelve o'clock, and was able to appear in Eaton Square. He was shown up into the drawing-room, and found Katie alone there. The quiet and coolness of the darkened room was most grateful to him after the glare of the streets, as he sat down by her side.

"But, Katie," he said, as soon as the first salutations and congratulations had passed, "how did it all happen? I can't believe my senses yet. I am afraid I may wake up any minute."

"Well, it was chiefly owing to two lucky coincidences; though no doubt it would have all come right in time without them."

"Our meeting the other day in the street, I suppose, for one?"

"Yes. Coming across you so suddenly, carrying the little girl, reminded Mary of the day when she sprained her ankle, and you carried her through Hazel Copse. Ah, you never told me all of that adventure, either of you."

"All that was necessary, Katie."

"Oh! I have pardoned you. Uncle saw then that she was very much moved at something, and guessed well enough what it was. He is so very kind, and so fond of Mary, he would do anything in the world that she wished. She was quite unwell that evening; so he and aunt had to go out alone, and they met that Mr. St. Cloud at a party, who was said to be engaged to her."

"It wasn't true, then?"

"No, never. He is a very designing man, though I believe he was really in love with poor Mary. At any rate he has persecuted her for more than a year. And, it is very wicked, but I am afraid he spread all those reports himself."

"Of their engagement? Just like him!"

"Uncle is so good-natured, you know; and he took advantage of it, and was always coming here, and riding with them. And he had made uncle believe dreadful stories about you, which made him seem so unkind. He was quite afraid to have you at the house."

"Yes, I saw that last year; and the second coincidence?"

"It happened that very night. Poor uncle was very much troubled what to do; so, when he met Mr. St. Cloud, as I told you, he took him aside to ask him again about you. Somehow, a gentleman who was a friend of yours at Oxford overheard what was said, and came forward and explained everything."

"Yes, he came and told me."

"Then you know more than I about it."

"And you think Mr. Porter is convinced that I am not quite such a scamp after all?"

"Yes, indeed; and the boys are so delighted that they will see you again. They are at home for the holidays, and so grown."

"And Mary?"

"She is very well. You will see her before long, I dare say."

"Is she at home?"

"She is out riding with uncle. Now I will go up and get your parcel, which I had opened at home before I got aunt's note asking me here. No wonder we could never find her boot."

Katie disappeared, and at the same time Tom thought he heard the sound of horses' feet. Yes, and they have stopped too; it must be Mary and her father.

He could not see, because of the blinds and other devices for keeping the room cool. But the next moment there were voices in the hall below, and then a light step on the carpeted stair which no ear but his could have heard. His heart beat with heavy, painful pulsations, and his head swam as the door opened, and Mary in her riding-habit stood in the room.

CHAPTER L.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

Our curtain must rise once again, and it shall be on a familiar spot. Once more we must place ourselves on the Hawk's Lynch, and look out over the well-known view, and the happy autumn fields, ripe with the golden harvest. Two people are approaching on horse-back from the Barton side, who have been made one since we left them at the fall of the curtain in the last chapter. They ride lovingly together, close to one another, and forgetful of the whole world, as they should do, for they have scarcely come to the end of their honeymoon.

They are in country costume—she in a light plain habit, but well cut, and sitting on her as well as she sits on her dainty grey; he in shooting-coat and wide-awake, with his fishing basket slung over his shoulder. They come steadily up the hill-side, rousing a yellow-hammer here and there from the furze bushes, and only draw bit when they have reached the very top of the knoll. Then they dismount, and Tom produces two halters from his fishing basket, and, taking off the bridles, fastens the horses up in the shade of the fir-trees, and loosens their girths, while Mary, after searching in the basket, pulls out a bag, and pours out a prodigal feed of corn before each of them, on the short grass.

"What are you doing, you wasteful little woman? You should have put the bag underneath. They won't be able to pick up half the corn."

"Never mind, dear; then the birds will get in."

"And you have given them enough for three feeds."

"Why did you put so much in the bag? Besides, you know it is the last feed I shall give her. Poor dear little Gipsy," she added, patting the neck of her dapple grey; "you have found a kind mistress for her, dear; haven't you?"

"Yes; she will be lightly worked and well cared for," he said shortly, turning away, and busying himself with the basket again.

"But no one will ever love you, Gipsy, like your old mistress. Now give me a kiss, and you shall have your treat," and she pulled a piece of sugar out of the pocket of her riding habit; at the sight of which the grey held out her beautiful nose to be fondled, and then lapped up the sugar with eager lips from Mary's hand, and turned to her corn.

The young wife tripped across, and sat down near her husband, who was laying out their luncheon on the turf. "It was very dear of you to think of coming here for our last ride," she said. "I remember how charmed I was with the place the first Sunday I ever spent at Englebourn, when Katie brought me up here directly after breakfast, before we went to the school. Such a time ago it seems—before I ever saw you. And I have never been here since. But I love it most for your sake, dear. Now tell me again all the times you have been here."

Tom proceeded to recount some of his visits to the Hawk's Lynch, in which we have accompanied him. And then they talked on about Katie, and East, and the Englebourn people, past and present, old Betty, and Harry and his wife in New Zealand, and David patching coats and tending bees, and executing the Queen's justice to the best of his ability in the village at their feet.

"Poor David, I must get over somehow to see him before we leave home. He feels your uncle's death, and the other changes in the parish, more than any one."

"I am so sorry the living was sold," said Mary; "Katie and her husband would have made Englebourn into a little paradise."

"It could not be helped, dear. I

can't say I'm sorry. There would not have been work enough for him. He is better where he is, in a great town-parish."

"But Katie did love the place so, and was so used to it; she had become quite a little queen there before her marriage. See what we women have to give up for you," she said, playfully, turning to him. But a shadow passed over his face, and he looked away without answering.

"What makes you look sorrowful, dear? What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"That isn't true. Now, tell me what it is. You have no right, you know, to keep anything from me."

"I can't bear to think of you having had to sell Gipsy. You have never been without a riding horse till now. You will miss your riding dreadfully, I am sure, dear."

"I shall do very well without riding. I am so proud of learning my lesson from you. You will see what a poor man's wife I shall make. I have been getting mamma to let me do the housekeeping, and know how a joint should look, and all sorts of useful things. And I have made my own house-linen. I shall soon get to hate all luxuries as much as you do."

"Now, Mary, you mustn't run into extremes. I never said you ought to hate all luxuries, but that almost everybody one knows is a slave to them."

"Well, and I hate anything that wants to make a slave of me."

"You are a dear little free woman. But, now we are on this subject again, Mary, I really want to speak to you about keeping a lady's maid. We can quite afford it, and you ought to have one."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Not to oblige me, Mary?"

"No, not even to oblige you. There is something to be said for dear Gipsy. But, take a maid again! to do nothing but torment me, and pretend to take care of my clothes, and my hair! I never knew what freedom was till I got rid of poor, foolish, grumbling Higgins."

"But you may get a nice girl who will be a comfort to you."

"No, I never will have a woman again to do nothing but look after me. It is'nt fair to them. Besides, dear, you can't say that I don't look better since I have done my own hair. Did you ever see it look brighter than it does now?"

"Never; and now here is luncheon all ready." So they sat down on the verge of the slope, and ate their cold chicken and tongue, with the relish imparted by youth, a long ride, and the bracing air.

Mary was merrier and brighter than ever, but it was an effort with him to respond; and soon she began to notice this, and then there was a pause, which she broke at last with something of an effort.

"What makes you look so serious, now? I must know."

"Was I looking serious? I beg your pardon, dearest, and I won't do so again any more;" and he smiled as he answered, but the smile faded away before her steady, loving gaze, and he turned slightly from her, and looked out over the vale below.

She watched him for a short time in silence, her own fair young face changing like a summer sea as the light clouds pass over it. Presently she seemed to have come to some decision; for, taking off her riding hat, she threw it and her whip, and gauntlets, on the turf beside her, and, drawing nearer to his side, laid her hand on his. He looked at her fondly, and, stroking her hair, said—

"Take care of your complexion, Mary."

"Oh, it will take care of itself in this air, dear. Besides, you are between me and the sun; and now you must tell me why you look so serious. It is not the first time I have noticed that look. I am your wife, you know, and I have a right to know your thoughts, and to share all your joy, and all your sorrow. I do not mean to give up any of my rights which I got by marrying you."

"Your rights, dearest! your poor little rights, which you have gained by changing name, and plighting troth. It

is thinking of that—thinking of what you have bought, and the price you have paid for it, which makes me sad at times; even when you are sitting by me, and laying your hand on my hand, and the sweet burden of your pure life and being on my soiled and baffled manhood."

"But it was my own bargain, you know, dear, and I am satisfied with my purchase. I paid the price with my eyes open."

"Ah, if I could only feel that!"

"But you know that it is true."

"No, dearest, that is the pinch. I do not know that it is true. I often feel that it is just not a bit true. It was a one-sided bargain, in which one of the parties had eyes open and got all the advantage; and that party was I."

"I will not have you so conceited," she said, patting his hand once or twice, and looking more bravely than ever up into his eyes. "Why should you think you were so much the cleverer of the two as to get all the good out of our bargain? I am not going to allow that you were so much the most quick-witted and clear-sighted. Women are said to be as quick-witted as men. Perhaps it is not I who have been outwitted after all."

"Look at the cost, Mary. Think of what you will have to give up. You cannot reckon it up yet."

"What! you are going back to the riding-horses and lady's-maid again. I thought I had convinced you on those points."

"They are only a very little part of the price. You have left a home where everybody loved you. You knew it; you were sure of it. You had felt their love ever since you could remember anything."

"Yes, dear, and I feel it still. They will be all just as fond of me at home, though I am your wife."

"At home! It is no longer your home."

"No, I have a home of my own now. A new home, with new love there to live on; and an old home, with the old love to think of."

"A new home instead of an old one; a poor home instead of a rich one—a home where the cry of the sorrow and suffering of the world will reach you, for one in which you had——"

"In which I had not you, dear. There now, that was my purchase. I set my mind on having you—buying you, as that is your word. I have paid my price, and got my bargain, and—you know, I was always an oddity, and rather wilful—am content with it."

"Yes, Mary, you have bought me, and you little know, dearest, what you have bought. I can scarcely bear my own selfishness at times when I think of what your life might have been had I left you alone, and what it must be with me."

"And what might it have been, dear?"

"Why you might have married some man with plenty of money, who could have given you everything to which you have been used."

"I shall begin to think that you believe in luxuries, after all, if you go on making so much of them. You must not go on preaching one thing and practising another. I am a convert to your preaching, and believe in the misery of multiplying artificial wants. Your wife must have none."

"Yes, but wealth and position are not to be despised. I feel that, now that it is all done past recall, and I have to think of you. But the loss of them is a mere nothing to what you will have to go through."

"What do you mean, dear? Of course we must expect some troubles, like other people."

"Why, I mean, Mary, that you might, at least, have married a contented man; some one who found the world a very good world, and was satisfied with things as they are, and had light enough to steer himself by; and not a fellow like me, full of all manner of doubts and perplexities, who sees little but wrong in the world about him, and more in himself."

"You think I should have been more comfortable?"

"Yes, more comfortable and happier. What right had I to bring my worries on you? For I know you can't live with me, dearest, and not be bothered and annoyed when I am anxious and dissatisfied."

"But what if I did not marry you to be comfortable?"

"My darling, you never thought about it, and I was too selfish to think for you."

"There now, you see, it is just as I said."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that you are quite wrong in thinking that I have been deceived. I did not marry you, dear, to be comfortable—and I did think it all over; ay, over and over again. So you are not to run away with the belief that you have taken me in."

"I shall be glad enough to give it up, dearest, if you can convince me."

"Then you will listen while I explain?"

"Yes, with all my ears and all my heart."

"You remember the year that we met, when we danced and went nutting together, a thoughtless boy and girl—"

"Remember it! Have I ever—"

"You are not to interrupt. Of course you remember it all, and are ready to tell me that you loved me the first moment you saw me at the window in High-street. Well, perhaps I shall not object to be told it at a proper time, but now I am making my confessions. I liked you then, because you were Katie's cousin, and almost my first partner, and were never tired of dancing, and were generally merry and pleasant, though you sometimes took to lecturing, even in those days."

"But, Mary—"

"You are to be silent now, and listen. I liked you then. But you are not to look conceited and flatter yourself. It was only a girl's fancy. I couldn't have married you then—given myself up to you. No, I don't think I could, even on the night when you fished for me out of the window with the heather and heliotrope, though I kept them and have them still. And then came that scene down below, at old Simon's cottage, and I thought I should never wish to see you again. And then I came out in London, and went abroad. I scarcely heard of you again for a year, for Katie hardly ever mentioned you in her letters; and, though I sometimes wished that she would, and thought I should just like to know what you were doing, I was too proud to ask. Meantime I went out and enjoyed myself, and had a great many pretty things said to me—much prettier things than you ever said—and made the acquaintance of pleasant young men, friends of papa and mamma; many of them with good establishments too. But I shall not tell you anything more about them, or you will be going off about the luxuries I have been used to. Then I began to hear of you again. Katie came to stay with us, and I met some of your Oxford friends. Poor dear Katie! she was full of you and your wild sayings and doings, half-frightened and half-pleased, but all the time the best and truest friend you ever had. Some of the rest were not friends at all; and I have heard many a sneer and unkind word, and stories of your monstrous speeches and habits. Some said you were mad; others that you liked to be eccentric; that you couldn't bear to live with your equals; that you sought the society of your inferiors to be flattered. I listened, and thought it all over, and, being wilful and eccentric myself, you know, liked more and more to hear about you, and hoped I should see you again some day. I was curious to judge for myself whether you were much changed for the better or the worse. And at last came the day when I saw you again, carrying the poor lame child; and, after that, you know what happened. So here we are, dear, and you are my husband. And you will please never to look serious again, from any foolish thought that I have been taken in; that I did not know what I was about when I took you 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part.' Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing; but a great deal for you. I see more and more, my darling, what a brave, generous, pitying angel I have tied to myself. But seeing that makes me despise myself more."

"What! you are going to dare to disobey me already?"

"I can't help it, dearest. All you say shows me more and more that you have made all the sacrifice, and I am to get all the benefit. A man like me has no right to bring such a woman as you under his burthen."

"But you couldn't help yourself. It was because you were out of sorts with the world, smarting with the wrongs you saw on every side, struggling after something better and higher, and siding and sympathizing with the poor and weak, that I loved you. We should never have been here, dear, if you had been a young gentleman satisfied with himself and the world, and likely to get on well in society."

"Ah, Mary, it is all very well for a man. It is a man's business. But why is a woman's life to be made wretched? Why should you be dragged into all my perplexities, and doubts, and dreams, and struggles?"

"And why should I not?"

"Life should be all bright and beautiful to a woman. It is every man's duty to shield her from all that can vex, or pain, or soil."

"But have women different souls from men?"

"God forbid!"

"Then are we not fit to share your highest hopes?"

"To share our highest hopes! Yes, when we have any. But the mire and clay where one sticks fast over and over again, with no high hopes or high anything else in sight—a man must be a selfish brute to bring one he pretends to love into all that."

"Now, Tom," she said almost solemnly, "you are not true to yourself. Would you part with your own deepest convictions? Would you, if you could, go back to the time when you cared for and thought about none of these things?"

He thought a minute, and then, pressing her hand, said—

"No, dearest, I would not. The consciousness of the darkness in one and around one brings the longing for light. And then the light dawns; through mist and fog, perhaps, but enough to pick one's way by." He stopped a moment, and then added, "and shines ever brighter unto the perfect day. Yes, I begin to know it."

"Then why not put me on your own level? Why not let me pick my way by your side? Cannot a woman feel the wrongs that are going on in the world? Cannot she long to see them set right, and pray that they may be set right? We are not meant to sit in fine silks, and look pretty, and spend money, any more than you are meant to make it, and cry peace where there is no peace. If a woman cannot do much herself, she can honour and love a man who can."

He turned to her, and bent over her, and kissed her forehead, and kissed her lips. She looked up with sparkling eyes, and said—

"Am I not right, dear?"

"Yes, you are right, and I have been false to my creed. You have taken a load off my heart, dearest. Henceforth there shall be but one mind and one soul between us. You have made me feel what it is that a man wants, what is the help that is meet for him."

He looked into her eyes, and kissed her again; and then rose up, for there was something within him like a moving of new life, which lifted him, and set him on his feet. And he stood with kindling brow, gazing into the autumn air, as his heart went sorrowing, but hopefully "sorrowing, back through all the faultful past." And she sat on at first, and watched his face; and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes. Then she rose too, and stood by his side:—

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And so across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old.

Yes, that new world, through the golden gates of which they had passed together, which is the old, old world after all, and nothing else. The same old and new world it was to our fathers and mothers as it is to us, and shall be to our children—a world clear and bright, and ever becoming clearer and brighter to the humble, and true, and pure of heart, to every man and woman who will live in it as the children of the Maker and Lord of it, their Father. To them, and to them alone, is that world, old and new, given, and all that is in it, fully and freely to enjoy. All others but these are occupying where they have no title; "they "are sowing much, but bringing in little; "they eat, but have not enough; they "drink, but are not filled with drink; "they clothe themselves, but there is "none warm; and he of them who "earneth wages earneth wages to put "them into a bag with holes." But these have the world and all things for a rightful and rich inheritance; for they hold them as dear children of Him in whose hand it and they are lying, and no power in earth or hell shall pluck them out of their Father's hand.

THE NEW INDIAN BUDGET: A FEW HINTS AS TO MEN AND THINGS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

It is now somewhat over a year since a governor, of whose fourteen months' tenure of office it stands recorded, in the very minute of his recall, that "No ser- "vant of the crown had more earnestly "endeavoured to carry out the great prin- "ciples of government which were pro- "mulgated to the princes and people of "India in her Majesty's gracious procla- "mation," was suddenly removed from his office. The indiscretion committed by Sir Charles Trevelyan in publishing, without authority from the supreme government, his and his colleagues' protests against Mr. Wilson's financial scheme,—the perhaps worse than indiscretion which led him to publish those colleagues' protests without their previous consent,—have been surely expiated long ere this. His policy remains, and never perhaps, in the history of mankind, was there a policy more triumphantly justified by events.

It will be remembered what the ground of Sir Charles's opposition,—rebellion, if you like it—was. To square revenue with expenditure, and fill the chasm of deficit, three new taxes, as to the results of which there were "absolutely no data" upon which "any reliable calculation" could be made, were to be laid on throughout the length and breadth of India, upon the hundred different races by which it is peopled: an income-tax, estimated to yield £2,500,000; a licence-tax, estimated to produce £1,000,000; and a tobacco-tax. Sir Charles protested against the scheme, the calculations upon which it was founded, the individual taxes which it embraced, and the application of them to Madras; and declared that the sheet-anchor of Indian finance for the nonce must be retrenchment, especially military retrenchment. He was dismissed; but his policy was at the time endorsed in Madras, even by those who were most opposed to him, and he left amid the loudly expressed regret of almost the whole population. [1]

[1] See "Addresses presented to his Excellency Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B. on his departure from Madras" (Madras, 1860), which breathe generally a spirit of earnestness seldom met with in such documents. See also Mr. Bourdillon's "Brief Statement of the principal measures of Sir Charles Trevelyan's administration at Madras," which fully explains such a phenomenon.

What has since happened?

The tobacco-tax has been withdrawn.

The licence-tax, levied in some places over and above older trade-taxes which it should at least have superseded, such as the Madras *Moturfa*, (declared by the East India Company, in their last lying memorandum of 1858, to have been then already abolished, and which had been taken ever since), has produced, with the other trade-taxes, £146,603.

The income-tax has yielded £1,948,094, including £803,550, of arrears. After exciting distrust, ill-will, passive, and sometimes active resistance, from one end of India to the other, it remains an acknowledged failure, and is to be given up except as respects fixed incomes.

The new Wilsonian taxes, together with several additions to existing taxes, have so entirely failed to meet the requirements of the case that the year has closed with a deficit of £6,678,000. And now retrenchment *is* made by Mr. Wilson's successor his financial sheet-anchor; military retrenchment especially. £3,220,000 are to be struck off at a blow from the military estimates.

Thus far the Indian authorities. Looking home, we find Sir Charles Wood introducing three bills, which will hardly pass without modification; but the first of which, for altering the constitution of the Legislative Council by a large infusion of non-official members, who may be either Europeans, East Indians, or Natives, provides also for the formation of councils at the subordinate Presidencies, composed in like manner, and endowed with powers of local legislation and taxation. Thus the claim of autonomy for the separate Governments implied in Sir Charles Trevelyan's protests, and in the whole of his then abnormal proceedings, is to a great extent admitted. The Secretary of State expressly declares that even the proposed extension of the Central Legislative Council "will not yet be sufficient, "in the first place, to overcome the "feeling which the other Presidencies "entertain of being overridden, as they "call it, by the Bengal Council, or, on "the other hand, to overcome the dis- "advantages of having a body legislating "for those Presidencies without ac- "quaintance with local interests." A principle, be it observed, which in practice will be found to justify a much greater amount of decentralization than is yet hinted at, though Sir Charles Wood proposes to allow the prospective creation of additional provincial legislative councils.

Surely Sir Charles Trevelyan stands avenged. Surely it is time that he should have a hand in carrying out that policy which has vindicated itself without him.

It is not an easy thing to govern India, or any of its Presidencies, as Sir Charles Trevelyan showed that he could govern, well. Leaving out of sight the higher prize, the heavier responsibilities, of the Governor-Generalship,—a man, we will say, a stranger to India, promoted to the government of an Indian Presidency, is transported, somewhat advanced in life, into an enervating climate, which has, perhaps, just killed his predecessor, upon a salary of 12,000*l.* a year; a palace or two besides to live in, furnished as palaces; a retinue of servants found him, at a cost, perhaps, of 150*l.* a month, whilst the lighting of his palaces costs some 60*l.* To use the words of one who knows India well—"If he should "say, 'I know nothing; I have every- "thing to learn; if I set to work, what "can I learn to any purpose in five years? "I will take things easy, and trust to "committees and secretaries to do what "I cannot,'—if he argued thus, where "would be the wonder?" Sir Charles Trevelyan, on the contrary, really did know more, it is said, than any officials in the Presidency or provinces, what Madras needed; and he showed them that he did know it, and would teach them to know it. Hence, while hated by too many civilians—though with some signal exceptions, like that of Mr. Bourdillon—by every other class, I am assured, he seems idolized. "You can't think the change he made," said a native pleader; "all the civilians came forward to shake hands with us!"

Nor is it amiss to observe that Sir Charles Wood's third bill, for regularizing the employment of uncovenanted servants by Government, affords an additional vindication to that resolute promotion of merit, wherever it might show itself, which made Sir Charles Trevelyan obnoxious to privileged officialism.

How much needed, for our own sakes, is the most vigorous official and individual exertion to stimulate the dormant energies of India's soil and people, the American crisis must ere this have pressed upon us. But I believe we have as yet no conception generally of the enormous mass of work that has to be done, especially in the South. Take, for instance the following detail of a journey from Madras to Malabar in March, 1861 —the writer, be it observed, being a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the country and its languages, and who was anxious to return to his estate, but who, wishing to avoid the cholera in Mysore, which afforded the most direct route, made a *détour*, which took him by various large towns, and by a route which, he was assured by official persons at Madras, he would *post* through as easily and quickly as by the direct one.

"I left Madras on the 16th of April, "by railway, for Salem, 207 miles, "which I reached in eleven hours. "From Salem to Tellicherry, travelling "by Coimbetoor, Paulghaut, following "the course of the railway to Beypore, "and taking the steamer from Calicut "to Cannanore (fifty miles in six hours), "in all a distance of about 250 miles, "*took me fifteen days!* At Salem there "was no conveyance to be had but a "common country bullock-cart, on two "wheels—no springs, of course. My "traps were put at the bottom, straw "and a mat put upon them, and I "stretched above. This was the post-"ing. As the bullocks ploughed their "creeping way along the wretched roads "of Salem and Coimbetoor, not being "prepared for anything of the kind, "I was wholly unprovided with the "means of cooking a meal; the conse-"quence was, that I arrived completely "knocked up and starved."

Imagine a man returning from London to Lancaster, who, instead of the direct road, should take that by Oxford, Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Chester, and you will have a fair comparative idea, both of the amount of divergence from the main line, and of the intrinsic importance of the route on which, barring portions of railway and sea-journey, a man of business found the other day no better posting than by a springless bullock-cart, at the rate of under twenty miles a day!

Such are the facilities of communication with which we have endowed Southern India, after from half to a whole century of domination; such the means which we have devised for ourselves of substituting the various tropical products which this vast territory produces, or is capable of producing, for those of the foreign slave-states and colonies of the West.

And yet see what can be done in India by the mere vicinity of the Presidency city, in which English law rules, and unofficial Englishmen, not entangled in a vicious system like the Bengal indigo-planters, reside. Here is a description, by the same hand, of *Madras revisited*:—

"The change which twenty-five years "have made in the externals of Madras "is so great as would require a volume "properly to describe. Security of per-"son and property have transformed "the bare, barren, sandy, Choultry plain, "which my memory sickens to remember, "into a rich, well-watered, well-cultivated "garden of rice and sugar-cane fields, and "cocoa-nut groves. Wells have every-"where been dug for artificial irrigation, "and are everywhere being plied morn-"ing and evening. Manure has become "an article of trade. Everywhere are "excellent roads, traversed by hundreds "of bullock-carts. The native popula-"tion, between seven and eight hundred "thousand in number, are well fed, well "clothed, well housed; consequently, "quiet, orderly, industrious, and becom-"ing more and more stirring. The

"structures of all kinds, reared and "rearing on the surface, show a vast "amount of realized capital among the "natives, for hardly one belongs to a "European. The police is good."

A contrast like the above shows how completely the condition of India lies in our hands; how it depends on us to turn her soil into a waste or a garden. Give her roads, give her water, give her leave to work, and I believe the most sanguine man living cannot imagine all that she may yet do for herself, for England, for the world. But then, we must be prepared to study her, to judge her, help her, stimulate her, from her own point of view, and not from that of our cut-and-dried European theories. It is hard to slay again the slain; but, as a sample of the working of a *doctrinaire's* nostrum applied to India, I will quote one detail of the failure of Mr. Wilson's income-tax. It is from a letter (written in February last), by a collector in one of the northern provinces of Madras, a rich and beautiful country, possessing some rich Zemindars, the writer being in nowise a partizan of Sir Charles Trevelyan:—

"The amount I shall levy here, includ- "ing the tax on all our salaries, and the "amount collected from Zemindars (18) "will only be about 4,500*l.*—or less than "*half* the sum we shall derive from the "addition of 3*d.* to the monopoly price of "each maund (82lbs.) of salt, alone— "and less than is yielded by the increased "export dues, neither of which excites "any attention, while this tax is a very "sore subject indeed."

I do not quote this passage for the sake of defending the salt monopoly, an undoubted evil, but simply to illustrate the absurdity of an income-tax, whilst there are as yet in many parts no incomes to tax. As the writer of the above letter observes:—"The income-tax is no doubt "applicable to wealthy trading commu- "nities, where transactions are tangible "one way or another;" but "nothing "could be a greater evidence of gross "ignorance than its application to small "incomes in the provinces, which are "made by a scrambling sort of trade, "uncertain in character and extent. To "assess these is hap-hazard work, and to "correct the assessments under appeal "*without books or accounts of any kind* is "of course not satisfactory."

From which evidence (which I could abundantly confirm from the very opposite end of the same Presidency) the simple conclusion to be drawn is that we must first set about making incomes in India, before we can tax them. And, inasmuch as India (in spite of the impulse lately given to manufactures on the western coast), is, and must be essentially for many a long year, an agricultural country, we are brought round to the improvement of Indian agriculture as the essential starting point, and to those two main requisites, which I have already named, roads and water. How earnestly and heartily the native population themselves are capable of co-operating with us for these purposes, few persons in this country have the slightest conception. Did space allow, I could give here a detailed account of some late road-making in Malabar, by the same English land-owner, whose travelling experience and impressions on re-visiting Madras I have quoted already, which reads almost like a fairy tale. Simply because he enjoys the perfect confidence of the native community, and has thereby succeeded in inbreathing into it a portion of the public spirit by which he is actuated, he has been able, by the *gratuitous* help of his native neighbours, to open roads at the rate of about a mile *a day*. I quote an instance:—

"My junction cart-road to Cannanore, "four and a half miles long, was finished "and opened on the 20th October (1860). "But it takes foot-passengers three miles "round, and is of such scant use there- "fore to them, who are the persons who "want to go to Cannanore town, that "high and low, rich and poor, all be- "siege me to make the direct road to "it, which I had surveyed three years "ago, all engaging to turn out and help. "As no one will make this road if I do "not, I set yesterday about having it "pegged out at every four or five yards

"distance, determined, when that work "is got through, to begin the road and "finish it, I hope, in a week. From "the point where it leaves the junction, "the length will not be more than six "miles. Now, we made the four and "a half miles of junction in four and "a half working-days. And no wonder. "I asked two Nyr friends, landed gen- "tlemen, living two and three miles to "the east on my Kalloor road, if they "could help us on one of the working- "days. In the grey of that morning I "was on the spot before objects were "clearly discernible, and there were my "two friends, one with thirty of his "tenants and labourers, the other with "twenty-five, with hoes in hand, anxious "to begin. These Hindoos, masters and "men, had, without saying a word, come "three miles, and actually bivouacked "the previous night in the nearest Ma- "nila (Mussulman) bazaar, in order "that they might be in good time the "next morning. By three o'clock in a "hot day they finished their task, and "not until then did masters or men stir "from the spot. *Ought a country that "is filled with such men to be without "roads?"*

I have dwelt on the case of Madras especially, both as the scene of the latest labours of the statesman whose policy shines so bright through his disgrace, and as the region where all the evils of past Indian systems have been felt most heavily, but which, nevertheless, I believe, offers the brightest promise for the future, if only fairly dealt with. I could give illustrations to the same effect, though less sharp and decisive perhaps, from other quarters, and even from favoured Bengal itself. I trust, indeed, that a brighter era is dawning for India, and that in Mr. Laing, in particular—if spared by the climate of Bengal—she has found a man capable of understanding her condition and dealing with her needs. Without pledging myself to their details, or viewing them as more than steps in a right direction, I look upon the measures lately introduced by Sir Charles Wood as pregnant with future good. But I believe that India requires just now, and will amply repay hereafter, the services of our very best men; —of those in particular, if any, who are inured to her climate. And therefore I am sure she needs amongst others, and perhaps above almost all others, the services of Sir Charles Trevelyan.

Note.—An expression of mine in a late article on the "American Crisis," speaking of New Jersey as a "slave-state," has been criticized as erroneous. By "slave-state," I meant, as the context of the passage, I think, shows, a state with slaves in it who might be expected to run away. As, however, I understand the meaning of the term is technically restricted in America to states which expressly maintain slavery, whilst New Jersey has prospectively abolished it, I would, of course, recall the expression.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Probably since the foundation of the Royal Academy, there never were so few of its own notabilities,—those artists from whose membership it derives its prestige—contributing to the annual collection as there are this year. Of the men of the first rank, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Foley, and Mr. E. M. Ward, are present as representatives. Mr. Foley's statue, or the model of it, of Goldsmith, for Trinity College, Dublin, does indeed sustain his reputation. Mr. E. M. Ward may be said to have recovered his name and fame, jeopardized by a premature, but compulsory exhibition of certain commissions from royalty. As regards the absent painters, an idea of the gap their defalcations cause, may be conceived when we name Messrs. Millais, Egg, Frith, Herbert, Mulready, Maclise, and Poole, as not represented at all. When we add to this that Mr. Dyce

hardly increases his previously high credit by either of his contributions, that Mr. Elmore is only up to his mark and Mr. Phillip in the same position, that Mr. E. W. Cooke has but a single, and not very remarkable work, and that Mr. J. F. Lewis is not in strength, it will be seen that what interest the exhibition possesses is due either to young men or the outsiders. It is due to both of these that we have quite an average display. Of the younger men, Mr. T. Faed seems to have had the field to himself; and he has made good use of it in a remarkable advance in popular estimation. The heedful critic will also turn from his one picture to others as exhibiting qualities of mental range and flight which promise more for the artist's name in future than they render now. Noticeable among these are the works of Mr. Leighton, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. F. Goodall, Mr. Cope, and Mr. Lee.

It is the custom, in art-criticism, to divide the subject in hand according to the subjects of the pictures considered, without reference to any peculiarly distinguishing quality that may be found in any class; so that all the inventive or poetic faculty in the world, if it be displayed upon a landscape or marine subject, will not obtain for its exhibitor a prior place or even higher credit than is due to him as a landscape or marine painter, *per se*, after all the figure, historical or dramatic pictures have been disposed of. Now, this arrangement, although always convenient and of special help to short memories, is not for ever desirable. Therefore we propose to take the works entirely on their own merits, without regard to subject; and, if any exhibit the highest faculty of all—poetic dignity or true feeling of a noble class—these can have a place amongst the very foremost. This could not well be done in the heat and hurry of the first few days of an exhibition; but now, after deliberate survey, something like justice may be rendered without fear.

We look about heedfully, but with disappointment, for works which, displaying a genuine recognition of the highest aims of art, are at once poetical and refined. Our search is vain; there is not one. It is true such pictures are rarely found; but still it may be noted that, amongst a thousand works of art here to be seen, there is not one which fully justifies a claim to be called an epic production, such as were "The Light of the World," "The Hugonot," and some three or four more we have seen within fifteen years past. Of the second grade—the exquisite lyrical and delicately imaginative order, exhibiting the beauty without the elevation of the nobler standard—some two or three will be found. Of those which bear the same relation to the last that Crabbe's Tales do to Horace or to Keats, there are several,—Mr. T. Faed's the chief, (if it be not more just to compare his work to Cowper's than to Crabbe's). Many pictures have good qualities of humorous character—notably Mr. Holman Hunt's and Mr. Mark's productions.

Mr. Leighton's "Lieder ohne Worte" (550), notwithstanding the wrongful manner in which it is placed, must carry off the crown of praise from those who look for the noble faculty of poetic imagination. The pure, luxurious, sensuousness of the theme is wrought out with feeling in design, and complete and delicate mastery of all such refinements of execution as convey the painter's ideas. With perfect taste he has not encumbered his representations with anything that is definite or positive in costume or accessories; it is truly a "song without words," in the sweetest musical sense. There is nothing to tell that the fair young girl who sits before us, lost in a dream, is of Roman, Egyptian, Grecian, or Mediæval time or country. As her fancies are proper to girlhood, so her costume, her beauty, and the architecture with which she is surrounded are indefinite and only beautiful. We might as well attempt to analyze her thoughts as to decide where was her birth-place, what her name. There she is—fair, soft-eyed, graceful as a fawn, self-abandoned, sweet, seated by the bright-running fountain that, with a murmurous gurgle, slowly fills the water-

vessel she has set down—lost in a blissful dream, while the shrill voice of the bird above cleaves the sleeping air of sunny afternoon, and the delicate shadows widen over the pavement of marble, the rosy light lies softly upon the alabaster walls, and the tall woman, saffron-vested, bearing the vase upon her head, ascends the steps behind, noiseless, with bare feet, her robe's edge upon the marble stair, passing without a sound to break the reverie of youth and love. Crossing one foot behind the other, she sits at ease, caressing with one hand the backward foot; the other little rosy member swings, feeling the cool air about the marble. Her dress is of the palest blue-grey—a loose-sleeved under-robe that almost touches the floor from her elbows; over this is one of dark, but warm blue, lined with tawny crimson. For a study of delicate colour this picture is perfect. Several red, blue, and grey vases stand upon the floor, and concentrate with their deep tints the delicacy of the alabaster that forms the background, which is composed of a flight of stairs ascending to a palace, an archway in the wall, and a return angle of the stairs above. From a pier pours the higher stream of the fountain into an unseen basin, to reappear from a lion's mouth of bronze beside the dreaming girl. The rosy delicacy of the alabaster has been admirably rendered by the artist; it is full of tender veins of colour that break and make warm and rich its immense mass of white, and relieve and sweeten it in contrast with the high blue-sky and snowy masses of cloud that sweep over head.

The same artist has a version of the interview between Paolo and Francesca, in the summer-house (276), just at that moment when he takes the first and only half-forbidden kiss. People say that the embrace is too fiery and too merely human for so spiritual a scene; for our own part we cannot enter into this objection. The time is just when the purple shades of evening swallow up the far-off towers of the palace, and these stand grim and sad against the pale sky of gold, seen from the window of the garden-house, upon whose marble bench the guilty lovers are seated. With one arm around, and pressing forward over her retreating but not unwilling form, Paolo kisses and sins thereby. To say there is too much passion expressed in the design seems to hint a forgetfulness of the very *locale* in which Dante placed his hapless and guilty pair, or what was his intention in putting them therein. Paolo and Francesca were not found in Paradise. A third picture may take its place here, although not equal to the above in execution or design. This is entitled "A Dream" (399), the subject of which the following renders clear. A lady, who lay in what her friends and herself conceived to be a fatal illness, dreamt that she was really dead, and that her disembodied spirit rose to the feet of the Saviour, standing in heaven, surrounded by cherubs in a glory. Appealing to be released from further earthly trial, she received the reply, "Not yet; not yet!" and learnt that she must pursue the round of life unto the end. The Redeemer stands before us, tall, graceful, indeed almost too graceful to be grand, with gentle delicate face, which has not enough of the God-like in it, and which, however beautiful, has little solemnity. The lady is robed in pale yellow, to express unperfected purity, not white, as accepted for heaven; she seems to float—and this action is wonderfully expressed—before the Saviour; her hands have an appealing and deprecatory action. Below is the earth, asleep in the twilight of ten thousand stars; its mountain-peaks visible through clouds of mist filling the valleys; the sea, calm and deep blue, without a shadow to break its immense repose. If it were not that the draperies, which in their dispositions express the actions of the figures admirably, are somewhat hard in execution and pipy in arrangement, we could admire them more than we do. The colours cannot be considered wholly satisfactory, owing to the predominance of the pale sulphury yellow of the dreamer's dress, and its too strong antagonism to the indigo blue of the sea below. The story goes on to say

that the visionary's spirit returned to her bodily frame, and from that hour she began to recover. Mr. Leighton sends also a fine, broad, effective, and yet subdued study of "Capri" (645), showing the fractured shafts of four white marble columns, almost buried in the tall herbage of a Mediterranean summer; beyond are the island mountains.

We shall pursue our idea of ranking pictures according to the true poetic expressiveness they show, rather than the grade they ordinarily occupy, and therefore turn to Mr. F. R. Lee's "Signal Station, Gibraltar" (16)—a mere landscape, and that composed out of the somewhat meagre materials of a huge peak of rock, over whose shoulders we look upon the blue sea on either hand, and, right away beyond, the long levels of the shore and some weakly-painted mountains. But what we can do with the material put before us is the test of art; therefore the high praise of producing a singularly effective and suggestive picture must be awarded to Mr. Lee, who has presented with extraordinary felicity this huge mass of white stone, with its multitudinous figures and flaws, its long streams of sloping *débris*, that stretch, like a road, from mid-height to the base; its sunny peaks; its monstrous shadows; its clinging palmettoes; the two seas at its feet, heaving far below, though the creeping lines of surf are visible. He has done all this with such a look of air, and size, and mightiness, as brings the scene in its grandeur to our eyes at once. If the sea were less of a chalk-white opacity, and did not seem so dull in colour that it has no reflections and no sparkling brilliancy, and if the shore beyond were stronger and more varied in tint,—in short, truer,—this work would be perfect as a grand representation of a grand theme. Infinitely inferior are the artist's other works here. Another picture which, by producing a true reflection of a noble phase of nature, becomes poetical in subject, is Mr. C. P. Knight's "Stone Walls of Old England.—Speeton Cliffs, Yorkshire" (616); one of the grandest pieces of coast scenery we have ever met with; so grand that the very terror of the cliff's edge overcomes the spectator, as if he were there standing looking on to the sea—whose glassy levels reach to a high horizon, and thus display the elevation at which we are above the tender creaming line of snowy foam, breaking with the lapsing summer sea at the feet of the mighty wall of rock, some 700 feet above. We look over the watery plain, smooth as a vast enamel, and changeful in hue as a huge opal of deepest blue, green, and white tint, as it reflects the pure firmament in its depths, mirrors the swimming clouds, or lets us see through its translucent and hardly heaving mass. A cloud unseen casts a shadow upon the sea, and sweeps along the white walls of the cliff; innumerable gulls are skimming the surface, and thousands more resting on the ledges of the rock. So clearly and yet so deeply and truly in colour has the artist rendered the sea itself, that we note the sails of the various fishing craft which loiter on its surface to come, as it were—and as they do in nature—opaquely and solidly, and quite different from that floor of glass which sustains them. Level with us, and all foreshortened to the eye, lie the sloping downs and terraces of bright green verdure that clothe the cliff's summit, dipping one behind the other as they rise and fall into and from the sight.

We may now turn to Mr. T. Faed's picture, which exhibits an ordinary, but not therefore commonplace feeling, of natural pathos, and is a veritable presentment of human grief and character. The subject is of the rudest—the death of an aged woman, mother of the father of the family gathered about the bed-place, in a poor earthen-floored cottage. The couch of death is enclosed with curtains, now drawn back, and permitting us to see the poor, skinny, withered hand that stiffens upon the old patchwork quilt. We see the rigid hand, and nothing more, of her that is gone. The principal, and by far the finest-designed figure in the composition, is the dead woman's son, who sits in a chair, a

little removed from the bed, one hand in his breast, the other clasping between its fingers an old and well-worn Bible, such as he might have used in youth, who is now grizzled and labour-worn, and past the middle age of life. His expression is admirably given—earnest, sad, presageful of his own time to come, and deeply impressed with that event which has just taken place. We see by his dress that he has left his daily toil to be here for a few hours. Near him is a younger woman, with some remains of homely beauty, his wife, who has taken a wakeful baby from its cradle. She raises a hushing finger to silence the loutish boy just entered from school, whose noisy exclamations might disturb the mourners. Following his entrance comes a girl, twelve years of age, who has returned from the doctor's, as the bottle she bears explains. Her face is pretty and fresh, and somewhat resembling the matron's. Immediately at the side of the bed a young woman kneels, weeping violently, her face buried in the curtains. Seated on the floor in front are two little boys, teasing a black kitten, one of whom holds an egg-boiling glass, which, in the confusion, he has obtained. We cannot assent to the propriety of introducing these children as so totally unimpressed with the incident. Children, old enough to comprehend what is taking place about them, are true mirrors of the emotions of their seniors. We do not believe these boys would play with a cat or a toy just at the moment, and in the very room where their grandmother was dying or dead. The event must have occurred some minutes; at least, so we judge, from the man's expression;—enough to hush with the presence of death every noisy tongue or playful act. With this reservation the whole design is admirably conceived. To an artist there is much that is unpleasing and unsatisfactory in Mr. Faed's method of execution—less so, probably, in this picture than in general; but still, the varnishy *over-sweetness*—to use a technical word—ever present in his works, mars the merit, great as that is, in this one. On looking into the handling one sees the want of a solid, thoughtful style which should dwell with loving attention upon the details of his task. Large spaces are filled with mere smears of colour; there is too much transparent, unsubstantial work; much of the colour and texture is coarse; cloysome contrasts are too frequently indulged in; and effect, rather than deliberate fidelity, is here and there sought for.

It is odd enough that the two pictures which have obtained the largest amount of popular favour this year should both have for the centering point of their interest, the pivot of design as it were, a hand—a single human hand. So it is however. In Mr. T. Faed's work, this has been shown. Mr. E. M. Ward's we shall now describe.' Every one knows that the last moments of Charles II. were signalized by his owning himself a Roman Catholic, and, as such, receiving extreme unction. Dramatically speaking, this was no great matter, but for the fact which is related of how the consecrated wafer stuck in the king's throat, and a glass of water was called for to relieve him. Dire stories were told at the time that he did not swallow it after all. Mr. Ward has with great judgment avoided showing us the horrors of the old man's death-bed, and, as his object has been to illustrate the natural result of a life led as the king did his, confined himself to the ante-chamber of the royal apartment, wherein are gathered all sorts of intriguers, male and female, a wit or two, and, excepting a weeping lady who ascends the lordly stairs shown in the background, not one human being concerned in the momentous event taking place so near them, immeasurably important as this was to him who, with all his faults, had been generous and indulgent to most of those assembled here. A gentlemen of the guard, who, by the way, bears a strong resemblance to the king himself, has just a quiver in his mouth, and something of an absent look in his eye, as, standing on the raised daïs which leads to the inner room, he keeps watch by the dark and polished door which is opened a little to

receive the glass of water a bowing court-page has brought upon a salver. The hand that took it is said to have been that of the Earl of Faversham. The guardsman is the only moved, really moved human being. There are, indeed, several highly rouged women near the door, with patches and mountains of ringlet and satin on them, who appear to be much distressed, and even to need the consolation of pungent salts; but it is obvious enough to what their sorrow tends. There is much character and expression in this last group. Indeed, taking it as a subordinate one, it is the most satisfactory portion of the whole picture, and probably the most solidly executed also; being more after that solid and manly, if not very delicate, manner in which the artist has been wont to paint, and let us hope, an indication that he intends to return to the characteristic English style which won him his name. At the foot of the daïs stand the doubtful prelates, who, having been refused entrance to the king's chamber, are clustered together—Sancroft, weak and hesitating; the half-soldier, Compton of London, fingering his moustache in annoyance; Ken, composed and sad. Next to these, in the front, comes a group of lacqueys, and women of the court, who are feeding the king's spaniels, and begrudge the trouble. One of the animals, scenting the first open door, has made a rush to get at the master *he* at least cannot forget so soon. A page stops the dog. Round about the fire is gathered a motley group — courtiers, women, spies, Jesuits, gossips of all sorts, Barrillon, that arch-diplomatist, taking snuff with a grin, as he imparts to a patched and highly bedizened lady of rank the secret of what is going on in the inner room. There is a cowled friar or two, with several people seated at the card-table—St. Evremond, that reverend gossip, standing amongst them. In his boots and spurs, in a travelling dress, sits a gentleman who has just come from a long night's journey, and stretches himself with fatigue. The saloon is gilded in the heavy taste of the time, and decorated with wall pictures. These, by the way, we think Mr. Ward has shown as too old—mellowed as they would be by time, and not in the raw freshness of this their comparatively recent execution. The temptation to this was doubtless resistless, and the picture is benefited by it; but the point is worth noticing, because, even as it is, there is a want of getting together of the colour as well as the composition (which, but for this, would be even more remarkable) frequently to be lamented in Mr. Ward's works.

Mr. F. Goodall's picture, styled "The First-born," (203), although a little varnishy in execution, shows him to have made a great advance over previous works, and is impressed upon our memories by its genuine pathos, grace of design and broad treatment. It is a young Egyptian mother, with her infant on her knee, whom she bends over with a brooding face of love that is finely expressed. Her infant sleeps, and in sleep caresses her. She is robed in her national costume; the long black veil falls behind her head; about the forehead is a row of gold coins upon the edge of an under robe that falls before her to the ground. A dark and vigorously painted garment of blue, with stripes of green, covers her body, and harmonizes well with a second of rich amber hue.

Mr. Holman Hunt, sends also an Oriental subject, painted during his sojourn in Cairo. This shows "A Street scene in Cairo.—The Lantern-maker's Courtship," (231). A young tinman, who has been at work upon his bench in the open street, has just perceived the approach of a girl, to whom he is affianced, coming down the street. She is robed to her eyes, literally; for the face-veil comes even up to them, and only their laughing glitter is visible, as the ardent lover, forbidden to see her features before marriage, presses a tawny hand upon the goat's hair veil, whose coarse meshes just permit us to distinguish the broad contour of the girl's countenance which the youngster manipulates so eagerly, holding her with his disengaged hand. She is not averse to

the examination, but laughs gaily and only affects to struggle. Mr. Hunt displays all his well known and masterly feeling for colour and powerful execution in this picture; which, small as it is, holds a strong place on the walls by those qualities. The flesh painting is very fine and solid; the tints rich and pure: the girl's dress, a deep and brilliant blue, goes finely with that of the boy-husband, a rich crimson. The expressions could not be more perfect; and the humour of the whole incident is so well expressed as to entitle the artist to a new share of admiration for his success in this, by him yet untrodden, path. The background, a street, is interesting from its fidelity. The minor incidents of a crowd in the narrow way—a sturdy self-sufficient Englishman, riding on a donkey and thrusting himself through all, and almost over-turning a Nubian camel-briver, whose huge beast swings along behind; the running donkey boy; the bamboo screens overhead, and the projecting balconies of the houses—are all in keeping. Keeping to the East for a while, we may notice Mr. Armitage's finely painted, but rather crude study of a head—"Pharaoh's Daughter," (7)—which is more expressive than beautiful, it must be admitted. The melancholy of its look is effective—a downcast face with long-lidded, sad eyes; upon the brow, an elegant coronet of peacock's feathers, designed with taste after the ancient Egyptian fashion. Mr. J. F. Lewis has three pictures, all Oriental in subject, and all displaying his peculiarities of execution, brillancy of colour, delicacy, thinness and hardness. "A Bedouin Sheikh—Egypt," (149)—a man of the desert, seated in front of a merchant's counter—is a picture characteristic and expressive—"In the Bezestein, El Khan Khalic, Cairo," (266) shows in the front of his stall seated a handsome Oriental, robed in pale blue, himself abandoned to delightful ease, his long pipe athwart his knees, which are spread wide apart, his feet resting, in the refinement of indolence, upon their outer edges, comfortable in the easy slippers. The dozy look of his composed features is quite a study, as is the delicate blue of his majestic robes. One would not disturb him for the world; he is so placid, so calm, so perfect a type of laziness. Behind are other and busier merchant's shops, the arched roof of the bazaar, scores of exquisitely painted draperies for sale, and many purchasers in the avenue. Less objectionable for hardness, and equally brilliant in colour is "Edfou, Upper Egypt," (350)—a scene on the banks of the Nile, which, like a bright ribbon of blue, runs through the background, and is very beautifully harmonized with the sky and arid banks. Some Bedouins and their patient camels lie upon the sand in front, forming admirable studies, rather more solidly painted than is usual with the artist, moreover. To our left are the ruins of the famous temple, with the wreck of its architectural approaches. Mr. Simeon Solomon has a fine and really beautiful little picture of "A young Musician employed in the Temple service during the Feast of Tabernacles," (493)—a youthful Jew bearing a harp of antique form, upon which he plays softly as he goes along one of the passages of the Temple. He is robed in sacerdotal garments, white striped with black, a flat-topped cap upon his head: he bends his face over the instrument, and his expression is very delicately rendered and sweet in character. Very sober and grave in hue, the colour of this picture is extremely good. As a whole, it promises highly of the young painter's powers and future success.

Mr. J. Phillip is here with one of his wonted Spanish subjects, "Gossips at a Well" (66), which seems to us more delicately painted than is usual with him. It shows his ordinary phases of colour and peculiar texture. Some girls are flirting with a couple of sturdy muleteers. There is much sprightliness and character in the figures, whose execution, though a little coarse, is powerful and masterly. It is much to be desired that the artist would find a new theme. Spanish character, however well ren-

dered, palls upon folks when so long selected by one artist. There is little hope of this at present, if report speak truth in averring that he has brought we are afraid to say how many scores of incomplete pictures home as the fruits of a recent Peninsula tour. Mr. Elmore, with a lighter hand, resembles Mr. Phillip in his system of execution; and therefore they are mostly associated together by critics and the public. He sends three works. "Marie Antoinette in the Temple" (110) is a representation of that part of the hapless queen's history, when she looked through the chink of her prison door, and watched for hours that she might catch a glimpse of the dauphin passing by. Mr. Elmore has told his tale well; the queen's face is excellent in expression; her eyes eager, hollow, and anxious, bleared with trouble and time, her quivering mouth and sunken cheeks, her nervous hands that have let fall the worsted which she was knitting, are all points of character which evince his ability, and make us regret that he does not execute his thoughts in a less sketchy manner. No. 87, "Peace, 1681," shows a Puritan's wife disarming him; standing on a chair, she lifts over his tall head the broad sword-belt, in order to hang it beneath the morion, bandoliers, and flask, that are already on the wall of the apartment. The man submits and stands somewhat stiffly under the operation; his face, although not without character, lacks expression; it might have been even humorous, we opine, as that of the woman might have been beautiful—for she looks somewhat meagre and dry. Of the two, her figure is the best in action and expression. More solidity would improve this picture's execution mightily. The artist's third work is unimportant. Mr. Wallis has a very effectively designed and solidly painted little picture, styled "Gondomar" (101)—that famous Spanish ambassador watching from a window an execution on Tower Hill. It may be Raleigh's death that he draws back the curtain to look upon; by his side, lying on a couch, is a lute; all the colour gloomily rich and hot; the whole picture full of character.

A young artist, Mr. H. Holiday—not absolutely unknown before, however—has made himself a reputation amongst critics by a somewhat dry and rather *jejune* picture, representing the first meeting of Dante and Beatrice (649); which, very well designed as it is, and full of feeling and even grace, despite its ascetic tone and weak colouring, promises much for his future fame when more practice shall have overcome those signs of juvenility. Mr. Calderon makes a decided step in advance with his self-invented subject, "Liberating Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birth-day" (614)—a mediæval theme, showing a fair-faced and wondering-eyed boy giving an alms to a shaggy, wild, outlaw-looking fellow, who is on his knees before him, and has just been released from prison in honour of the event. Both the boy's and the man's expression are admirably given; as is the action of the boy, half alarmed, and fully puzzled at the bizarre air and attitude of the culprit. Behind this pair stand the father and mother of the child, a stately couple—the lady clasping the hand of the timid boy, and proudly contemplating the act he is engaged in. Her face has much sweetness of expression. The tall baron behind regards this also with fatherly unction, and is dignified enough. Two waiting-women follow the lady; the gaoler leans against the prison door, from which the outlaw has just come. The colour of this picture is extremely rich and varied, as well as solid and bold. Altogether, it is a very satisfactory work indeed. Mr. H. S. Marks has another original subject, also mediæval, which is far beyond the ordinarily somewhat coarse range of themes he has dwelt upon, in execution as well as thought. "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model," (381), shows a drunken village tailor, who has the luck to reside near where a community of Franciscans are building a church and monastery. He has been induced to sit to the sculptor of the brotherhood as a model of a gurgoyle; and a good one he makes, propped up

against the end of a scaffold pole, drunken, blear-eyed, imposing in vanity, a large bottle over his shoulders, which is to do the office of the water-spout. Just below him stands the monk, a clever carver, who, chisel and mallet in hand, hews away at the block of stone fixed for the purpose in the wall, and has produced an excellent likeness of the sot. He is well satisfied with his work, as he may well be. Upon a ladder leading from the carver's stage to the roof above loiters a boy, whose expression of half-scorn of the model, half-admiration for the sculptor, is excellently given. Above are gathered several monks, who whisper and grin, looking on amusedly at the progress of the work. One, gossiping behind his hand to another more sedate, is capital. The grave sub-prior himself, a book within his folded palms, has come to look, and does so with a face of pleased humour. Nothing, of its sort, could be more humorously characteristic than this picture, which is perfectly original, full of expression, and really, as far as it goes, a valuable work. We hope to see more and better still from the painter, who seems, at least, to be inclined to do himself justice by avoiding the vulgarity which has hitherto prevailed in the execution as well as the subject of his works. Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Slaves waiting for sale," (328), also shows advance in execution. The scene is the interior of a hut, where are several human "chattels" seated on a bench, waiting for the coming master; their expressions and characters are various, and given with much feeling and judgment. A sturdy negro, with his arms folded, is sullenly resigned; a negress nervously watches the door; one nurses a baby; a third holds her child, whose expression is almost comic, upon her knee. This is a solid and cleverly painted picture.

Mr. Cope's "Parting of Lord and Lady Russell," (103), with the lady's ineffable eyes as she leans upon the hand of her husband for the last time, and both would hide that grief which humanity can hardly express, is a noble picture. She bends forward and only will not weep, while his eyes fill, and the set lips quiver uncontrollably. Lord William's face is almost equally expressive; his action equally good. Mr. O'Neil has not yet tired of *his* parting subjects, and gives us another; but of the blubbery sort he is so fond of,—"The Parting Cheer," (335)—a host of emigrants and their friends taking leave at the ship's side, coarse, fuliginous, grimy, and likely to have a certain sort of popularity. We may turn from this with satisfaction to Sir E. Landseer's "The Shrew Tamed," (135), which shows us Miss Gilbert lying at ease, with her head resting upon the flank of a vicious, fiery-eyed horse, whom she has subjected. The lady's complacent expression is perfectly given; the silky coat of the horse and his whole air, from the iron-armed hoofs to the proud head, are of course inimitable. Three cartoons of Highland deer subjects by this artist merit more attention. "A Fatal Duel," (758), shows a pair of stags on a mountain side, one just vanquished, while the conqueror roars his triumph over the prostrate enemy. The snow upon the ground is trodden with the struggle, though hardly enough so, it seems to us; a bleeding antler lies upon it. The whole is magnificently drawn, and full of expression. The minor subjects: "Scenes in the Marquis of Breadalbane's Deer Forest;" a snow and a mist effect, with deer, are equally good, but not so interesting as the above.

Mr. Dobson's minor pictures—"Flower Girl" (298), and "Bauerchen" (394), half-lengths of German children—are superior to his larger production, "The Drinking Fountain" (34), a London street-scene. The former are eminently solidly and well painted, full of expression and character, whereas the other is common-place and but respectable. Mr. J. Clarke's two little works, "The Wanderer," and "Restored" (518, 519), notwithstanding the extreme quietude of their colour, which is dry almost to slatiness, have phases of that quality which deserve praise and attention. For expression, delicate, playful humour, and fine appreciation of child-

ish character, these are not only the best works in the rooms, but considerably the best we have met with for many a day. A little child has been gambolling about a field with a pet kitten, and unconsciously led away into a wood so as to be "lost," as people say; but, quite heedless of the fate of the "Children in the Wood," she cuddles her kitten, and plays on unconcernedly, not being hungry. Strolling through the wood, come an old gentleman and his daughter, who find the astray, and, questioning her, get at last from the half-fearful, half-affronted infant, some directions as to her home, where, by the hand, they lead her to return. Her presentation to the cottagers, her mother and little brother, and that of the kitten to *its* parent, form the subject of the second picture. The way in which, under all circumstances, the whimpering little one holds the kitten, the graceful, demure, yet loving kindness of the lady, the old man's garrulous manner, the mother's homely gratitude, are all delightfully rendered. Many of the accessories are admirably painted. Mr. Hughes's "Home from Work" (624), although it may be a little over-coloured and somewhat unequal in tone, is charming for expression and character. A stalwart woodman has just returned from work at evening, and is welcomed by his child, who has got out of bed to kiss the rough man; a pretty elder child stands complacently looking on. Mr. R. B. Martineau has another charming child-subject—"The Allies" (364)—a little cottage-girl nursing a kitten. There is a sort of crooning childish intensity of love in the girl's eyes, that delights one more the more often it is looked at. Mr. G. F. Watts's portrait of "Miss Alice Prinsep" (343), is full of true beauty and sentiment, and glory of colour, such as few artists could produce. A young lady is seated at a pianoforte, from which she turns with eyes that seem music-enthralled, while her fingers seem loath to leave the keys.

Mr. Hook is as fresh, delicious, and briny as ever with his three coast incidents and sea scenes. "Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing," (118) shows a fishing boat lying at a pier, her crew getting her and themselves ready for departure. Some stow the nets, some hand them down, some prepare the rigging; some idle boys look on. A stalwart seaman has just met his young wife with their first-born to take leave; he raises the little one in his arms and kisses him, the tawny and tender faces contrasting charmingly. The fresh young mother is loaded with sea-clothing, and looks on with maternal delight; we think she is almost too girlish, but the beauty and elastic grace of her figure and attitude are admirable. We need not say how vigorous the colour of the whole of this work is. "Compass'd by the inviolate sea," (317) shows the same couple playing with the same child, near the margin of a cliff, over which we look on to the deep-blue, ever-changeful plain of the sea, now all in summer calm, while summer airs blow around the cliff tops, and the herbage blooms delightfully. A daredevil of a boy has scrambled from the beach to the summit, and now proudly waves a flag of sea-weed over his head. The fun of the figures, the sweet and deep colour, the truthful whole of this work are beyond praise. "Sea-Urchins" (522) is the title of the third. Set afloat upon a huge mooring block in St. Ive's Harbour are two boys, who are fishing with a hook and a line each, and with some success also, if we judge by the splendidly painted fish that lie beside them. One is a round-eyed, curly-headed, devil-may-care rascal, who bobs for the fish without seeming to mind if he is lucky or not, but kicks up his heels in the air behind him. The other is more attentive, looking out heedfully for a pull. The block drags in the out-running tide, the ring entangled with sea-weed; in front of it the sea is deep blue by the shadow it casts into it, while behind the turquoise and clear-hued wavelets absorb the light and are almost grey thereby; a fine point of treatment. Mr. E. W. Cooke has a Dutch Galliot getting in her sail, and running between the heads of Aberdeen Harbour (175); a fine picture, full of motion in the sea that

angrily works itself up in short, icy-tinted waves, threatening mischief presently. We have not seen for a long time so well painted a sea as this. Mr. Hook's predilection is entirely for calm summer time; it is much to be desired that he would choose a sterner theme, as Mr. E. W. Cooke does. We might suggest to him the wild western Irish coast, almost unpainted as it is, as new and suitable ground, if nothing else but the sea will satisfy him. Mr. Stanfield has an Irish coast subject, "Capture of Smuggled Goods on the Old Antrim Road," (57) which has the faults his works are never free from, though really in a less degree than is common in them—want of true colour, indulgence in a low and somewhat waxy key, and an unpleasant uniformity of texture which much mars an admirable and scholarly style of art. It shows a time of rough weather, and an angry sea breaking near a roadway, whereon are some dragoons guarding a captured cart. A roaring wind is out; a Government revenue schooner rides easily at a long hawser in the bay, where she seems to have cut off the smugglers. The wild grey mist that seems torn to fragments, and mixed with the air blowing hither and thither, the wrathful sea, the road, and the general whole of this work are deserving of the highest praise, under the above-named reservation.

Mr. Creswick has a fresh, English, but somewhat glassy landscape, called "Trentside," (305)—a bright river with a row of trees upon its banks, and a broad meadow country seen beyond; the river full of reflections, and bright as water can be in spring time. Mr. T. S. Cooper's snow pieces transcend his Cuyp-like work by a world of felicity, as may be seen in looking at No. 441—"Drovers collecting their flocks under the fells, East Cumberland;" a multitude of sheep gathering together, while the snow falls persistingly, and, like a veil or rather a mist, half hides the mountain-sides beyond, as it fills the air with myriads of flakes. This is an admirable picture, brilliant, without showiness, soft, and, of course, almost uniform in colour, yet at the same time wonderfully forceful.

Mr. Linnell's "Collecting the Flocks—evening," (400), is a noble view of a Surrey landscape just before sunset, with a deep dip of wild land at our feet, a crest rising higher against the sky, dotted in purple heather, and in the mid-distance, and far out, as far as the eye can see, the rolling country and frequent lines of trees and meadows—a picture full of story and unexaggerated colour. Mr. B. Leader has a charming and finely painted landscape, "Still Evening," (539), when the sun is almost down, and the whole scene will be warm-tinted for a few minutes more only. A calm river flows, reflecting the calm, cloudless sky; the meadows are peaceful and silent; the mountains beyond, taking reflections from the cool east and the warm west; on either flank, "a dream of deep peace." Mr. Whaite's "Leaf from the book of nature,"(226)—a spring morning in the wood—is deliciously tinted, and most deliciously handled. Mr. Vicat Cole's "Shadows from the Beeches," (822), would refresh the most droughty mortal on the hottest summer day with even the thought of such calm, deep shades, under such bush boughs, such a scent of leaves about, such armed hollies, such glittering fern, and cool draughts of air pouring under the low branches, beneath which one glances at a country basking in the sunlight, and ardently drawing to full autumn its perfect growths.

In the sculpture room let us praise Mr. Woolner's Medallions of Sir F. Palgrave, (996), the Rev. W. G. Clark, (986), and the portrait of "W. Shaen, Esq.," (1080,) for their bold and yet elaborate treatment, and wonderful success; Mr. A. Munro's picturesque and fanciful head of Sabrina, (991), and "Babe asleep," (1001)—a pretty and expressive little figure; Mr. W. Nicholl's "Nymph," (1059), for its effective design and firm execution; and Mr. W. Groves's "The first plunge," (1095), a woman about to bathe.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF OXFORD.

Oxford. The front of Magdalen Hall, about which the least said the soonest mended. On the left, further on, All Souls, which seems to have been built by the same happy hand which built the new courts of St. John's, Cambridge, (for they are about equally bad). On the right, the Clarendon and the Schools, blocking out the western sky. Still more to the right, a bit of Exeter, and all Brazenose. In front the Radcliff, the third dome in England, and, beyond, the straight façade of St. Mary's, gathering its lines upward ever, till, tired of window and spout, of crocket, finial, and what-not, it leaps up aloft in one glorious crystal, and carries up one's heart with it into the heaven above.

Charles Ravenshoe and Marston. They stood side by side on the pavement, and their eyes roamed together over the noble mass of architecture. Passing from the straight lines, and abrupt corner of the Radcliff, on to the steeple of St. Mary's, they stood silent for a moment, and then Marston said—

"Serve him right."

"Why?" said Charles.

"Because he had no business to be driving tandem at all. He can't afford it. And, besides, if he could, why should he defy the authorities by driving tandem? Nobody would drive tandem if it wasn't forbidden."

"Well, he is sent down, and therefore your virtue may spare him."

"Sent down!" said Marston testily, "he never ought to have come up. He was only sent here to be pitchforked through the schools, and get a family living."

"Well, well," said Charles; "I was very fond of him."

"Psha;" said Marston. Whereat Charles laughed uproariously, and stood in the gutter. His mirth was stopped by his being attacked by a toothless black and tan terrier, who was so old, that he could only bark in a whisper, but whose privilege it was to follow about one of the first divinity scholars of the day, round the sunniest spots in the town. The dog having been appeased, Charles and Marston stood aside, and got a kindly smile from the good old man, in recognition of their having touched their caps to him."

"Charley," said Marston, "I am so glad to hear of your going on so well. Mind you, if you had stuck to your work sooner, you would have had more than a second in Moderations. You must, and you shall get a first, you know. I will have it."

"Never, my boy, never;" said Charles; "I haven't head for it."

"Nonsense. You are a great fool; but you may get your first."

Thereupon Charles laughed again louder than before, and wanted to know what his friend had been eating to upset his liver. To which Marston answered "Bosh!" and then they went down Oriel Lane, "And so by Merton," as the fox-hunters say, to Christ Church Meadow.

"I am glad you are in the University eight, Charley," said Marston; "It will do you a vast deal of good. You used to over-value that sort of thing, but I don't think you do so now. You can't row or ride yourself into a place in the world, but that is no reason why you should not row or ride. I wish I was heavy enough to row. Who steers to-day?

"The Great Panjandrum."

"I don't like the Great Panjandrum. I think him slangy. And I don't pardon slang in any one beyond a very young bachelor."

"I am very fond of him," said Charles, "and you are bilious, and out of humour with every one in heaven and earth, except apparently me. But, seriously speaking, old man, I think you have had something to vex you, since you came up yesterday. I havn't seen you since you were at Ravenshoe, and you are deucedly altered, do you know?"

"I am sure you are wrong, Charley. I have had nothing—Well, I never lie. I have been disappointed in something, but I have fought against it so, that I am sure you must be wrong. I cannot be altered."

"Tell me what has gone wrong, Marston. Is it in money matters? If it is, I know I can help you there."

"Money. Oh! dear, no;" said Marston. "Charley, you are a good fellow. You are the best fellow I ever met, do you know? But I can't tell you what is the matter now."

"Have I been doing anything?" said Charles eagerly.

"You have been doing a great deal to make me like and respect you, Charles; but nothing to make me unhappy. Now, answer me some questions, and let us change the subject. How is your father?

"Dear old dad is very well. I got a letter from him to-day."

"And how is your brother?"

"Well in health but weak in mind, I fear. I am very much afraid that I shall be heir of Ravenshoe."

"Why? is he going mad."

"Not a bit of it, poor lad. He is going into a religious house, I am afraid. At least he mentioned that sort of thing the last time he wrote to me, as if he was trying to bring me face to face with the idea; and be sure my dearly beloved Father Mackworth will never let the idea rest."

"Poor fellow! And how is Adelaide the beautiful?"

"*She's* all right," said Charles. "She and Aunt are the best friends in the world."

"They always were, weren't they?"

"Why, you see," said Charles, "sometimes Aunt was cross, and Adelaide is very high-spirited, you know. Exceedingly high-spirited."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes, very much so; she didn't take much nonsense from Lady Hainault, I can tell you."

"Well," said Marston, "to continue my catechizing, how is William?"

"He is very well. Is there no one else you were going to ask after?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Corby?"

"She is pretty well, I believe, in health, but she does not seem quite so happy as she was," said Charles, looking at Marston suddenly.

He might as well have looked at the Taylor building, if he expected any change to take place in Marston's face. He regarded him with a stony stare, and said—

"Indeed. I am sorry to hear that."

"Marston," said Charles, "I once thought that there was something between you and her."

"That is a remarkable instance of what silly notions get into vacant minds," said Marston steadily. Whereat Charles laughed again.

At this point, being opposite the University barge, Charles was hailed by a West-countryman of Exeter, whom we shall call Lee, who never met with Charles without having a turn at talking Devonshire with him. He now began at the top of his voice, to the great astonishment of the surrounding dandies,

"Where be gwine? Charles Ravenshoe, where be gwine?"

"We'm gwine for a ride on the watter, Jan Lee."

"Be gwine in the Varsity eight, Charles Ravenshoe?"

"Iss, sure."

"How do'e feel. Dont'e feel afeard?"

"Ma dear soul, I've a got such a wambling in my innards, and—"

"We are waiting for you, Ravenshoe," said the Captain; and, a few minutes

after, the University eight rushed forth on her glorious career, clearing her way through the crowd of boats and their admiring rowers towards Iffley.

And Marston sat on the top of the University barge, and watched her sweeping on towards the distance, and then he said to himself—

"Ah! There goes the man I like best in the world, who don't care for the woman I love best in the world, who is in love with the man before mentioned, who is in love with a woman who don't care a hang for him. There is a certain left-handedness in human affairs."

CHAPTER XXIII.[1]

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE OLD WORLD.

Putney Bridge at half an hour before high tide; thirteen or fourteen steamers; five or six thousand boats, and fifteen or twenty thousand spectators. This is the morning of the great University race, about which every member of the two great Universities, and a very large section of the general public, have been fidgeting and talking for a month or so.

The bridge is black, the lawns are black, every balcony and window in the town is black; the steamers are black with a swarming, eager multitude, come to see the picked youths of the upper class try their strength against one another. There are two friends of ours nearly concerned in the great event of the day. Charles is rowing seven in the Oxford boat, and Marston is steering. This is a memorable day for both of them, and more especially for poor Charles.

Now the crowd surges to and fro, and there is a cheer. The men are getting into their boats. The police-boats are busy clearing the course. Now there is a cheer of admiration. Cambridge dashes out, swings round, and takes her place at the bridge.

Another shout! Oxford sweeps majestically out and takes her place by Cambridge. Away go the police-galleys, away go all the London club-boats, at ten miles an hour down the course! Now the course is clear, and there is almost a silence.

Then a wild hubbub, and people begin to squeeze and crush against one another. The boats are off; the fight has begun; then the thirteen steamers come roaring on after them, and their wake is alive once more with boats.

Everywhere a roar and a rushing to and fro. Frantic crowds upon the towing-path, mad crowds on the steamers, which make them sway and rock fearfully. Ahead Hammersmith Bridge, hanging like a black bar, covered with people as with a swarm of bees. As an eye-piece to the picture, two solitary flying-boats, and the flashing oars, working with the rapidity and regularity of a steam-engine.

"Who's in front?" is asked by a thousand mouths; but who can tell? We shall see soon. Hammersmith Bridge is stretching across the water not a hundred yards in front of the boats. For one half-second a light shadow crosses the Oxford boat, and then it is out into the sunlight beyond. In another second the same shadow crosses the Cambridge boat. Oxford is ahead.

The men with light-blue neckties say that, "By George, Oxford can't keep that terrible quick stroke going much longer;" and the men with dark-blue ties say, "Can't she, by Jove!" Well, we shall know all about it soon, for here is Barnes Bridge. Again the shadow goes over the Oxford boat, and then one, two, three, four seconds before the Cambridge men pass beneath it. Oxford is winning! There is a shout from the people at Barnes, though the πολλοὶ don't know why. Cambridge has made a furious rush, and gained slightly on Oxford. But it is useless. Oxford leaves rowing, and Cambridge rows ten strokes before they are level. Oxford has won!

Five minutes after Charles was on

[1] The short description of the University boat-race which begins this chapter was written last August, from the author's recollections of the race of 1852. It would do for a description of this year's race, quite as well as of any other year, substituting "Cambridge" for "Oxford," according to the year.

the wharf in front of the Ship Inn at Mortlake, as happy as a king. He had got separated from his friends in the crowd, and the people round him were cheering him, and passing flattering remarks on his personal appearance, which caused Charles to laugh, and blush, and bow, as he tried to push through his good-natured persecutors, when he suddenly, in the midst of a burst of laughter caused by a remark made by a drunken bargeman, felt somebody clasp his arm, and, turning round, saw William.

He felt such a shock that he was giddy and faint. "Will!" he said, "what is the matter?"

"Come here, and I'll tell you."

He forced his way to a quieter place, and then turned round to his companion, —"Make it short, Will; that's a dear fellow. I can stand the worst."

"Master was took very bad two days ago, Master Charles, dear; and Master Cuthbert sent me off for you at once. He told me directly I got to Paddington to ask for a telegraph-message, so that you might hear the last accounts; and here it is."

He put what we now call a "telegram" into Charles's hand, and the burden of it was mourning and woe. Densil Ravenshoe was sinking fast, and all that steam and horse-flesh could do would be needed, if Charles would see him alive.

"Will, go and find Mr. Marston for me, and I will wait here for you. How are we to get back to Putney?"

"I have got a cab waiting."

William dashed into the inn, and Charles waited. He turned and looked at the river.

There it was winding away past villa and park, bearing a thousand boats upon its bosom. He looked once again upon the crowded steamers and the busy multitude, and even in his grief felt a rush of honest pride as he thought that he was one of the heroes of the day. And then he turned, for William was beside him again. Marston was not to be found.

"I should like to have seen him again," he said; "but we must fly, Will, we must fly!"

Had he known under what circumstances he was next to see a great concourse of people, and under what circumstances he was next to meet Marston, who knows but that in his ignorance and short-sightedness he would have chosen to die where he stood in such a moment of triumph and honour?

In the hurry of departure he had no time to ask questions. Only when he found himself in the express-train, having chosen to go second-class with his servant, and not be alone, did he find time to ask how it had come about.

There was but little to be told. Densil had been seized after breakfast, and at first so slightly that they were not much alarmed. He had been put to bed, and the symptoms had grown worse. Then William had been despatched for Charles, leaving Cuthbert, Mary, and Father Mackworth at his bedside. All had been done that could be done. He seemed to be in no pain, and quite contented. That was all. The telegraph told the rest. Cuthbert had promised to send horses to Crediton, and a relay forty miles nearer home.

The terrible excitement of the day, and the fact that he had eaten nothing since breakfast, made Charles less able to bear up against the news than he would otherwise have been. Strange thoughts and fears began to shape themselves in his head, and to find voices in the monotonous jolting of the carriage.

Not so much the fear of his father's death. That he did not fear, because he knew it would come; and, as to that, the bitterness of death was past, bitter, deeply bitter, as it was: but a terror lest his father should die without speaking to him—that he should never see those dear lips wreathe into a smile for him any more.

Yesterday he had been thinking of this very journey—of how, if they won the race, he would fly down on the wings of the wind to tell them, and how the old man would brighten up with joy at the news. Yesterday he

was a strong, brave man; and now what deadly terror was this at his heart?

"William, what frightens me like this?"

"The news I brought you, and the excitement of the race. And you have been training hard for a long time, and that don't mend a man's nerves; and you are hungry."

"Not I."

"What a noble race it was! I saw you above a mile off. I could tell the shape of you that distance, and see how you was pulling your oar through. I knew that my boy was going to be in the winning boat, Lord bless you! before the race was rowed. And when I saw Mr. C—— come in with that tearing, licking quick stroke of his, I sung out for old Oxford, and pretty nearly forgot the photograph for a bit."

"Photograph, Will? what photograph?"

"Telegraph, I mean. It's all the same."

Charles couldn't talk, though he tried. He felt an anxiety he had never felt before. It was so ill-defined that he could not trace it to its source. He had a right to feel grief, and deep anxiety to see his father alive; but this was sheer terror, and at what?

At Swindon, William got out and returned laden with this and with that, and forced Charles to eat and drink. He had not tasted wine for a long time; so he had to be careful with it; but it seemed to do him no good. But, at last, tired nature did something for him, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was night, and at first he did not remember where he was. But rapidly his grief came upon him; and up, as it were out of a dark gulf, came the other nameless terror and took possession of his heart.

There was a change at Exeter; then at Crediton they met with their first relay of horses, and, at ten o'clock at night, after a hasty supper, started on their midnight ride. The terror was gone the moment Charles was on horseback.

The road was muddy and dark, often with steep banks on each side; but a delicious April moon was over head, and they got on bravely. At Bow there was a glimpse of Dartmoor towering black, and a fresh puff of westerly wind, laden with scents of spring. At Hatherleigh, there were fresh horses, and one of the Ravenshoe grooms waiting for them. The man had heard nothing since yesterday; so at one o'clock they started on again. After this, there were none but cross country roads, and dangerous steep lanes; so they got on slowly. Then came the morning with voice of ten thousand birds, and all the rich perfume of awaking nature. And then came the woods of home, and they stood on the terrace, between the old house and the sea.

The white surf was playing and leaping around the quiet headlands; the sea-birds were floating merrily in the sunshine; the April clouds were racing their purple shadows across the jubilant blue sea; but the old house stood blank and dull. Every window was closed, and not a sound was heard.

For Charles had come too late. Densil Ravenshoe was dead.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE NEW WORLD.

In the long dark old room with the mullioned windows looking out on the ocean, in the room that had been Charles's bedroom, study, and play-room, since he was a boy, there sat Charles Ravenshoe, musing, stricken down with grief, and forlorn.

There were the fishing rods and the guns, there were the books and the homely pictures in which his soul had delighted. There was "The Sanctuary and the Challenge," and Bob Coombes in his outrigger. All were there. But Charles Ravenshoe was not there. There was another man in his place, bearing his likeness, who sat and brooded with his head on his hands.

Where was the soul which was gone? Was he an infant in a new cycle of existence? or was he still connected with the scenes and people he had

known and loved so long? Was he present? Could he tell at last the deep love that one poor foolish heart had borne for him? Could he know now the deep, deep grief that tore that poor silly heart, because its owner had not been by to see the last faint smile of intelligence flutter over features that he was to see no more?

"Father! Father! Where are you. Don't leave me all alone, father." No answer! only the ceaseless beating of the surf upon the shore.

He opened the window, and looked out. The terrace, the woods, the village, and beyond the great unmeasurable ocean! What beyond?

What was this death, which suddenly made that which we loved so well, so worthless? Could they none of them tell us? One there was who triumphed over death and the grave, and was caught up in his earthly body. Who is this Death that he should triumph over us? Alas, poor Charles! There are evils worse than death. There are times when death looks to a man like going to bed. Wait!

There was a picture of Mary's, of which he bethought himself. One we all know! Of a soul being carried away by angels to heaven! They call it St. Catherine, though it had nothing particular to do with St. Catherine, that I know of; and he thought he would go see it. But, as he turned, there stood Mary herself before him.

He held out his hands towards her, and she came and sat beside him, and put her arm round his neck. He kissed her! Why not? They were as brother and sister.

He asked her why she had come.

"I knew you wanted me," she said.

Then she, still with her arm round his neck, talked to him about what had just happened. "He asked for you soon after he was taken on the first day, and told Father Mackworth to send off for you. Cuthbert had sent two hours before, and he said he was glad, and hoped that Oxford would win the race—"

"Charles," said Mary again, "do you know that old James has had a fit, and is not expected to live?"

"No."

"Yes, as soon as he heard of our dear one's death he was taken. It has killed him."

"Poor old James!"

They sat there some time, hand in hand, in sorrowful communion, and then Charles said suddenly:

"The future, Mary? The future, my love?"

"We discussed that before, Charles, dear. There is only one line of life open to me."

"Ah!"

"I shall write to Lady Ascot to-morrow. I heard from Adelaide the other day, and she tells me that young Lady Hainault is going to take charge of poor Lord Charles's children in a short time; and she will want a nursery governess; and I will go."

"I would sooner you were there than here, Mary. I am very glad of this. She is a very good woman. I will go and see you there very often."

"Are you going back to Oxford, Charles?"

"I think not."

"Do you owe much money there?"

"Very little, now. He paid it almost all for me."

"What shall you do?"

"I have not the remotest idea. I cannot possibly conceive. I must consult Marston."

There passed a weary week—a week of long brooding days and sleepless nights, while outside the darkened house the bright spring sun flooded all earth with light and life, and the full spring wind sang pleasantly through the musical woods, and swept away inland over heather and crag.

Strange sounds began to reach Charles in his solitary chamber; sounds which at first made him fancy he was dreaming, they were so mysterious and inexplicable. The first day they assumed the forms of solitary notes of music, some almost harsh, and some exquisitely soft and melodious. As the day went on they began to arrange themselves into chords,

and sound slightly louder, though still a long way off. At last, near midnight, they seemed to take form, and flow off into a wild, mournful piece of music, the like of which Charles had never heard before, and then all was still.

Charles went to bed, believing either that the sounds were supernatural or that they arose from noises in his head. He came to the latter conclusion, and thought sleep would put an end to then; but, next morning, when he had half opened his shutters, and let in the blessed sunlight, there came the sound again—a wild, rich, triumphant melody, played by some hand, whether earthly or unearthly, that knew its work well.

"What is that, William?"

"Music."

"Where does it come from?"

"Out of the air. The pixies make such music at times. Maybe it's the saints in glory with their golden harps, welcoming Master and Father."

"Father!"

"He died this morning at daybreak; not long after his old master, eh? He was very faithful to him. He was in prison with him once, I've heard him tell. I'll be as faithful to you, Mr. Charles, when the time comes."

And another day wore on in the darkened house, and still the angelic music rose and fell at intervals, and moved the hearts of those that heard it strangely.

"Surely," said Charles to himself, "that music must sound louder in one place than another." And then he felt himself smiling at the idea that he half believed it to be supernatural.

He rose and past on through corridor and gallery, still listening as he went. The music had ceased, and all was still.

On he went through parts of the house he had not been in since a boy. This part of the house was very much deserted; some of the rooms he looked into were occupied as inferior servants' bedrooms; some were empty, and all were dark. Here was where he, Cuthbert, and William would play hide-and-seek on wet days; and well he remembered each nook and lair. A window was open in one empty room, and it looked into the court-yard. They were carrying things into the chapel, and he walked that way.

In the dark entrance to the dim chapel a black figure stood aside to let him pass; he bowed, and did so, but was barely in the building when a voice he knew said, "It is Charles," and the next moment he was clasped by both hands, and the kind face of Father Tiernay was beaming before him.

"I'm so glad to see you, Father Tiernay. It is so kind of you to come."

"You look pale and worn," said the good man; "you have been fretting. I won't have that, now that I am come. I will have you out in the air and sunshine, my boy, along the shore——"

The music again! Not faint and distant, as heretofore, but close overhead, crashing out into a mighty jubilate, which broke itself against rafter and window in a thousand sweet echoes. Then, as the noble echoes began to sink, there arose a soft flute-like note, which grew more intense until the air was filled with passionate sound; and it trilled and ran, and paused, and ran on, and died you knew not where.

"I can't stand much of that, Father Tiernay," said Charles. "They have been mending the organ, I see. That accounts for the music I have heard. I suppose there will be music at the funeral, then."

"My brother James," said Father Tiernay, "came over yesterday morning from Lord Segur's. He is organist there, and began to mend it. Bedad he is a sweet musician. Hear what Sir Henry Bishop says of him."

There came towards them, from the organ loft, a young man, wearing a long black coat and black bands with white edges, and having of his own one of the sweetest, kindliest faces eye ever rested on. Father Tiernay looked on him with pride and affection, and said,—

"James, me dear brother, this is Mr. Charles Ravenshoe, me very good friend. I hope you'll become acquaintances, for the reason that two good fellows should know one another."

"I am almost afraid," said the young

man, with a frank smile, "that Charles Ravenshoe has already a prejudice against me for the disagreeable sounds I was making all day yesterday in bringing the old organ into work again."

"Nay, I was only wondering where such noble bursts of melody came from," said Charles. "If you had made all the evil noises in Pandemonium, they would have been forgiven for that last piece of music. Do you know that I had no idea the old organ could be played on. Years ago, when we were boys, Cuthbert and I tried to play on it; I blew for him, and he sounded two or three notes, but it frightened us, and we ran away, and never went near it again."

"It is a beautiful old instrument," said young Tiernay; "will you stand just here, and listen to it?"

Charles stood in one of the windows, and Father Tiernay beside him. He leant his head on his arm, and looked forth eastward and northward, over the rolling woods, the cliffs, and the bright blue sea.

The music began with a movement soft, low, melodious, beyond expression, and yet strong, firm, and regular as of a thousand armed men marching to victory. It grew in volume and power till it was irresistible, yet still harmonious and perfect. Charles understood it. It was the life of a just man growing towards perfection and honour.

It wavered and fluttered, and threw itself into sparkling sprays and eddies. It leapt and laughed with joy unutterable, yet still through all the solemn measure went on. Love had come to gladden the perfect life, and had adorned without disturbing it.

Then began discords and wild sweeping storms of sound, harsh always, but never unmelodious; fainter and fainter grew the melody, till it was almost lost. Misfortunes had come upon the just man, and he was bending under them.

No. More majestic, more grand, more solemn than ever the melody reasserted itself: and again, as though purified by a furnace, marched solemnly on with a purity and sweetness greater that at first. The just man had emerged from his sea of troubles ennobled. Charles felt a hand on his shoulder. He thought it had been Father Tiernay. Father Tiernay was gone. It was Cuthbert.

"Cuthbert! I am so glad you have come to see me. I was not surprised because you would not see me before. You didn't think I was offended, brother, did you? I know you. I know you!"

Charles smoothed his hair and smiled pleasantly upon him. Cuthbert stood quite still and said nothing.

"Cuthbert," said Charles, "you are in pain. In bodily pain I mean."

"I am. I spent last night on these stones praying, and the cold has got into my very bones."

"You pray for the dead, I know," said Charles. "But why destroy the health God has given you because a good man has gone to sleep?"

"I was not praying for him so much as for you."

"God knows I want it, dear Cuthbert. But can you benefit me by killing yourself?"

"Who knows? I may try. How long is it since we were boys together, Charles?"

"How long? Let me see. Why, it is nineteen years at least since I can first remember you."

"I have been sarcastic and distant with you sometimes, Charles, but I have never been unkind."

"Cuthbert! I never had an unkind word or action from you. Why do you say this?"

"Because——Charles, do you remember the night the *Warren Hastings* came ashore."

"Ay," said Charles wonderingly.

"In future, when you call me to mind, will you try to think of me as I was then, not as I have been lately. We slept together, you remember, through the storm, and he sat on the bed. God has tried me very hard. Let us hope that heaven will be worth the winning. After this you will see me no more in private. Good bye!"

Charles thought he knew what he meant, and had expected it. He would not let him go for a time.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATHER MACKWORTH BRINGS LORD SALTIRE TO BAY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Old James was to be buried side by side with his old master in the vault under the altar. The funeral was to be on the grandest scale, and all the Catholic gentry of the neighbourhood, and most of the Protestant, were coming. Father Mackworth, it may be conceived, was very busy, and seldom alone. All day he and the two Tiernays were arranging and ordering. When thoroughly tired out, late at night he would retire to his room and take a frugal supper (Mackworth was no glutton) and sit before the fire musing.

One night, towards the middle of the week, he was sitting thus before the fire when the door opened, and some one came in; thinking it was the servant, he did not look round; but, when the supposed servant came up to the fire-place and stood still, he cast his eyes suddenly up, and they fell upon the cadaverous face of Cuthbert.

He looked deadly pale and wan as he stood with his face turned to the flickering fire, and Mackworth felt deep pity for him. He held an open letter towards Mackworth, and said—

"This is from Lord Saltire. He proposes to come here the night before the funeral and go away in Lord Segur's carriage with him after it is over. Will you kindly see after his rooms, and so on? Here is the letter."

"I will," said Mackworth. "My dear boy, you look deadly ill."

"I wish I were dead."

"So do all who hope for heaven," said Mackworth.

"Who would not look worn and ill with such a scene hanging over their heads?"

"Go away and avoid it."

"Not I. A Ravenshoe is not a coward. Besides, I want to see him again. How cruel you have been! Why did you let him gain my heart? I have little enough to love."

There was a long pause—so long that a bright-eyed little mouse ran out from the wainscot and watched. Both their eyes were bent on the fire, and Father Mackworth listened with painful intentness for what was to come.

"He shall speak first," he thought. "How I wonder"——

At last Cuthbert spoke slowly, without raising his eyes—

"Will nothing induce you to forgo your purpose?"

"How can I forgo it, Cuthbert, with common honesty? I have forgone it long enough."

"Listen now," said Cuthbert unheedingly; "I have been reckoning up what I can afford, and I find that I can give you five thousand pounds down for that paper, and five thousand more in bills of six, eight, and twelve months. Will that content you?"

Father Mackworth would have given a finger to have answered promptly "No," but he could not. The offer was so astounding, so unexpected, that he hesitated long enough to make Cuthbert look round, and say—

"Ten thousand pounds is a large sum of money, Father."

It was, indeed; and Lord Saltire coming next week! Let us do the man justice; he acted with a certain amount of honour. When you have read this book to the end you will see that ten thousand pounds was only part of what was offered to him. He gave up it all because he would not lower himself in the eyes of Cuthbert, who had believed in him so long.

"I paused," said he, "from astonishment, that a gentleman could have insulted me by such a proposition."

"Your pause," said Cuthbert, "arose from hesitation, not from astonishment. I saw your eyes blaze when I made you the offer. Think of ten thousand pounds. You might appear in the world as an English Roman Catholic of fortune. Good heavens! with your talent, you might aspire to the cardinal's chair!"

"No, no, no!" said Mackworth, fiercely. "I did hesitate, and I have lied to you; but I hesitate no longer. I won't have the subject mentioned to me

again, sir. What sort of a gentleman are you to come to men's rooms in the dead of night, with your father lying dead in the house, and tempt men to felony? I will not."

"God knows," said Cuthbert, as he passed out, "whether I have lost heaven by trying to save him."

Mackworth heard the door close behind him, and then looked eagerly towards it. He heard Cuthbert's footsteps die along the corridor, and then, rising up, he opened it and looked out. The corridor was empty. He walked hurriedly back to the fireplace.

"Shall I call him back?" he said. "It is not too late. Ten thousand pounds! A greater stake than I played for; and now, when it is at my feet, I am throwing it away. And for what? For honours, after I have acted the——" (he could not say the word). "After I have gone so far. I must be a gentleman. A common rogue would have jumped at the offer. By heaven! there are some things better than money. If I were to take his offer he would know me for a rogue. And I love the lad. No, no! let the fool go to his prayers. I will keep the respect of one man at least.

"What a curious jumble and puzzle it all is, to be sure. Am I any worse than my neighbours? I have made a desperate kick for power, for a name, and an ambition; and then, because the ball comes suddenly at my feet, from a quarter I did not expect, I dare not strike it because I fear the contempt of one single pair of eyes from which I have been used to receive nothing but love and reverence.

"Yet, he cannot trust me, as I thought he did, or he would not have made the offer to me. And then he made it in such a confident way that he must have thought I was going to accept it. That is strange. He has never rebelled lately. Am I throwing away substance for shadow? I have been bound to the Church body and soul from my boyhood, and I must go on. I have refused a cardinal's chair this night. But who will ever know it?

"I must go about with my lord Saltire. I could go at him with more confidence if I had ten thousand pounds in the bank though, in case of a failure. I am less afraid of that terrible old heretic than I am of those great eyes of Cuthbert's turned on me in scorn. I have lived so long among gentlemen that I believe myself to be one. He knows, and he shall tell.

"And, if all fails, I have served the Church, and the Church shall serve me. What fools the best of us are! Why did I ever allow that straightforward idiot Tiernay into the house? He hates me, I know. I rather like the fool. He will take the younger one's part on Monday; but I don't think my gentleman will dare to say too much."

After this soliloquy, the key to which will appear very shortly, Father Mackworth took off his clothes and got into bed.

The day before the funeral, Cuthbert sent a message to Charles, to beg that he would be kind enough to receive Lord Saltire; and, as the old man was expected at a certain hour, Charles, about ten minutes before the time, went down to the bottom of the hall-steps on to the terrace, to be ready for him when he came.

Oh the glorious wild freshness of the sea and sky after the darkened house! The two old capes right and left; the mile-long stretch of sand between them; and the short crisp waves rolling in before the westerly wind of spring! Life and useful action in the rolling water; budding promise in the darkening woods; young love in every bird's note!

William stood beside him before he had observed him. Charles turned to him and took his arm in his.

"Look at this," he said.

"I am looking at it."

"Does it make you glad and wild?" said Charles. "Does it make the last week in the dark house look like twenty years? Are the two good souls which are gone looking at it now, and rejoicing that earth should still have some pleasure left for us?"

"I hope not," said William, turning to Charles.

"And why?" said Charles, wondering rather what William would say.

"I wouldn't," said William, "have neither of their hearts broke with seeing what is to come."

"Their hearts broke!" said Charles, turning full round on his foster-brother. "Let them see how we behave under it, William. That will never break their hearts, my boy."

"Charles," said William, earnestly, "do you know what is coming?"

"No; nor care."

"It is something terrible for you, I fear," said William.

"Have you any idea what it is?" said Charles.

"Not the least. But look here. Last night, near twelve, I went down to the chapel, thinking to say an ave before the coffin, and there lay Master Cuthbert on the stones. So I kept quiet and said my prayer. And of a sudden he burst out and said, 'I have risked my soul and my fortune to save him: Lord, remember it!'"

"Did he say that, William?"

"The very words."

"Then he could not have been speaking of me," said Charles. "It is possible that by some means I may not come into the property I have been led to expect; but that could not have referred to me. Suppose I was to leave the house, penniless, to-morrow morning, William, should I go alone? I am very strong, and very patient, and soon learn anything. Cuthbert would take care of me. Would you come with me, or let me go alone?"

"You know. Why should I answer?"

"We might go to Canada and settle. And then Adelaide would come over when the house was ready; and you would marry the girl of your choice; and our boys would grow up to be such friends as you and I are. And then my boy should marry your girl, and——"

Poor, dreaming Charles, all unprepared for what was to come!

A carriage drove on to the terrace at this moment, with Lord Saltire's solemn servant on the box.

Charles and William assisted Lord Saltire to alight. His lordship said that he was getting devilish stiff and old, and had been confoundedly cut up by his old friend's death, and had felt bound to come down to show his respect to the memory of one of the best and honestest men it had ever been his lot to meet in a tolerably large experience. And then, standing on the steps, went on:

"It is very pleasant to me to be greeted by a face I like as yours, Charles. I was gratified at seeing your name in the *Times* as being one of the winners of that great boat-race the other day. My man pointed it out to me. That sort of thing is very honourable to a young fellow, if it does not lead to a neglect of other duties, in which case it becomes very mischievous; in yours it has not. That young man is, I believe, your foster-brother. Will he be good enough to go and find Miss Corby, and tell her that Lord Saltire wants her to come and walk with him on the terrace? Give me your shoulder." William ran right willingly on his errand.

"Your position here, Charles," continued Lord Saltire, "will be a difficult one."

"It will, indeed, my Lord."

"I intend you to spend most of your time with me in future. I want some one to take care of me. In return for boring you all day, I shall get you the run of all the best houses, and make a man of you. Hush! not a word now! Here comes our Robin Redbreast. I am glad I have tempted her out into the air and the sunshine. How peaked you look, my dear! How are you?"

Poor Mary looked pale and wan indeed, but brightened up at the sight of her old friend. They three walked and talked in the fresh spring morning an hour or more.

That afternoon came a servant to Lord Saltire with a note from Father Mackworth, requesting the honour of ten minutes' conversation with Lord Saltire in private.

"I suppose I must see the fellow," said the old man to himself.

"My compliments to Mr. Mackworth,

and I am alone in the library. The fool," continued he, when the man had left the room, "why doesn't he leave well alone? I hate the fellow. I believe he is as treacherous as his mother. If he broaches the subject, he shall have the whole truth."

Meanwhile, Father Mackworth was advancing towards him through the dark corridors, and walking slower, and yet more slow, as he neared the room where sat the grim old man. He knew that there would be a fencing match; and of all the men in broad England he feared his lordship most. His determination held, however; though, up to the very last, he had almost determined to speak only about comparatively indifferent subjects, and not about that nearest to his heart.

"How do you do, my good sir?" said Lord Saltire, as he came in; "I have to condole with you on the loss of our dear old friend. We shall neither of us ever have a better one, sir."

Mackworth uttered some commonplaces; to which Lord Saltire bowed, without speaking, and then sat with his elbows on the arms of his chair, making a triangle of his two fore fingers and thumbs, staring at Father Mackworth.

"I am going, Lord Saltire, to trouble you with some of my early reminiscences as a boy."

Lord Saltire bowed, and settled himself easily in his chair, as one does who expects a good story. Mackworth went on—

"One of my earliest recollections, my lord, is of being at a French lycée."

"The great fault of those establishments," said Lord Saltire, pensively, "is the great range of subjects which are superficially taught. I ask pardon for interrupting you. Do you take snuff?"

Mackworth declined, with great politeness, and continued.

"I was taken to that school by a footman in livery."

"Upon my honour, then, I owe you an apology. I thought, of course, that the butler had gone with you. But, in a large house, one never really knows what one's people are about."

Father Mackworth did not exactly like this. It was perfectly evident to him, not only that Lord Saltire knew all about his birth and parentage, but also was willing to tell.

"Lord Saltire," he said, "I have never had a parent's care, or any name but one I believe to be fictitious. You can give me a name—give me, perhaps, a parent—possibly, a brother. Will you do this for me?"

"I can do neither the one thing nor the other, my good sir. I entreat you, for your own sake, to inquire no further."

There was a troubled expression in the old man's face as he answered. Mackworth thought he was gaining his point, and pressed on.

"Lord Saltire, as you are a gentleman, tell me who my parents were;" and, as he said this, he rose up and stood before him, folding his arms.

"Confound the impudent, theatrical jackanapes!" thought Lord Saltire. "His mother all over. I will gratify your curiosity, sir," he said aloud, angrily. "You are the illegitimate son of a French ballet-dancer!"

"But who was my father, my lord? Answer me that, on your honour."

"Who was your father? *Pardieu,* that is far more than I can tell. If any one ever knew, it must have been your mother. You are assuming a tone with me, sir, which I don't intend to put up with. I wished to spare you a certain amount of humiliation. I shall not trouble myself to do so now, for many reasons. Now listen to me, sir—to the man who saved you from the kennel, sir—and drop that theatrical attitude. Your mother was my brother's mistress, and a clever woman in her way; and, meeting her here and there, in the green-room and where not, and going sometimes to her house with my brother, I had a sort of acquaintance with her, and liked her as one likes a clever brilliant woman of that sort. My brother died, and I became Lord Saltire. Four years after your mother fell into poverty and

disgrace under circumstances into which I should advise you not to inquire, and on her death-bed recommended you to my care as an old acquaintance, praying that you might be brought up in her own religion. The request was, under the circumstances, almost impudent; but, remembering that I had once liked the woman, and calling to mind the relation she had held towards poor dear Jim, I complied, and did for you what I have done. You were a little over a twelvemonth old at the time of your mother's death, and my brother had been dead nearly or quite five years. Your mother had changed her protector thrice during that time. Now, sir!"

Mackworth stood before Lord Saltire all this time as firm as a rock. He had seen from the old man's eye that every word was terribly true, but he had never flinched—never a nerve in his face had quivered; but he had grown deadly pale. When Lord Saltire had finished he tried to speak, but found his mouth as dry as dust. He smiled, and, with a bow, reaching past Lord Saltire, took up a glass of lemonade which stood at his elbow and drank it. Then he spoke clearly and well.

"You see how you have upset me, my lord. In seeking this interview I had some hopes of having forced a confession from your lordship of my relationship with you, and thereby serving my personal ambition. I have failed. It now remains to me to thank you heartily and frankly for the benefits I have received from you, and to beg you to forgive my indiscretion."

"You are a brave man, sir," said Lord Saltire. "I don't think you are an honest one. But I can respect manliness."

"You have a great affection for Charles Ravenshoe, my lord."

"Yes," said Lord Saltire; "I love Charles Ravenshoe more than any other human being."

"Perhaps the time may come, my lord, when he will need all your love and protection."

"Highly possible. I am in possession of the tenor of his father's will; and those who try to set that will aside, unless they have a very strong case, had better consider that Charles is backed up by an amount of ready money sufficient to ruin the Ravenshoe estate in law."

"No attempt of the kind will be made, my lord. But I very much doubt whether your lordship will continue your protection to that young man. I wish you good afternoon."

"That fellow," said Lord Saltire, "has got a card to play which I don't know of. What matter? I can adopt Charles, and he may defy them. I wish I could give him my title; but that will be extinct. I am glad little Mary is going to Lady Hainault. It will be the best place for her till she marries. I wish that fool of a boy had fallen in love with her. But he wouldn't."

Mackworth hurried away to his room; and, as he went, he said, "I have been a fool. A fool. I should have taken Cuthbert's offer. None but a fool would have done otherwise. A cardinal's chair thrown to the dogs!"

"I could not do it this morning; but I can do it now. The son of a figurante, and without a father. Perhaps he will offer it again."

"If he does not, there is one thing certain. That young ruffian Charles is ruined. Ah, ah! my Lord Saltire, I have you there. I should like to see that old man's face when I play my last card. It will be a finer sight than Charles's. You'll make him your heir, will you, my lord? Will you make him your groom?"

He went to his desk, took out an envelope, and looked at it. He looked at it long, and then put it back. "It will never do to tempt him with it. If he were to refuse his offer of this morning, I should be ruined. Much better to wait and play out the ace boldly. I can keep my hold over *him;* and William is mine, body and soul, if he dies."

With which reflections the good Father dressed for dinner.

To be continued.

THE ORIENTAL PEARL.

BY E. C. OTTÉ.

"It is strange," says the eloquent author of the "Spanish Conquest in South America," "that the little glistening bead, "the pearl, should have been the cause of "so much movement in the world as it has "been. There must be something essen- "tially beautiful in it, however, for it has "been dear to the eyes both of civilized "and uncivilized people. The dark-haired "Roman lady, in the palmiest days of "Rome, cognizant of all the productions "in the world, valued the pearl as highly "as ever did the simple Indian woman."

When we endeavour to trace to its earliest source the application of the pearl to ornamental purposes among the nations of the East, we find ourselves carried back to those remote ages in which the most ordinary events were concealed under the garb of fantastic myths, and the simplest discoveries and inventions were ascribed to the intervention of superhuman beings. Thus the worshippers of Brahma saw in the pearl an emblem of the good-will and bountiful love of Vishnu's eighth avatar, the youthful god of beauty, Krishna. According to one legend, the god, in exploring the depths of the sea for ornaments to decorate his daughter, Pandaia, at her approaching wedding, discovered the pearl, and brought it with him to the interior of India, where the ceremony was to be performed. According to another version of the same myth, its discovery was associated with a less peaceful episode of Krishna's life, being due to his victory over the demon-giant Pankagna, who, after having long braved the anger of the god, was ignominiously taken while he lay concealed under the guise of a mussel in the deep recess of a rock, and crushed to atoms before he could exert his evil powers to escape from his enemy by flight, or secure safety under another metamorphosis. As a trophy of his victory, Krishna gathered a number of mussels, which, when opened, were found to contain large and lustrous beads, whose pure and dazzling whiteness seemed to render them peculiarly appropriate for the decoration of a bride.

Such an auspicious introduction to the notice of mortals necessarily secured a very high degree of veneration for the pearl, and hence it is not surprising that it should have been used from the earliest ages to adorn the images of the gods. The colossal statue of Mithra, the divinity of the Sun, was profusely decorated with pendant chains, bracelets, anklets, and ear-drops of pearls; its eyes being also composed of large orbs of the same precious beads, while the reliquary that contained Buddha's tooth was a glittering mass of pearls and diamonds. In the course of ages, as pearls became more plentiful, they were regarded as indispensable to the personal adornment of the wealthy classes, and were used with lavish profuseness by even the most warlike of the rulers of India. In addition, moreover, to its admitted character of an attribute of power, the Hindoos looked upon the pearl as symbolical of maiden purity, and hence arose the custom of presenting a pearl at the marriage of a high-born Hindoo girl, where, amid the performance of various ceremonies peculiar to the occasion, it is formally given to some honoured guest either by the father of the bride or the bridegroom.

In the neighbouring empire of China, pearls were presented as tribute, and given in dowry two thousand years before the Christian era. In the *url-ja*, the most ancient Chinese book of words, a work composed 1000 B.C., pearls are spoken of as precious objects, which were used as charms or amulets to guard the wearer against fire. In those remote

ages it seems probable that the Chinese derived their pearls from the fresh-water mussel only; for it is stated, in the ancient record already referred to, that pearls were brought from the interior of the western part of the empire. About the commencement of the Christian era, native supplies had, however, already fallen short of the increasing demand for this precious commodity, and ships were sent forth to obtain the much-coveted beads from India. As it was then, so the pearl still continues to be regarded by the Chinese as an attribute of power, serving even now as the accredited badge of rank, to distinguish mandarins from smaller men.

The Hebrews must, like their Eastern contemporaries, have been very early acquainted with pearls, as they are mentioned in the Book of Job. According, moreover, to some commentators, the Hebrew word *Penimin*, which is constantly translated "rubies" in the Proverbs of Solomon, should be rendered "pearls."

If we leave the eastern Continent, and pass to the nations of Africa, we find that from the remotest antiquity the pearl was one of the most highly-prized objects of decoration. The princes of Ethiopia, who probably derived it from their own shores—where the inhabitants of the small island, Dahalak, still eke out a miserable existence with the profits of pearl-fishing—wore, as the insignia of their royal birth, strings of pearls around the throat and across the chest. In the neighbouring kingdom of Egypt, pearls composed a large part of the shoulder-belts or collars which appear to have constituted an inseparable part of the adornment of a priestly or kingly ruler. While Egypt was under the dominion of Persia, the taste for the display of gold and silver and precious stones was probably increased, rather than diminished, among the Egyptian nobles, through their intercourse with members of the Persian Court, which was then in the zenith of its magnificence. At all events, the love of display was a ruling passion among the princes of Egypt in the later periods of her decadence; and the world-renowned tale of Cleopatra's pearl bears testimony to the luxury and prodigality that characterised the last of the Ptolemies. The story runs that, at a feast in the palace at Alexandria, Antony staked a heavy wager that his fair hostess would find it impossible to expend ten million sesterces—about 80,000*l.* of our money—on *one* entertainment. The fair queen accepted the challenge, and at once proved her reckless prodigality and her determination to eclipse the lavish expenditure of her victor by removing from her ear one of the two incomparable pearls that had descended to her from her ancestors, and, dropping the pendant into a cup of vinegar, swallowing the costly draught. Not content with this marvellous display of extravagance, she was about to take the fellow of this lustrous bead from her other ear, and immolate it in like manner, when Lucius Plaucus, who had been appointed umpire in this lover's contest, snatching it from her hand, prevented the double sacrifice by proclaiming aloud that the victory was again with the lovely queen of Egypt, and that Antony had been fairly vanquished. The rescued pearl was afterwards divided, and the severed halves employed to adorn the ears of the Venus of the Pantheon. We learn from Pliny that the palm of extravagance in this respect is not due to Cleopatra, as before her time a similar feat had been performed by Clodius, the son of the tragic actor, Æsop. According to old Philemon Holland's version of the *Historia Naturalis*, "Clodius, upon no "wager at all, but only in a braverie, "and to know what taste pearles had, "mortified them in vinegar, and drunke "them up, and, finding them to content "his pallat wondrous well, he gave to "everie guest at his table one pearle "apiece to drink in like manner."

Dr. Möbius, in his history of pearls, proceeds in the most matter-of-fact way to deny the practicability of this much renowned feat of gastronomy. The most that the queen of Egypt could have done, he says, was to have swallowed a pill worth some 80,000*l.*, as no amount of

vinegar could have dissolved the pearl within any period of time to which the most elaborate and prolonged supper could possibly be extended; for, even if the delicate outer layers had been dissolved, the organic portions of the pearl would still have remained undestroyed. Determined to prove the false pretences on which Cleopatra has claimed the wonder of succeeding generations for her unparalleled extravagance, the German doctor, as if it were his mission to destroy a very harmless historical myth, instituted a series of experiments on the solution in various acids of small seed pearls. It is needless to say that these investigations were prosecuted with that dogged pertinacity that only German experimentalists can employ; and the result thoroughly satisfied him that Cleopatra's supposed feat was an impossibility. We are not sure, however, that Dr. Möbius will earn any great amount of gratitude for his pains. Leaving to others to decide between ancient tradition and modern science in regard to Cleopatra's pearl, and passing by the Greeks, who seem to have had little acquaintance with pearls till Alexander's conquests familiarised them with all the products of the East, and who probably at no period of their existence as a body of independent nations indulged in any marked extravagance of personal adornment, we are naturally and easily led from the Egyptians to their proud Roman conquerors, who squandered the despoiled treasures of vanquished provinces with a truly Imperial recklessness and prodigality.

The Romans employed three names to designate the pearl, viz. *Unio*, "the one" *par excellence*—a term that Pliny tells us first came into use in the time of the wars of Jugurtha, when the fashion of the single ear pendant was in the ascendant, *bacca*, "the berry," in allusion to the ordinary form of the bead; and *margarita*, which, although borrowed directly from the Greek, seems to be derived from the sanscrit word *mangara*, signifying "decorative." The name Unio has been incorporated into science by its application to an extensive genus of pearl-yielding fresh-water mussels. According to some authorities, our name of pearl, which appears under very slight modifications in almost every European language, is derived from *pirula*, a little pear, or from *pilula*, a pill, while others give it a Teutonic origin, deriving it from the old German word *berlin*, a little berry. The term margarita, which has lingered in all the southern European dialects derived from the Latin, has not found its way into the Teutonic or Slavonic tongues.

We are largely indebted for our knowledge of the use of pearls among the Romans to Pliny, who, in his *Natural History*, not only describes the manner in which the bead was supposed to be produced within the shell, but expatiates with indignant warmth upon the dangers and difficulties that attend its capture, and the extravagance, folly, and wickedness, to which a desire for its possession has led men and women in all ages. We learn from him that, after the conquest of Alexandria, pearls came into common and almost universal use in Rome. Before that period they must, however, have been highly prized, as we are told by Suetonius, that Julius Cæsar, before he set out on his expedition to Gaul, expended six million sesterces (nearly 50,000*l.*) in the purchase of one fair pearl as a parting gift to Servilia, the mother of his traitor friend, Marcus Brutus. Cæsar's admiration of pearls is, however, worthy of more than a passing notice, if, as some historians assert, one of his principal inducements to visit our shores arose from a desire to ascertain the truth of the reports, which had reached him in Gaul, that pearls abounded in the neighbouring islands of Britain. If such were, indeed, the motive that influenced Cæsar, we owe no trifling debt of gratitude to the pearl for having been the means of bringing our savage forefathers thus early within the sphere of Roman civilization; but, whatever was the incentive that drew the Romans to our shores, it is certain that they at once directed their attention to the discovery of the capabilities of their new conquest; nor were they long in ascertaining that some of the British rivers yielded pearl-

bearing mussels. Pliny informs us, however, that the pearls found in Britannia were small and of a bad colour—the reason, perhaps, why Cæsar, instead of presenting them to one or other of the fair Roman matrons whom he delighted to honour, merely devoted them to the decoration of a breast-plate or cuirass, which he caused to be suspended in the temple of Venus Genetrix.

Some Scottish historians have, indeed, shown much sensitiveness with regard to the beauty of British pearls, maintaining that those found in their own section of the island were fully equal to the pearls of the East. Certain it is, that in the time of Alexander I. pearls formed part of the exports from Scotland; and a vestige of this trade has even lingered on to a comparatively recent period; for we are assured that pearls, to the amount of 10,000*l.*, were sent to London from the Tay and Isla between the year 1761 and the beginning of the present century. The rivers in the north of Ireland, the Tay in Scotland, and the Conway in Wales, have all, from time to time, yielded tolerably good pearls, although the produce has always been so uncertain as to make it not worth the cost of the labour.

Considering the example set by the great Cæsar, it is hardly, perhaps, a matter of surprise that, under his Imperial successors, prodigality and extravagance should have increased to the most excessive licence. While obsequious regal tributaries and subjugated provinces continued to pour their treasures into Rome, philosophers and poets railed in vain against the passion for display, which gained fresh impetus under every new sovereign. Pliny stood foremost among the rank of those who inveighed in no measured terms against the luxury of Rome.

"I my selfe," he says, "have seen "Lollia Paulina (late wife, and after "widdow to Caius Caligula, the emperor) "when she was dressed and set out, not "in stately wise, nor of purpose for some "great solemnity, but only when she "was to go to a wedding supper, or "rather unto a feast when the assurance "was made, and great persons they "were not that made the said feast; "I have seen her, I say, so beset and "bedeckt all over with hemeraulds and "pearles, disposed in rowes, ranks, and "courses one by another, round about "the attire of her head, her cawle, her "borders, her peruk of hair, her bond-"grace, and chaplet; at her ears pen-"dant, about her neck in a carcanet, "upon her wrist in bracelets, and on "her fingers in rings, that she glittered "and shon again like the sun as she "went. The value of these ornaments "she esteemed and rated at four hundred "thousand sestertii; and offered openly "to prove it out of hand by her bookes "of accounts and reckonings. Yet were "not these jewels the gifts and presents "of the prodigall prince, her husband; "but the goods and ornaments from her "owne house, fallen to her by way of "inheritance from her grandfather, "which he had gotten together even by "the robbing and spoiling of whole pro-"vinces. See what the issue and end "was of these extortions and outrageous "exactions of his: this was it: That "M. Lollius, slandered and defamed for "receiving bribes and presents of the "kings in the East, and being out of "favour with C. Cæsar, sonne of Augus-"tus, and having lost his amitie, dranke "a cup of poison, and prevented his "judiciall triall: that forsooth his neece "Lollia, all to be hanged with jewels of "four hundred thousand sestertii, should "be seene glittering, and looked at of "every man by candle-light all a supper "time.

"If a man would now of the one side "reckon what great treasure either "Curius or Fabricius carried in the "pompe of their triumphs, let him cast "a proffer and imagine what their shews "were, what their service at the table "was: and on the other side, make an "estimate of Lollia, one only woman, "the dowager of an emperor, in what "glory she sitteth at the bourd; would "he not wish rather that they had been "pulled out of their chariots, and never "triumphed, than that by their victories "the state of Rome should have grown

" to this wastefull excesse and intoller-
" able pride ? And yet this is not the
" greatest example that can be produced
" of an excessive riot and prodigalitie."

It seems, indeed, somewhat difficult to conceive how the one " only woman," " this one bit of a woman," as he elsewhere calls her, could have displayed so vast a treasure of jewels on her own little person; but it is evident, from the descriptions that have reached us of the fashion of ladies' attire in Imperial Rome, that Roman women made every part of their dress and persons available for the display of their wealth.

Among the ornaments in vogue among the fair dames of Rome, the most characteristic, perhaps, were the pearl ear-pendants, known as *elenchi* and *crotalia*. The *elenchus*, in its original form, consisted of one long pear-shaped pearl, full and rounded at the bottom; after a time, however, when pearls became less uncommon in Rome, the solitary pendant was discarded by ladies of rank in favour of the compound crotalia, and the single drop came to be in some degree regarded as one of the attributes of an acknowledged courtezan. The compound elenchi consisted of two or three pear-shaped pearls, linked together in such a manner as to strike against each other at every movement of the wearer's head; whence they were called crotalia—from crotalium, a brass musical instrument resembling our modern castanets. These tinkling ornaments were sometimes suspended from the fingers and sandals, as well as from the ears, and must, one would think, when thus worn, have produced a noisy clatter, the very reverse of agreeable. It is evident, however, that the Roman ladies considered the rattling noise which they made whenever they moved as something peculiarly *distingué*. " A fair pearle at a woman's ear," says Pliny, according to Holland's antiquated version, " is as good as an huisher
" to make way for her, for every one
" will give such the place. Nay, our
" gentlewomen are come now to weare
" pearles upon their feet, and not on
" their shoo-latch only, but also upon
" their startops and for buskins which
" they garnish all over with them. For
" it will not serve their turne to carrie
" pearles about them, but they must
" tread upon pearles, goe among pearles,
" and walke as it were on a pavement of
" pearles."

The necklace most approved of by the ladies of Rome was that consisting of three rows, and known as the *trilinum*. This ornament consisted of one row of pearls fitting somewhat closely round the throat, a second longer string or chain composed of green or blue stones alternating with large pearls, and another similarly-formed row long enough to fall far down over the bosom. Where the necklace consisted only of two instead of three rows, it was called a *dilinum*, whilst a necklace of one string of beads was known as a *monile*. When we picture to ourselves a Roman belle adorned with a costly trilinum, lustrous crotalia hanging from her ears, hands, and feet, with her hair enclosed in a pearl net, or braided with strings of the same precious beads, and chains of pearls linked to the rings on her fingers, we shall no longer wonder that "a mere bit of a woman" should have carried about on her own little person the accumulated treasures of her house.

This mania for the display of jewellery in turn excited the biting sarcasm and the wrathful invectives of the satirists and philosophers of the day, whether Heathen or Christian. Among the Fathers of the Church, Tertullian stood foremost in his forcible condemnation of the all-absorbing passion. " Behold," says he, " how
" our women will squander a million
" sesterces on a single string of pearls
" to encircle their throats! behold how
" one frail neck is made to sustain whole
" forests and islands, while a heavy
" ransom weighs down each tender ear,
" and every finger has its treasure where-
" with to toy!" Septimus Severus rendered himself conspicuous among Roman emperors by his praiseworthy efforts to check the effeminate luxury of his age; and, having resolved to set the example in his own house, it is related that upon one occasion he refused to allow his empress to accept two wondrously large

and lustrous pearls which had been presented to her by an ambassador from one of the tributary states of Asia. Somewhat to the chagrin of his Imperial consort we may presume, he offered these costly presents for sale; and, when no purchaser could be found able to pay the enormous sum at which they were valued, he caused them to be attached to the ears of the statue of the goddess Venus, saying that the empress would set a bad example if she were to adorn herself with ornaments whose value exceeded the means of the wealthiest nobles of the empire.

Although the glory of the jewel-wealth of ancient Rome faded in Italy with the decline of the western Empire, the passion of personal adornment found a genial soil at the Byzantine Court, where the Palæologi exaggerated every manifestation of Oriental magnificence, and surrounded themselves with even more than the ordinary splendour of Eastern monarchs. While the empire of Byzantium was gradually dying out from the excess of its own effeminacy, the Moors were transferring the luxury of the East to the shores of the warlike Iberians, and the Romish Church was carrying to the remotest provinces of the dismembered empire some knowledge of the arts and luxuries of ancient Rome. Thus, the cultivation and taste for decorative art never wholly died out; and, while Europe was the common battle-field for the successive chiefs whose conquests laid the foundation of existing European principalities, and the mass of the people were slowly struggling into civilization from the midst of barbarism and anarchy, the successful rulers, whether lay or clerical, clung to the traditional association of jewel-wealth with power.

Thus, even in Charlemagne's time, we find that no pageant was complete without a lavish display of jewels, gold, and silver. The favourite ornaments in that age were large, flat gold rings or collars studded with pearls and precious stones, and worn round the throat, arms, and wrists; similarly adorned fillets were also bound round the head, while the hair was plaited with gold threads and strings of pearls, and the borders of the dress were richly embroidered with pearls, coral, and amber. These costly fashions early led to the enactment of severe sumptuary laws, which regulated the value and nature of the ornaments allowed to the respective ranks of society. Thus, for instance, it was at one time forbidden in Germany, even to ladies of noble family, to adorn their persons with anything more costly than coral; pearls being a privilege of royal birth. The Church concurred with the legislature in its efforts to control the ever-increasing passion for luxury; but these laudable efforts were often frustrated by feminine ingenuity; for, when the ladies of Lombardy were forbidden to appear abroad with pearl-studded fillets in their hair, they ingeniously contrived to display their treasures in an equally ostentatious manner by making rosaries out of their jewels, and scoring off their Ave Marias and Paternosters, by *telling* their pearls, rubies, and emeralds.

The Crusades gave a fresh impulse to the love of personal display and sumptuous decorations by introducing into every part of Europe some of the luxurious habits and tastes of the East. In the Middle Ages, this extravagance had so greatly impoverished a large number of the nobles of France and Germany that land was everywhere changing owners, and passing from the power of the nobility into the hands of burgher-merchants and money-changers. To arrest the growth of this mania, the Knights of Franconia entered into a solemn compact, before the opening of the great tournament at Würzburg held in the early part of the fifteenth century, that no one should be admitted to the lists who wore a gold chain, pearl, or jewel, unless it were concealed beneath his outer garment! At the tournament of Heilbronn, held in 1485, it was determined, at a meeting of the order of the Knights of the Rheinland and Bavaria, that every woman who appeared abroad within any district under their jurisdiction, wearing gold, embroidery, or jewels, sewed upon her mantle or

dress, should pay a fine, whose amount varied with the nature of the ornaments exhibited.

There was often considerable ingenuity displayed in the mode of ornamenting the various insignia of power in the Middle Ages, though very little can be said in praise of the taste of the ornamentation. Thus, for instance, the old imperial crown of Germany was adorned about the year 1140, during the reign of Conrad III., the first of the Hohenstauffen line, by the addition to the original gold circlet of an arch, composed of segments or branches, to which were attached the following letters, pricked out in pearls :—CH. UON. RAD.US. DEI. GR.AT.IA. RO.MA.NOR.IM.PE. RA.TOR. AUG., which signifies, "Chuonradus Dei gratia Romanorum imperator augustus." The Hungarian crown of St. Stephen, supposed to be the most ancient extant, is profusely ornamented with pearls and precious stones, inlaid upon a curiously-embossed and carved groundwork of gold.

The iron crown of Lombardy consisted originally of a circlet of gold like the ancient Roman diadem, which was lined with a narrow band of iron, believed by the pious to have been formed from one of the nails or spikes of the Saviour's crown of thorns. Besides these two crowns, the emperors of Germany, in the middle ages, received a third from the hands of the Pope—this imperial diadem being surmounted by a kind of episcopal mitre, symbolical of its ecclesiastical origin. The kings of France of the first dynasty had as many as four kinds of crowns, which they wore at different public ceremonials; and, though very various in form, they were all adorned with pearls, without the intermixture of brilliants. The sovereigns of the second dynasty wore a double row of pearls round their heads, or a simple wreath of laurel; those of the third race wore an open gold diadem set with jewels and silver *fleurs-de-lis*. Francis I. introduced the close crown worn by other European sovereigns, and ornamented it with a circlet of eight *fleurs-de-lis*, divided by as many gold arches, which united at the summit in supporting one large *fleur-de-lis*, formed of gold and brilliants.

No account of the Oriental pearl would be complete without a reference to the great traveller and gentleman-jeweller, Tavernier, who has left numerous interesting records of his adventures in Asia during the various expeditions which he made for the purpose of buying and selling diamonds and pearls.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Baron d'Aubonne, the son of Dutch parents, settled at Paris, was born there in 1605, and was a traveller from his boyhood, having visited most of the countries of Europe between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The last thirty years of his life were spent in making repeated voyages to and from Asia, and in visiting all the great cities of Asia Minor, Persia, India, and Thibet; of which he has given detailed accounts, more especially in reference to the courts of the various sovereigns which he visited in the prosecution of his business. According to his own statement, he made six journeys from Paris to Ispahan, and more than twice as many from Ispahan to Agra, and other parts of the dominions of the Great Mogul. He twice visited the diamond mines of Golconda, and never seems to have spared time or money when he wanted to effect a purchase or a sale of jewels. He found that, in regard to magnificence, the Oriental courts far exceeded those of the Western world at that time, although he seems to have formed no very exalted opinion of the taste which regulated its display; and, among other peculiarities, he was much struck with the fact that the Orientals gave the preference to pearls having a yellow tinge, for which they were always ready to give the highest prices, considering that the whiteness of a pure pearl was not sufficiently becoming to their own yellow skins.

Tavernier gives his readers a full and detailed account of the famous "peacock throne" of the Grand Mogul Aurengzeb, the barbaric glory of which has

long since departed, never to revive. In those days, however, the canopy surmounting the seat of honour was uninjured, and shone forth one blaze of diamonds and pearls. Above it rose a peacock, whose outspread tail was resplendent with sapphires and other precious stones. On the breast glowed a large ruby, from which hung a pearl, of a yellow tinge, the finest in the possession of the Mogul. The most sumptuous part of this throne, however, consisted in the twelve pillars on which the canopy rested, and which were encircled from the base to the summit with rows of pearls, all of which were of an average weight of eight or ten carats. At the distance of four feet from the throne, there stood on either side two umbrellas, eight feet high, the sticks of which exhibited one dazzling blaze of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, while the shades were composed of richly-worked velvet, fringed with festoons of pearls.

The Great Mogul rejoiced in six other magnificent thrones—not mere narrow chairs, like modern seats of royalty, but respectably-sized pieces of furniture, resembling our four-posters, six feet by four, with their posts, canopies, and hangings blazing with precious stones, golden ropes, and pearl festoons. At the period of Tavernier's visit, which was about the time of the Plague and the Fire of London, whenever the Great Mogul showed himself to his admiring subjects reclining on the splendid peacock throne-bed, the magnificence of his gorgeous couch was enhanced by the addition of a large and lustrous medallion, with a diamond appendant to it, of eighty or ninety carats' weight, encompassed with rubies and emeralds, and so hung that it was always in his sight. This famous throne, which was begun by Tamerlane, was completed by Cha-Jehan, the tenth in the order of succession from the great Tartar conqueror, and the father of Aurengzeb, or "King of all the World."

The most perfect pearl in respect to form, colour, and size, seen by Tavernier during his sojourn in the East, was one that had been bought at the fishery of Catifa, in Arabia, by the King of Persia, for about 20,000*l.* of our money. This pearl was entirely free from any defect. The *largest* pearl then known was in the possession of the Great Mogul, who was so chary of it that he seldom wore it.

Another marvellous pearl, seen by Tavernier, belonged to Imenhect, the Prince of Muscat, who waged a successful war against the Portuguese, and contributed largely to the decline of their supremacy in the Indian seas. The pearl owned by this prince was perfectly round, of such excessive clearness as to be almost transparent.

It is to be doubted, however, whether any pearl celebrated in ancient or modern times can be compared, in point of size, with a colossal beauty belonging to Mr. Hope, which is said to weigh 450 carats (or about three ounces), measuring two inches in length, and four-and-a-half inches in circumference. Truly this is a *Pellegrina*, or paragon, the sight of which would have made Tavernier feel, had he lived in our times, that a visit to the great Exhibition of 1851 would have been well repaid, had there been nothing to see within its crystal walls but this incomparable pearl; nay, perhaps, it is scarcely going too far to say that, had this ardent lover of travel come into the world a couple of centuries later than he did, he might in one morning's saunter through our Crystal Palace of Industry, have seen more wonders of art and nature than he witnessed during his six voyages from Paris to Ispahan, and his twice six journeyings from Ispahan to the extremest boundary of the Eastern world. Yet, superlative as is the Hope Pearl for size, the palm of excellence in respect to beauty of form and intensity of lustre is due, according to Fischer von Waldheim—a great authority on these points—to a small pearl, weighing only thirty carats. This paragon, which formed part of the priceless treasures of the Zosima Museum at Moscow, when Fischer saw it in 1818, was perfectly round in form, and so lustrous that, when it was rolled along a piece of fine cambric, it looked

like a ball of silver. The owners of this treasure, who had then no expectation of meeting with a purchaser capable of paying the price at which it was valued, kept it enclosed in a gold-mounted echinus shell, through whose convex crystal cover the Zosima Pearl shone forth with almost diamond-like lustre.

With this paragon, we close our account of some of the great Oriental pearls that have won for themselves a place in history. We have not here ventured on the consideration of the various theories that have been advanced in ancient and modern times to explain the nature and mode of formation of these highly-prized ocean-born gems.

THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE.

A SECOND DIALOGUE.

Philocalos. *Philalethes.*

Philoc. Your opinion on the subject of our last conversation has been a subject of increasing surprise to me. Without pretending to any power of estimating the theory we were discussing, in a scientific point of view, it appears to me that it belongs to a scheme utterly irreconcileable with other views which I know you to be incapable of discarding. I am aware that a certain class of thinkers seem to find a charm in the mere division of "reason and faith," which enables them to receive that as truth on one side of the boundary line, which, simply transferred to the other, becomes utter falsehood. I cannot believe you to be under the influence of so unphilosophical a view. The division into reason and faith appears to me a mere indication of the different modes of our perceptions; and, as we believe that all these perceptions come ultimately in contact with absolute objective truth, we have a full right to cross-examine our witnesses, to compare their evidence with each other, and to reject that which is incompatible with the voice of a higher authority, just as, in a case where sight and touch were at variance, we should all, I suppose, give the latter the pre-eminence as the more infallible indication of external fact.

Philal. But wherein are sight and touch at variance here, Philocalos? What has reason declared concerning the origin of species by natural selection, which is contradicted by any part of the testimony of faith? Surely you do not find in the reply of the Aristophanic Socrates—"Not Zeus, but ætherial rotation"—any true antithesis? I need hardly combat so shallow a fallacy as the restriction of Divine agency to those channels which are visibly in connexion with the fountain head, or impress upon you the conviction that in the long and devious course which has brought the stream of creation to our level, not one drop that issued from the fountain has been lost. Now it is the course of this stream with which science is exclusively occupied, tracing its multifarious branches from point to point in an upward or downward direction, but never pretending to reach the original spring. Every step gained by science is a contraction of the miraculous,—as the one advances, the other must recede; and that conception of power *to alter*, which is the first effort of the mind to grasp the idea of Omnipotence, must in the scientific mind be wholly swallowed up in that wider thought of a power which, from the first, left nothing that needed altering.

Philoc. So far am I from the fallacious idea which you are prepared to combat, that it appears to me, as far as degrees of more or less are applicable to such a subject, that there is more power

evinced in creation, in proportion as the miraculous is restricted to a smaller area. Of course, all absolute beginning implies a miracle—nature excludes *origin* as rigidly as destruction. If there was a time when matter was not, there must have been an exercise of Divine power to bring it into existence which finds no analogy in any operation of nature. But I see as clearly as any man of science, I believe, that just in proportion as this exercise of exceptional power is limited, it is more in accordance with what we should conceive of omnipotence.

Philal. If you see this, what is there to object to in *any* theory which calls in the aid of secondary agencies in the production of species?

Philoc. There is the loss of every other link with the Creator but that of creation. There is an annihilation of all those hopes and aspirations which have linked themselves with such words as "I ascend unto my Father, and your Father." Natural selection is, of course, in so far as it expresses a real law, only a name for a particular kind of Divine agency. God is not the less my Creator, if I am the result of this complex machinery, but will you deny that He is the less my Father?

Philal. Before considering that difficulty, let us inquire how far it is necessarily connected with the subject before us. Let us distinguish any accidental connexion in a particular set of minds from logical cogency—the accidental excrescence from the legitimate fruit. Let us be sure that it is from the acorn and not from the oak-apple that we judge the oak.

Philoc. I can only repeat how impossible I find it to reconcile the belief in man's place in a spiritual kingdom with any such hypothesis of his origin as that of natural selection.

Philal. Every hypothesis will exercise an influence on the minds of its supporters beyond its proper sphere. No one of the sciences is so complete within itself that the student can confine his attention solely to that particular branch of the great tree. The sciences are divided by no mathematical lines, but by gradations which blend with each other as the colours in the prismatic spectrum. Thus, no man of science can proceed far in any particular line of investigation without having the conviction forced upon his mind that all are but the various ramifications of some one principle, not capable, indeed, of any symmetrical arrangement, as the different divisions of a column, but diverging, according to a more hidden law and order, as the branches of a tree.

Now, to carry on the figure which I believe to be the most accurate statement of the fact, when science has once penetrated to the roots of the tree, she has done her work: she can tell us absolutely nothing of the seed. The laws of nature are the laws of development; while, strictly speaking, any discussion on origin ascends into the *super*natural. I am not remarking on this as any criticism on the title of the work which we are discussing; at least, I should be entirely unprepared with any alternative which would better convey the writer's meaning; but it appears to me a misfortune that we have no word which would indicate origin in a secondary sense, origin merely of form.

However, to return from this digression, what I wish to urge upon you is this,—that what is true of the branches is true of the tree, in a less degree. Science does not, indeed, contain the elements of any decision concerning that which is *not* science; the study of nature affords no stepping-stone to the study of the supernatural; but the traveller who has reached the limits of that region which it is his business to survey, can hardly fail to indicate in the chart which he has drawn up some dim and uncertain views of the surrounding territory. The mountaineer who has tracked the river to its source catches shadowy and fleeting visions of the inaccessible summits above it.

Philoc. I wish you would not involve a meaning, which seems to me sufficiently obscure, in metaphors, which render it still more so.

Philal. There are subjects on which figurative language appears to me the

most exact. But what I mean is this,—that no man can leave the environs of his special field of study an absolute blank; no one can ascend to the verge of science without straying in thought beyond the boundary. Speculations on the *origin* of species almost force upon their author vague thoughts concerning the origin of life.

Now, for those minds with whom the study of the powers of nature has so absorbing an interest as to veil from them the action of the universal will, whose ever-present fiat is necessary to keep those powers in being—for those minds, the course which such thoughts will take is already settled. But this obscuration of the mental eye in the reign of Faith in nowise detracts from the sagacity with which the votaries of science have traced the course of the natural powers among the phenomena of material existence; nor should it lead us to shrink from the tenets they have established within their own legitimate domain.

Philoc. Your answer appears to me to be entirely without application to the particular objection I raised to the theory.

Philal. Before I answered your objection, I wished to guard against the effect of admissions in its favour coming from the other side; and I would caution you against supposing that an hypothesis cannot mislead without being itself in fault. In science, as in wilder paths, it is often true that "the light that led astray was light from Heaven."

Philoc. Think, Philalethes, what you imply: that the creation possesses so little coherency, so little order, that the path which follows the steps of truth with undeviating accuracy in one region of thought, may set us on the track of pernicious error as it crosses the frontier; that the dominions of truth are analogous, not to the concentric orbits of the planets, but to the arbitrary lines which mark out political divisions of the earth. Surely it is the first which is the true analogy; in approaching the centre of Saturn's orbit, we cannot be removing ourselves from that of Mars. And if so, then it follows that those speculations which, when pursued a step beyond the boundaries of their own proper sphere, land us in error with regard to man's spiritual nature, can hardly be trustworthy guides on the other side of the boundary.

Philal. Assuredly all the regions of Truth are concentric; every approach to the centre of one is an approach to the centre of all. But, just as, before the epoch of Galileo and Newton, a system was in vogue which gave the universe a false centre and false machinery, yet satisfied all visible phenomena, so may a train of thought which places the whole scheme of existence awry yet contain the whole truth relating to a particular section of it, and draw confirmation from appearances as fallacious as the rising and setting of the sun.

Philoc. You shrink from dropping the veil of metaphor, from defending the tendencies of a theory which is indissolubly connected with materialism.

Philal. I make no admission as to the tendencies of the theory; I only guard against being compelled to take into consideration any but logical consequences, unless they are logically connected with it. But, suppose it granted that the theory may in a particular mind, or a set of minds, be associated with materialism, I assert that this fact is no more prejudicial to its truth, than Newton's fanciful speculations as to the cause of gravity by the condensation of æther to the soundness of his great discovery.

Philoc. But, Philalethes, I am not speaking of any accidental connexion with error, but of logical consequence. We may follow the history of Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation without even forming an opinion upon its cause. The practical truth of such a law would be unaffected by any possible explanation of the law itself, as the action of some ulterior principle. But can you make this hypothesis of Creation and Materialism equally independent of each other? If, as we retrace in thought the course of organized being, we see at every retrograde step less and less evidence of spirit—if,

passing through all the various grades of animal life, we find that the measure of recency is the measure of that compound intelligence, will and feeling, which in its highest degree constitutes man—if thought, will, feeling, are the infallible signs of a wide removal from the source of being—what remains but the dreary creed that, as we reascend the stream of creation, Spirit, the result, should be left behind, and matter, the cause, remain? till, on reaching the fountain head, we find ourselves in the presence of matter alone,—the source from which we have proceeded, and to which there is every reason to believe that we shall return again.

Philal. The course of your argument has shifted its direction. You have brought two distinct objections to the theory—distinct, at least, as far as genus and species are distinct. You said just now that it made God *only* our Creator, that it destroyed our filial relation to him; you say now that it denies his existence.

Philoc. I think that, in expressing the first objection, I saw that it was but a stage towards the second—that the denial of any filial relation to God involves the denial of his existence.

Philal. There is a sense in which the theory is very likely to be understood, in which it does imply all that you have urged against it. It is possible to regard the formation of new species as a process of mere *accretion.* You may say that, at a given moment, there is nothing there but matter; at another, there is spirit; that is, you may make life the result of material force. Since *origin* is excluded from the processes of nature as rigidly as destruction, since nothing is contained in her laboratory which has not been extracted from her mine, then the spirit of man must be the result of these material agencies, unless it was already in existence when they began to operate.

Philoc. When they began to operate! Where was the spirit of man when, to use our author's words, "life was first breathed into the primordial form from which all organic beings have descended?"

Philal. Tell me, do you suppose that the mother who mourns over the dead body which she has never held alive in her arms, does not look forward to a reunion with the immortal spirit which left that little frame before any signs of spiritual existence were possible to it? Might not the existence on earth of either of us have been arrested at a point at which none of the capacities which make us *persons* were indicated in any outward shape? And does not this period, during which the spirit of man is as though it were not, bear a very appreciable proportion to his average life? Now this, which we have no choice about believing in the case of the individual, why should it be difficult to believe for the race? We are not now discussing the question of its *truth.* The probability of that remains unweakened by a single objection you have brought forward, unstrengthened by a single consideration with which I have replied. It rests on grounds which we are neither of us well adapted to discuss. But, inasmuch as the one thing of which both of us are certain is the close and intimate presence of a Father of our spirits, we should need no further disproof of *any* theory than its incompatibility with the conviction of his existence. The man of science is of course not obliged to start from the assumption, and it is therefore no answer to him to point out that he has called it in question. But the seeker after truth, if he has for one moment come in contact with this conception, feels that every principle incompatible with it bears the impression of falsehood as clearly as one which should assign more than three dimensions to space. But this is a condition demanded from us by no theory of physical science whatever. Let us beware, to use the fine image of Macaulay, how we bring down the ark of the covenant into the battle; let us tremble to link our trust in God with any but moral truth; let us listen to the exponent of any principle of nature without fearing that we thereby commit ourselves to any inferences respecting

creation. Nature selects, but that which she selects is not her work. She waters the earth, and cherishes the plants, but she does not sow the seed. The principle of natural selection is the answer to the question, How were these forms perfected? it throws no light on the question, Whence do they originally spring?

Philoc. But surely you do not pretend that this is the view of natural selection which would be accepted by the author who ascribes to it such universal sway?

Philal. I think that, to any question upon that subject, he would have a right to say, "I am not bound to investigate "the *nature* of species. I have endea- "voured to explain the manner of their "origin. I have nothing to do with the "origin of *organization*." If he entered into further explanation of views which do not demand it in order to be complete within themselves, if he quitted the ground of the physician for that of the metaphysician, I hope that he would acknowledge that this and every analogous hypothesis could be but an explanation of the manner in which the spirit enfolded within the bosom of nature is brought into consciousness and energy, as the windows are successively opened through which the light of life breaks in on the sleeping inhabitant. Such a moment is experienced by every individual; such a one may have been experienced by every species. The moment when it first became a species—when it arrived at that complete individuality of form to which it had been guided *through*, not *by*, all the accidents of nature—this moment would correspond to the birth of the individual. But the form itself was no new existence in the eye of the Creator. He laid the entire plan of organic life, and arranged the relations between nervous structure and sensible experience. His word governed the principles of generation, the measure of resemblance or divergence between parent and offspring, and the conditions of social subsistence. In his view, whatever was the primordial form into which life was first breathed, all these different species which have arisen from it were potentially present within it. The typical forms were present there, as the oak in the acorn; and these typical forms, to which Providence has guided at successive stages the stream of life, *these* are the origin of species. The infinitude of small deviations from the parent type, which may, according to the theory of our author, be exhibited in the offspring at every descent, may be regarded as a labyrinth laid out by the hand of the Creator, through which he furnishes a clue to a higher state of being, in the principle which rewards every step in the right direction with the predominance of the successful type over its rivals in the struggle for existence.

Philoc. But it is impossible to read the book we are speaking of, and not see that the author utterly repudiates all such ideas as you have brought forward. It is quite evident that he is no believer in *any* principle of developement. He makes natural selection the sole agent in creating new species—not only, as you say, in removing impediments to their appearance, in bringing about a state of things suited to call for the full developement of a germ which exists already,—but in *producing* the germ. Natural selection is, in his view, not analogous to the atmospheric influences which foster the embryo within the seed, but to some agency for which we should seek in vain for a parallel, as the sole factor in the production of new species.

Philal. It may possibly be so, though it may be that the strong prejudices with which you regard the theory may lend to it the colour of the glasses through which you are looking. But I do not think the investigation a very useful one. The point at which we must diverge from our author, if he means what you make him mean, lies beyond the boundaries of his domain of science. We may accompany him up to those limits without fear; we need not quit him one moment before he loses all peculiar claims on our attention as a guide, before he has set his foot upon ground where he is not more peculiarly

at home than the rest of us. Nothing that he has tried to *prove* can influence our opinion of his data.

Philoc. But how little the theory explains, if this is all! How slight the importance of that agency which merely clears the path for a principle of developement, for which principle I am certain, moreover, that our Author would never consent to clear the way.

Philal. Do not revert to any indication of opinion which is not an integral portion of the theory. But, with regard to a principle of developement, does not the Darwinian theory imply it, whatever the author may believe about it? If there were not such a principle at work, putting forward on every side new and varied forms, what would nature have to select? What is Natural Selection but the rejection of the greater number of these forms? What does it supply? It no more creates new species than the bed of gravel creates the stream which percolates through it. What are *accidental* varieties—in what sense can we see the word accidental, but in that of belonging to some unknown law? And what are those varieties which are produced by some unknown law *but* the result of developement?

Philoc. That is, the theory supplies materials for its own refutation?

Philal. Not at all; it merely supplies materials—as all logically coherent theories do, whether they are true or not—for the refutation of illogical inferences.

Philoc. Well, then, I repeat that the theory which merely clears the path for a principle of developement explains very little.

Philal. It appears to me a very inadequate statement of the result of the hypothesis to speak of it as merely clearing the way for a principle of developement. If natural selection be, indeed, the instrument by which species were produced, I should find in the pioneers who hewed a pathway for an invading army, through a mountain chain of solid granite, the best parallel to those forces of which natural selection is the summary. Of course, you may say that the pioneers merely clear the way for those who are to do the work of conquest. But, if they carve out the path which leads to the promised land, leaving impassable barriers on every other side, I cannot think that their part is an insignificant one in the great work of conquest.

Philoc. Only you must allow those who enjoy a peaceful possession of the conquered territory to protest against any claim to an exclusive right to their gratitude on behalf of those who *only* removed obstacles, however insuperable without their aid, to the work of conquest.

Philal. Certainly; but I should not consider that a treatise on military engineering was an occasion forcing upon its author any judgment upon the relative merits of the labours to be performed by the engineer and the soldier.

Philoc. But the treatise professes a far wider scope than any which could be conveyed by that analogy. It *does* imply a judgment on the whole work of creation.

Philal. It is quite possible for a logician to overlook the fact that logic does not afford data, and I could hardly imagine a mistake which would more effectually distort his view of truth as a whole. But it would not make any gap in his system of logic. When he crossed the frontier, to take your own metaphor—when he came to the relation which logic bears to the philosophy of mind—*then*, no doubt, he would be set utterly wrong by such a fallacy; but, as long as he kept strictly within the boundaries of his particular science, it would not affect his reasoning.

Now the office of natural selection, in arriving at species, seems to me precisely analogous to the office of logic in arriving at truth. Neither of these instruments does more than combine in a more complex order the elements which both are powerless to produce. As the facts furnished by the senses or the axioms expressive of necessary truth are to the laws of logic, so are the unknown influences which affect the reproductive system to that inexorable destruction of the greater number of the modifications

thus produced, which is all we mean by natural selection.

Philoc. All we mean by it! How small a thing it is then that we *do* mean by it!

Philal. Is not this very simplicity of the hypothetical agent in so mighty a result, a mark of the verisimilitude of the hypothesis? Think of the laws of motion, for example; do they not baffle our comprehension in first turning our attention to mechanics, from their very simplicity? We turn over the words in our mind in the expectation of finding something more than the truism they convey; yet it was the want of a correct appreciation of these truisms which obstructed the progress of a theory which changed the scheme of the universe. All the founders of science have, as Sir John Herschel says, not only much to do, but much to undo. And, to my thinking, there is something in the very negative character of the theory, in the very fact that its chief work is to cut away all agencies but those which we actually see now in operation, which impresses on it the character of truth.

Philoc. I see now how large a part of the objections which arose in my mind against this theory are removed by a more exact understanding of the subject to which it applies. But that only brings us to my specific objections to this particular view of the origin of species. Suppose me convinced (I hardly know how far that is the case) that the introduction of secondary causes into the production of species does not necessarily call in question the spiritual nature of man and his filial relation to his Creator,—yet my reluctance to accept *these* secondary causes as agents in such a result remains unchanged.

I cannot reconcile myself to the admission of agencies which have the impress of what in man would constitute sin, to the work of creation. Do not silence me by pointing out the difficulty, which I already admit, in recognising the existence of evil at all.

I am aware that, logically, there is no degree in a contradiction; that, in believing in the existence of evil under a good Creator, I have already admitted to my mind a contradiction which, as it cannot be softened down by any conceivable hypothesis respecting the mode of creation, so neither can it be heightened by it.

But there are instincts which are beyond the jurisdiction of any logical code; and to these I appeal in your heart, Philalethes, against a hypothesis which, carrying us back to the moment when "God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good," shows us this scene of strife, of bloodshed, of suffering. Surely, it was not on *this* that the Creator pronounced a blessing! Surely, the command, "Be fruitful and multiply," did not mean, "Let every "creature engage in an unremitting war- "fare with its fellows for the means of "subsistence." This misfit between nature's powers of production and means of support; this constant flooding of the banks of existence; this want of balance between the organic and inorganic world; these, of course, I have no choice about accepting as facts. But is there such a trifling distance between the acknowledgment of their existence—in a world where sin has cast its mysterious shadow—and of their pre-existence in the mind of a perfect Creator, that you can span it with a single step?

Philal. The gulf which separates the two conceptions you have spoken of is one which no possible theory of the production of new species can require us to cross.

Philoc. How do you escape it? Here we stand at the summit of creation, the highest shoots of the lofty tree, whose roots stir the depth of earth, whose branches sweep the heavens. In the tree, as it stands, I see what seems to me distortion and blight. From the lowest fibre of the roots to the highest leaf something is amiss, something is the work of an evil power. How and why I am not obliged to explain; it is enough that I look back to a time when a perfect *seed* was dropped into the earth; when the germ, free from all taint of imperfection, first began to expand in the bosom of nature. And such a re-

trospect gives an analogous prospect; for, if all evil is extraneous to the expansive principle of life, the time shall come when the blight shall pass away, and the result image accurately the intention of the planter. But think what you imply when you tell me that man is the result of the predominance among his ancestors of those tendencies which in him are sinful; that the Creator delegated the work of his creation to an evil power; that the first thought of this wonderful universe in the mind of God was combined with evil; that the very foundations of organic nature were laid upon it, and therefore can never be separated from it.

Philal. It is strange that two conceptions which, to my mind, are as distinct as the flower and the seed, should in yours be so inextricably involved as to need restatement in such various forms. When Raphael designed the cartoons, was his mind occupied with the looms of Arras which were to be put in requisition, before his creation would shape itself in the silk, and gold, and wool, which were the destined means of its expression? Was the Flemish weaver in any sense the author of The Miraculous Draught of fishes? Do you suppose that he and his loom were present to the mind where the picture originated?

Philoc. You are speaking of a mind that could be occupied. The metaphor fails altogether when applied to that mind which not the whole creation can in any sense *occupy*.

Philal. Why so?

Philoc. Because it was only the limitation of the human mind which prevented Raphael from conceiving the means simultaneously with the end of his production. Were it possible that he should have been the most skilful of weavers as well as the greatest of artists, would not Leo have demanded that the tapestry should be woven by the hand which designed it?

Philal. Think one moment, Philocalos; in a world where not man only, but nature also, bears the impress of imperfection, must we not admit some analogous conception in the scheme of creation to the Flemish weaver? How we reconcile this with the belief in Omnipotence is a question lying wholly beyond the sphere of the present subject—I believe, beyond that of human reason. But have we any choice about it? Is not the whole creation as distinct from, yet as similar to, the primordial idea in the mind of the Creator, as the tapestries of the Vatican to the cartoons of Raphael?

Philoc. Again, then, you return upon the position you surrendered at my first assault. You empty of all meaning such words as, "Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands."

Philal. I should empty of all meaning the wide visible world and the wider invisible world, if I lost anything of the force of those words. I believe that He has a desire to the manhood in us—the typical nature that is in each one of us—and which, overlaid and obscured by something that is *not* the work of God's hands, yet, underlying all outward forms, constitutes at once our essential humanity and our sonship towards Him.

Philoc. Yes, in man, no doubt, there is that which is not the work of God's hands; but what has this to do with nature? I have always been accustomed to look upon the manner in which cause and effect are linked in the physical world as a symbol and prophecy of the order to which man shall attain, when he has perfectly conformed himself to the will of God. But what becomes of this view if nature, too, is imperfect? How is nature our example, if she is a partaker of our imperfection?

Philal. I look upon that system of things which we mean by nature as a perfect means to an end. I see in the unvarying precision with which every law in that system regulates the smallest detail of the phenomena subjected to it, in the harmony between the vast and the minute, in the simplicity and co-operation of the various forces which are for us ultimate facts, in the tendency towards unity which is revealed to us by every advance in knowledge, as un-

mistakeable evidences of *design*. I see in every fact which the study of nature makes known to us fresh evidence of the unity of plan of this whole mechanism; and my confidence is entire that, whatever the purpose, it is completely accomplished. But, when you come to consider nature with reference to man —and, indeed, to all sentient beings— then the adaptation, the harmony between the two becomes, to my mind, very faint and dim. The attempts to make this harmony a complete one, of which such books as the Bridgewater Treatises are instances, are profoundly unsatisfactory to me. I do not deny that it is easy enough to extract from the book of nature some such message as they make it convey. Select your own passages from the great volume, omit all parenthesis, and add the marginal *pié legendum*, and I do not deny that any one of the sciences may furnish a very suitable illustration for a sermon. But to wrest them to this purpose appears to me a mistake of the kind which Bacon must have contemplated in his celebrated assertion, "That, "as all works show forth the power and "skill of the workman, but not his image, "so it is of the works of God."

Philoc. I cannot retain the thread of your argument. How does this explain your conception of the imperfection of nature?

Philal. It is rather intended as an illustration of what I mean by that imperfection. Is not the statement, that man has to work within a machinery to which he is imperfectly adapted, equivalent to an acknowledgment of imperfection in the machinery, with regard to him?

Philoc. Well, then, how do you reconcile this with nature's being—as you called it just now—a perfect means to an end?

Philal. Because I look upon this very misfit—this very want of adjustment between man and his dwelling-place—as a purpose of the Creator.

Philoc. It seems to me that the study of the anomalies of nature has too entirely tinged your whole tone of thought. You have dwelt on the exception till you can hardly perceive the rule; and you forget that it remains to be proved whether nature can be called to account for any share in disease—whether that is not exclusively attributable to the folly of man.

Philal. Suppose it be so, you have not exonerated nature from the partnership which she shares with our own folly and sin in producing our suffering. In a sermon recently published, by an author whose productions will always deserve and command attention, the prayers for fine weather are attacked, on the ground (if I rightly understand the author's meaning) that we ought not to suppose that any *dis*advantageous weather will be sent us; that, in any circumstances, the laws of nature are so arranged as to work for our physical good. This doctrine seems to me based on a theory which would not be capable of adjusting itself to some of the most striking facts of nature. The weather is one link in a chain, including such vast and destructive influences as the earthquake, that arrests civilisation and fills a wide tract of country with ruins; the storm, that strews our coast with wrecks; the volcanic eruption, which entombs the inhabitants of an entire city. The true basis for an objection, in which I entirely sympathise, seems to me to lie here:—That the petition for or against any particular kind of weather is the expression of a habit of mind which regards the weather as connected with the will of God in some other manner than the ordinary chain of causation, which includes all the rest of the physical world; and, as such, I regard it as equally opposed to true philosophy and true religion. But that a bad season will never prove a plague and punishment to us—when man has done his best, that nature will always lend him a helping hand—this appears to me a hypothesis that any general, unprejudiced view of science at once destroys.

Philoc. You mean to say, then, that somewhere or other there is a misfit between man and his dwelling-place;

that, if the machinery was ever perfect, some evil power has laid its hand on the mainspring, and deranged the working ever since?

Philal. Yes; and that influence lies wholly without the boundaries of science, which is exclusively occupied with the machinery itself, and can take no account of any influence from without. Go back as far as we will, therefore, science only shows us the working of the present order of things. And what I insist upon is that, so far as that order is imperfect, it is an obscured and dimmed image of that perfect creation when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Philoc. The Flemish weaver having marred the design of Raphael.

Philal. Exactly so.

Philoc. Still this only seems to me an illustration of your statement as regards the *result*. It is the introduction of conception of evil into the *means* that I object to.

Philal. If you once believe that there is derangement in the mechanism, why should it be any additional difficulty that this very circumstance is converted into a means of good? The aspect of animated nature as one vast battle-field is a painful one, but it is a fact we have no choice about accepting. This warfare would be evil in man, and we must imagine it as evil in some sense wherever it is; but that this evil agency should be forced to serve as the pioneer of higher forms of being, seems to me in accordance with all that is revealed to us of God's dealings with his creatures —in analogy with all that we know of Him as the Father of our spirits, and the Judge of our deeds.

Philoc. But this view of nature seems to me to remove the events of the physical world so entirely beyond the cognizance of the Creator.

Philal. Not so; it does the very reverse of that. It is the natural theologians who are forced to argue as though in certain exceptional cases we must regard the Divine hand as for the moment withdrawn. I admit not only no absence, but no *degree* of volition. I insist that you must not imagine one kind of will to produce those results in nature which are, and another to produce those which are not, apparently beneficial. Only, I say, this is his will for a world in which one influence is constantly at work against his will. This is the aspect which He wills that nature should bear towards a being who has yet to be conformed to his will. That every phase of the evil within should find some reflection without; that in the lower animals man's lower tendencies should be imaged forth; that in the outward face of nature his gloom, his rage, his apathetic despair, should find by turns some responsive glance;—this is the echo of his own sin; it surely had no part in that first Divine idea of the world to be inhabited by sinless man; it will have no part in a world from which sin has been banished. But, till then,

> She would fain relieve us,
> Fain our grief beguile;
> She cannot deceive us
> By her outward smile—
> For we know that death
> Torments her all the while.

Philoc. Tell me, then, do you mean this—that the perfect creation is *not* this actual creation that we see before us, that this is the mere copy of some pre-existing archetype?

Philal. Do you remember the answer of Socrates to Glaucon, when the latter has professed his disbelief in the existence of the Republic? In Heaven, he replies, there is laid up a pattern for him who wishes to behold it.

Philoc. Yes, of a Republic. I know I am restating an objection which you have answered; but the difficulties which attend any such view of the material world return upon me afresh after you have appeared to put them to flight.

Philal. Think rather of the negative than positive side of my meaning—for that, indeed, *is* my meaning. I am advancing no theory as to the nature of species. I am only trying to show you how an hypothesis which professes to explain the means in which forms of being are reached affords no inferences

respecting the origin of being—how evil, in the process by which these forms are defined, is not the shadow of evil in the Eternal Mind in which these forms arose.

Philoc. And this theory of the origin of species, which has been regarded as an offspring of materialism, you, then, regard as a key to the great parable of nature?

Philal. I do not rest my faith in any theory on the harmony which it may possess with views of a different region of truth; but I do assert that the analogy which this kind of theory possesses with truth upon subjects where analogy must be our best guide, is a fact which ought not, indeed, to affect the balance in which we weigh the theory on its own merits, but which may well overcome all reluctance to receive it when these have been clearly ascertained. Can we imagine a fitter home for man during this season of probation than one that bears this lesson inscribed at every turn —that failure, and suffering, and strife, and even death, are but the steps by which he has been raised to the height at which he finds himself? Could there be a symbol more replete with hope for him in all the failure and strife he is to find within? In such a view of the production of new species, it seems to me, if the words may be used without irreverence, as if the Creator had condescended to impose upon Himself the limitations of human incapacity—as if He had willed that the history of creation should present us with a type of the course and result of all unremitting, patient, faithful work.

Philoc. How can this apply to the work of him to whom time does not exist, to whom the countless ages which this scheme demands for the introduction of every new form, are but as a watch in the night; and whose design is fulfilled by the incomplete and undeveloped forms which strew the workshop of nature as much as by the finished specimen which she displays as her masterpiece?

Philal. I know these are difficulties; but I cannot think that the symbols are meaningless, that the feeling was a mere delusion, which led one of the first among the students of nature to a noble carelessness for the reception of his discoveries; "the book," he said, "may well "wait a century for a reader, as God "has waited six thousand years for "an interpreter." I cannot feel that the message of hope, of encouragement, of consolation, which such a theory as this translates from the parable of nature, is any creation of man. In the ebb of hope which comes to most of us when the morning freshness of life is past, when our path is cumbered with the rubbish of abandoned and incomplete work, and the blunted tool drops from the nerveless hand, and we sink into the numbing apathy of failure—what a depth of meaning do we find in such a view of creation as this—of such mighty changes accomplished through such faint and dim gradations, such innumerable failures for one success, such a slow and such an unpausing movement in the stream of creation, widening towards the mighty ocean! Then, indeed, we hear the voice of a teacher in nature. "My child," she seems to say, "you must work as I have "worked. I have not broken the mould "because the vessel was marred upon it. "I have not turned my eyes for one mo- "ment from the patterns set before me, "because I was compelled to cast aside "the broken fragments of the unsuccess- "ful copies. I, plying at my silent "loom, unpausing and unhasting, set "before you an example that rebukes "despondency and cowardice, that in- "spires lofty hopes and resolute endea- "vours. The thread of life was not my "work; that was given to me: but, "when once I had wound it on the "shuttle, I had no occasion to renew it. "I weave it according to the manifold "patterns set before me, beginning from "the simple and lowly organisms where "that golden thread is scarcely visible, "proceeding through the gradually more "complex forms that show it more and "more plainly, until it supplies the mate- "rials of this costly vesture of humanity, "that has been found worthy to clothe "the Son of God."

THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Time, I know, is ruler, and Change almighty;
Youths become the old, and the aged corpses,
Corpses worms, worms dust, and the Mausoleum's
Self a tradition.

Be this thought but thought, and a pallor blanches
Bridal cheeks, and kisses of fire are frozen,
Strongest limbs unnerved; and alone thou smilest
Blithe and undaunted,

Who, secluse, a serious priest of Pallas,
Daily, nightly, patient accumulatest
Lore on lore, with gradual toil perfecting
Knowledge to wisdom;

Or who, holy, chapleted, Art's disciple,
Rapt in earthless glow and aspiring, ever
Building, limning, sculpturing, singing, god-like
Beauty begettest.

Pomp and state to billowy corn I liken,
Random sown, and reaped in its golden season;
Youth to roses—are ye not, Art and Wisdom,
Laurel and ivy?

Thus I spoke in fervour, insanely deeming
Blunt the scythe of Time, and his glass retarded,
When, unseen, breathed sorrowful voices, "Say then,
Are we remembered,

"We who erst, fleet-winged with desire ecstatic,
Fled the lips, and over the soul of Sappho
Hung sublime, loud larks in the blaze of æther
Panting and pouring

"Fiery-hearted strains, which, as eyes of eagles
Gaze alone on noon-day intenseness, only
Gods might hear serene, nor be rapt and rave with
Frenzy delicious?

"Tell us where—thou canst not—a youth, a maiden
Plume the eager lip with our lyric pinions;
Cry the hearts aloud in our grasp, like swallows
Snatched by the falcon?

"Dead the lark of Lesbos, the swan of Leucas.
Chill disurnéd Helicon chants to Delphi
Song of ours no more; neither do the planes of
Attica hear us.

"Scrolless, Museless, bodiless, lyreless, lipless,
Empty shade are we, and an idle rumour,
Rich Oblivion's trophy—How then call'st Art and
Beauty immortal?"

Voices dear, I pray ye by Hippocrene,
By the cliffs, the vines and the rills of Lesbos
By this heart's vibration I pray ye, spare my
Beautiful vision.

Spare my one poor raft in a world of waters.
Changed, not silent deem I ye yet, the ample
Earth your home, not books, and the voice of Nature's
Self your expression.

When, each wave a separate leap of brightness,
Glitters far-spread Ocean, or roaring renders
Thunder dumb, or strays with a sweet encroachment
Over the beaches;

When the tune of winds and the bird's recital
Blend in vale, in thicket—O let me deem then
Birds and winds thy harps, and that Ocean peals thy
Harmony, Sappho.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAVOUR'S LAST DEBATE.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "ROME IN 1860."

At the end of May, I passed through Turin on my way homewards from Southern Italy. It was in the January of 1859 that I had last seen the Alp-surrounded city, then the capital of Piedmont, and now the capital of Italy. In these words lay the gist of some two and a half years, which had gone by between my two visits. The world-famed interview of Plombières, the full secret of which is hidden now in the grave of Count Cavour, and in the heart of one than whom the grave is not more taciturn; the passage of the Mincio, when the white-coated Austrians came marching on Turin, till their progress was stayed by the coming of the French armies whom Cavour had summoned to the rescue; the retreat from Milan; the battles of Magenta, San Martino and Solferino; the treaty of Villa Franca, to which Victor Emmanuel, by Cavour's guidance, affixed his signature under protest; the expulsion of the Austrian Grand-dukes; the revolt of the Romagna; the annexation of central Italy; the triumphal entry of the "Ré Eletto," as they called him then, into Parma, and Modena, and Florence, and Bologna, when Cavour stood by his side; the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala; the bombardment of Palermo; the march through Calabria; the flight of the Bourbon King; the Garibaldian dictatorship; the invasion of the Papal States; the rout of Lamoricière's army at Castlefidardo; the capture of Ancona; the retirement of Garibaldi to Caprera; the siege of Gaeta and the surrender of Messina; the proclamation of the Italian kingdom, of which Cavour declared that Rome should be the future metropolis—all these and a hundred other incidents had led to and were contained in this one great fact that the capital of Piedmont had become the capital of Italy.

It had been my fortune to reside in Italy, with but short intervals of absence, throughout the whole of that eventful period. I had been present at many of the scenes in that great world-drama. I had seen the French regiments marching through Paris on their way to Solferino. I had seen their thinned ranks marching out of Milan, when the work was ended and the victory won. I had been at Florence in the last days of the grand-ducal dynasty, and had been there again when Victor Emmanuel came to take possession of the Tuscan land. I had mingled with

the crowd which followed Garibaldi as he entered into Naples, passing beneath the pointed guns of the "Castel del Carmine," heeding nothing but the people's cheering. I had met the Ex-dictator on his last day in Naples when he paid his farewell visits, unheeded and alone. I had been present when the parting decrees were placarded over Naples bearing for the last time the signature of Francis II., king of the Two Sicilies—and had been present also when the Royal Exiles knelt for the first time before "Pio Nono" at the shrine of Saint Peter, boy-king and girl-queen together. I had passed through the Sardinian camp before Gaeta, when the shells from the fortress came flying over the land-locked bay. I had wandered about the captured fortress, while the dead were being carried out for burial from beneath the shattered walls. I had seen Turin, the capital of a petty state, on the eve of invasion by Austrian armies—I was coming now to see it in the hour of triumph, as the capital of a great country.

I have said thus much to show why to me it was an object of especial interest to listen to a debate in the Italian parliament. The drama of the Italian revolution was one that I had not only read but seen acted. The varying events and episodes, the men by whom the plot was worked out, and the spots wherein the scenes were fixed, were to my mind connected with living memories. The "Italia una e libera" was for me no mere abstraction. In the meeting of that first of Italian parliaments, I was to see the idea, whose growth I had watched, realized and made manifest. And so, before I left Italy—left it, as it then seemed, in the full tide of success—with the great dream that Mazzini conceived, and Garibaldi fought for, and Cavour wrought into being, almost an "accomplished fact," —I had resolved to take away with me as the last in a bundle of many memories, the record of a sitting in the National parliament of the Italian kingdom. I carried out my purpose; and, in so doing, I saw and heard more than I had reckoned on—I saw the last appearance before the world, I heard the last speech, of Count Cavour.

I was present, then, at two debates of the Italian Parliament, on the 28th and 29th of May,—debates which will long live in the memory of all those who heard them, not from what occurred there, but from what came afterwards. There is no difficulty about getting admission into the Turin Chambers; the only trouble is to find your way to the Assembly-house in the "Piazza Carignano." There is so little of pomp, or show, or bustle, about the place to attract a stranger's notice. In fact, you might well pass without heeding it: a low town-hall-looking building, with three doors opening on the street. Two national guards—Florentines by the way —stood on duty there when I entered; a weather-stained tricolor, with the cross of Savoy in the centre, hung over the main entrance, out of which every now and then you saw men in morning attire passing to and fro. A printed placard told you that to-day was an open sitting, commencing "al tocco," or at the time of bell-ringing, as one o'clock is called in the North of Italy. Another notice over each side-door informed you that this was the way to the public tribune; and, entering by one of these doors, asking no questions and being asked none, you passed out of the open street, up a narrow dark dirty staircase, pushed open a green-baize door and found yourself in the Commons House of the Italian kingdom. Your first feeling was that you had entered by mistake into a public lecture-room. A horse-shoe shaped hall, with tier upon tier of high red velvet-covered benches, rising one above the other, half-way up the building; behind the last bench a number of wide open boxes, where reporters and diplomats and illustrious visitors had the right of entrance; then, overhanging these, a high gallery supported on light and airy pillars, and in the gallery three or four tribunes, *Anglice*, "pens," reserved for ladies and national guards, and the common public, of whom you were one; over head a lofty skylight-broken roof—these were the broad fea-

tures of the building in which you stood. Details of any kind there were few to notice. In the centre of the dead wall, which stood where the curtain would have stood, had the house been a theatre, was a portrait of "Victor Emmanuel," in the dress of a Sardinian officer, with the upturned moustaches, and the marked Calmuck-looking features, whose expression never varies. On either side were two tablets, much like those on which the Ten Commandments are inscribed in English chapels; and on them were written: "March 1848," and "February 1861"—the dates when Charles Albert proclaimed the Sardinian constitution, and when Victor Emmanuel proclaimed the Italian kingdom. Underneath the king's picture is a raised platform, on which stands the chair of the President; and in front of this again is a low table, where the ministers are seated with their faces turned towards the audience. Little more, I think, need be said about the stage on which Cavour achieved the glory of his life—speaking to the first Italian parliament as Prime Minister of the First King of Italy—and from which I saw him, but yesterday, speak for the last time, to go home thence, and die.

The house, when I entered, was very fairly full, three-fifths probably of the seats being occupied. The benches to the left of the president's chair, where the opposition sits, were almost crowded, for the day's question had brought together a great rallying of the Garibaldian members. The thing which struck you most, as your eye wandered from the building to its occupants, was the extremely English look of the members as a body. There was less eccentricity in dress or gesture than you would see any day in the English House of Commons. As all the upper Italians do now-a-days, the members very much affected English fashions in the colour and cut of their clothes; and, if it had not been that the features were somewhat more marked, and the complexions somewhat darker than would have been the case with us, you could hardly have told that you were not in an assemblage of English gentlemen. Disturbance, or noise, or confusion of any kind, there was none. All the proceedings were carried on with a degree of quiet order, or orderly quiet, for which, even with some knowledge of the self-restraint that Italians possess, I was not prepared. Indeed, the absence of any apparent excitement was almost oppressive, except on the rare occasions when my neighbours round me in the public tribune, many of whom were disbanded Garibaldians, applauded the expression of any sentiment more patriotic, perhaps, than discreet. And then, having noticed all this, your eyes turned inevitably to the ministerial bench, and passed by Ratazzi, Minghetti, Fanti, and Scialoja, to fix themselves upon Cavour.

He was sitting on the first day of that debate at the right end of the ministers' table. I had seen him last at Bologna, hustled by a dense crowd, cheering madly, as Victor Emmanuel entered, as king, the northern capital of the Papal States. Still, even if I had not known him by sight before, there could have been no difficulty in recognising the Italian premier. The form, and figure, and features were such that portrait-painters and caricaturists could and did seize them easily and truly. The squat and—I know no truer word—pot-bellied form; the small stumpy legs; the short, round arms, with the hands stuck constantly in the trousers' pockets; the thick neck, in which you could see the veins swelling; the scant, thin hair; the slurred, blotched face; and the sharp, grey eyes, covered with the goggle spectacles—these things must be known to all who have cared enough about Italy to examine the likeness of her greatest statesman. The dress itself seemed a part and property of the man. The snuff-coloured tail-coat; the grey, creased, and crumpled trousers; the black silk double tie, seeming, loose as it was, a world too tight for the swollen neck it was bound around; the crumpled shirt; the brown satin, single-breasted waistcoat, half unbuttoned, as though the wearer wanted breath, with the short, massive gold chain dangling down its front—seemed all to be in fitness with that quaint, world-known figure. What, however,

no portrait that I have seen has ever given, was the great kindliness of look and manner. It is Balzac, I believe, who says that dogs and women have an unfailing instinct which teaches them whom they can make up to safely; and I think that a dog who wanted his head patted, or a woman who sought for a kind word in trouble, would have come to Count Cavour without doubt or fear. Whether, when the pat was given and the kind word spoken, there was room for a deeper and more personal affection, may perhaps be doubtful. The great men of this world have few friends and many lovers; and of such Cavour was one.

The matter in discussion before the House on those two last days of Cavour's public life was one which, strangely enough, called into question the whole of the Premier's policy. A law had been proposed by the ministry to regulate the pensions of the different civil and military "employés" who had been deprived of their salaries, from political motives, by the late governments of the various annexed States. The principle of the law received the unanimous approval of all parties in the country. The only question at issue was how far the compensation should be carried. It seems that, after the reconquest of Venice by the Austrians, in 1849, a number of Venetians, who had situations under the Provisional Government, took refuge in Piedmont, and were, as a matter of favour, granted pensions from the civil list of the Sardinian Government. The demand of the liberal opposition was that this, which had formerly been granted as a favour, should now be granted as a right. The question was one of principle, not of practical importance. Of the eighty-one officers who had originally received these pensions, forty-seven had taken service in the Italian army; eighteen more had obtained civil appointments; and therefore only sixteen were left qualified to claim compensation. The real point at issue between the opposition and ministry was, whether the fact of these sixteen officers having held rank under Manin's Provisional Government, at Venice, entitled them to claim, as a right, pensions from the war budget of the Italian kingdom—a point which involved the whole question of how far the National Italian Government was disposed to recognise the acts and authority of the former revolutionary governments. When I had ceased looking around me, Tecchio was urging, temperately enough, the claims of the Venetian officers. Himself an exile from Venice, with his tall, portly, military figure, and his worn handsome face—worn rather by sorrow and suffering than by age—and his grave stately utterance, his words obviously carried weight. Scarcely had he sat down before Bixio had sprung upon his legs, and was speaking—as his wont is—rapidly. All who knew Naples during the Garibaldian days must well remember Bixio, with all the wild stories that used to be told about him—of how, with his own hand, he had shot a soldier dead on the march through Calabria, whom he found stealing a roadside bunch of grapes beneath that burning summer sun, and how his very aides-de-camp were afraid to speak to him without revolvers in their hands. There he was, looking almost wilder in his plain clothes than in the red shirt of a Garibaldian general—a little wiry nervous man, rather French than Italian in look, reminding one of the fierce young Marseillaise Girondins, such as Carlyle has painted them, marching to Paris and the guillotine, cutting right and left with a sharp ready tongue, sparing neither friend nor foe, and yet, with all his fierceness, not unequal to the occasion in the time of danger, whether in war or peace, as he had shewn ofttimes in Rome and Sicily, and showed again not long ago, when he healed the great feud between Cavour and Garibaldi, by declaring, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, that, to see those two men at peace together, he would gladly sacrifice his own life, and that of all who were near and dear to him. He is speaking now with short epigrammatic sentences, tossing his arms about him wildly, and uttering, so fast that one can scarce follow him, sayings such as these—that night is not day;

that the Assembly are not lawyers, still less diplomats; and that, come what may, speaking the truth can do no harm.

Then Cavour rose. His attitude was careless—almost slovenly. With the left hand buried deep down in his pocket, his right played nervously with a paper-knife, which he kept swinging to and fro. (Ah, me! what a treasured relic that paper-knife must be to some one now!) His sentences at first came slowly and hesitatingly; and, as they ended, he seemed to falter constantly, as though he was doubting what next to say. As he went on, however, you perceived that the order and sequence of those halting sentences was perfect; that the man was speaking, not because he had a speech to make, still less because it was a pleasure to him to speak, but because he had something that needed saying. Even if the speech itself had not an interest of its own, the last words of so great a man are worth recording. The reports of the Italian papers are, to our notion, very curt and meagre; but, comparing them with my own recollections, I think I can state confidently that Cavour spoke much as follows:—

"Because one has the honour of re-
"presenting the government of one's
"country before foreign powers, one is
"no less a patriot for that. I am bound
"to explain to you the motives which
"direct my policy. I admit freely that
"all who took part in the noble defence
"of Venice have deserved well of their
"country. The only question is, whe-
"ther we ought to recognise the grades
"conferred by the provisional govern-
"ment of that city. If we admit the
"principle for Venice, we must admit it
"for all the other provisional govern-
"ments, including that of Rome. We
"cannot act on one principle for Venice,
"and on another for Rome. I ask
"you if the time has come to recom-
"pense all the sacrifices made for the
"cause of Italy? If you declare that
"every sacrifice is to be recompensed
"and every loss made good, you must
"renounce the idea of war. War is not
"possible if all injuries received by it
"are to be compensated for afterwards.
"The question is not whether the officers
"who have fought at Rome and at
"Venice have deserved well of their
"country, but whether we are bound to
"repair the losses they have suffered.
"My duty is a painful one. As Minis-
"ter of Marine I have proved my sym-
"pathy for those officers by admitting
"many of them into the royal service.
"I am afraid, however, you will recog-
"nise a dangerous principle. If you
"once admit the right of these officers
"to a pension, you bind us to repair all
"the losses incurred by war. I am
"convinced that the majority of these
"officers received their grades for ho-
"nourable reasons; but you know that,
"in troubled times, you must accept
"everybody's services; and necessarily
"provisional governments commit a
"number of mistakes. You wish the
"Government to recognise all these
"grades indiscriminately. This, I think,
"is undesirable. The consequence would
"be that, as we did not recognise the
"grades of those officers who entered
"the national service, those who have
"not taken up their arms would be
"better off than those who fought for
"us. I am told that the only ques-
"tion is about a handful of persons.
"Let an order of the day then be passed,
"requesting the Government to look
"into this matter; and the Government
"will be ready to use its best powers
"for meeting the wishes of the Cham-
"bers. A measure shall be prepared
"for the purpose; and, meanwhile, the
"officers shall receive the indemnity
"voted for them heretofore.

"Do not suppose that we are influ-
"enced by external considerations.
"Courage, indeed, was required to treat
"of the Venetian question in 1850,
"when the reaction was triumphant
"everywhere; but, at present, I declare
"explicitly that there is no need to
"trouble ourselves about the diplo-
"matic side of the question.

"I call, therefore, on the Chambers
"to vote my order of the day; which
"requests the ministry to study the
"question, but not to recognise the
"grades indiscrimately."

When the Premier sat down there

was a loud murmur of assent rather than of applause. I suspect that, save under exceptional circumstances, Cavour's oratory was never likely to create much enthusiasm. There was too obvious an expression of the feeling that he spoke not to influence the decision of his audience, but because he thought it due to them and to himself to explain the reasons on which he called on them to follow his decision.

In strange contrast to Cavour's hesitating accents, the deep, sonorous, somewhat funereal, voice of Brofferio now resounded through the house. A tall, thin, sallow, bilious man, with that fatal flow of words, and that disinclination to the show of white linen which seem to me characteristic, all the world over, of the disappointed democrat! He spoke well, and, though pompously, with force. The occupants of the public tribune cheered from time to time the terminations of those well poised sentences; and the pointed, laboured sarcasms told with success. "If he was a "lawyer," so I remember a fragment of his speech ran, "he loved to defend a "just cause. Count Cavour had misre- "presented the whole matter in dispute. "It was not a question of compensation, "but whether blood shed for the cause "of Italy should be refused a refuge on "Italian soil. It was all very well to "talk about Rome and Venice; but the "time was come not to talk but to act. "He was sent to represent the Italian "nation, and he would fulfil his duty."

In spite of Brofferio's sarcasms, he could obtain no notice from Cavour. The gallery might cheer; but the Minister sat silent, playing with his paper-knife, and smiling with a smile that was almost contemptuous, as if long ago he had taken his assailant's measure and found him not worth combating. It was curious to see how Cavour's manner changed when Brofferio gave place to Bixio. The slight scornful smile was laid aside, and the Minister listened carefully to an adversary whom he seemed to think required listening to and answering. Bixio, in truth, spoke freely. He told him he himself had fought at Rome and been wounded there; and, when he added that at Rome and Venice the Italians had been fighting in their own houses and for their own homes, it was not the gallery or the left alone that cheered his words. The speech of General Fanti, the war minister, in reply, was one of those which injure the cause they advocate. Strictly speaking, no doubt he was in the right; but, when he expatiated drily on the technical inconveniences of granting military pensions to men who had not served regularly, the feeling of the House was clearly not with him. Cavour was obviously aware of this; and, when Tecchio rose again and proposed, as a compromise, that pensions should only be given to those Venetian officers who had applied unsuccessfully for service in the Sardinian army during the great war of independence in 1859, the Premier accepted the proposal readily. And so, for the day the matter rested. The sittings are not long in the Italian Parliament; and by half-past five the debate was over.

The next day, the last of Count Cavour's appearance, I was present at the opening of the sitting. This time I took my place in a private tribune, for which I had been given a ticket; but I do not know that I was better off than in the public gallery. No question of much interest was thought likely to come under discussion, and the House was not so full as the day before. I have fancied since, while thinking the matter over, that there was a slight change visible in Cavour's look and manner. He seems to me now, though I own the reflection is one I made afterwards, to have been somewhat nervous and restless. This I know, that he changed his seat several times from one part of the ministerial bench to another, and that more than once during the debate he left the house, as though, in that hot, sultry, storm-laden atmosphere, he needed fresher air.

The orders of the day comprised a good deal of dry matter; but, as happens sometimes in other Parliaments, almost all the sitting was occupied in a discussion about which nothing could be found in

the orders of the day. When the president, Ratazzi, proceeded, as a matter of form, to propose Tecchio's amendment—agreed upon the night before—to the house, Brofferio got up suddenly, and moved, as an amendment, that the words, "and Roman" should be inserted after Venetian. He was too acute an orator not to make the most of Cavour's admission on the previous day, that the same principle must be adopted about Rome as about Venice. He dwelt bitterly upon the logical inconsistency of rewarding the defenders of the one and neglecting those of the other, compared the dictatorship of Mazzini at Rome to that of Manin at Venice, and wound up with a declamatory paragraph loaded with antithesis and alliteration, somewhat of this kind:—"If, then, "gentlemen, the circumstances of Rome "and Venice are alike; if the men "who fought on the shores of the "Adriatic and those who died on the "banks of the Tiber are great alike; if "the consequences are alike; if a like "justice urges us, and a like right com-"mands us—then why should we not "do an act of like justice?"

Tecchio's motion was put from the chair and carried unanimously; and then, when Brofferio's amendment was placed before the House, Cavour opposed it in these words:—

"The honourable deputy, Signor "Brofferio, taking advantage of an ad-"mission I made yesterday, has pro-"posed the present amendment. I do "not withdraw, and do not wish to "withdraw, the words I then spoke; "but the honourable gentleman ought "to remember that at the same time I "gave reasons why I could not agree "to the original motion. When, sub-"sequently, Signor Tecchio proposed that "a certain class only should come under "the action of the motion, the minis-"try, out of a sense of justice, resolved "to accept the amended motion. On "the other hand, the proposal of Signor "Brofferio is not of the same character, "because it extends to all the officers "of the Roman Republic, and does not "assume as a 'sine qua non' that they "must have offered their services to us "in the great wars of '55 and '59. I "may say, therefore, that the same "reasons which I urged against the "adoption of yesterday's un-amended "motion, apply to the motion of Signor "Brofferio.

"I know, indeed, that we must draw "a veil over the past; and, if we are "bound to judge impartially of those "who followed a standard which is not "our standard, I do not think that we "ought to put ourselves forward to "meet those who fought beneath "another flag and have not even recog-"nised our own. Many of them indeed "came to the monarchy, and said, 'We "recognise you, we offer you our "services;' and all who so came were "accepted readily. An honourable "Gentleman calls out that *all* so came, "but I am not of his opinion—I "wonder indeed how such an opinion "can be expressed, when but a few "months ago a person with whom the "deputy I allude to is avowedly in "relations published a book in which "he declared that his flag was not our "flag. When, an expedition of volun-"teers was raised in Tuscany, under the "command of an individual (Nicotera), "who, after he had accepted the stan-"dard of Savoy, declared that he would "follow it no longer, we may respect "men who hold such opinions as these, "but for us they are opponents and "enemies.

"We accepted the motion of Signor "Tecchio, because he declared that it "referred only to these officers who "offered their services to the govern-"ment during the campaign of '59. "But did all the officers of the Roman "Republic do this? This very Cernus-"chi, on whom Signor Brofferio passed "such an eulogium, never came near "us, and preferred keeping a lucrative "appointment he has got at Paris. "Amongst the defenders of Rome there "are indeed many who gave in their "adhesion to the national cause; and, "if they took no part in the war, it was "from no want of good will on their "part. On this account we are bound "to pay regard to them.

"It is difficult to lay down any exact

"law which would apply to this case; "but I declare positively that the "government will look to the interest "of this class of our fellow-citizens who "have deserved well of their country."

It is not surprising that this speech (the personal allusions in which it would take too long for me to explain here) should have led to a bitter and rambling discussion. The Mazzinian triumvirate at Rome, the Nicotera demonstration at Leghorn, the private character of Signor Cernuschi, and the question how far Brofferio was justified in talking of the conquest of Sicily by Garibaldi, were all dragged into discussion. Perhaps, if I were describing the debate alone, these incidents in it would be what I should dwell on most; but for me—and I think for my readers also—all in those days' debate in which Cavour took no part has ceased to have any interest. It is enough to notice these two facts. Several members of the right supported the minister, but without ability; and even then I was struck with what now strikes me still more painfully—how completely the discussion was, not between the right and the left, but between the opposition and Cavour alone. It is pleasanter to me to remember how, when Brofferio having implied that Ricasoli had broken his faith to Nicotera, the ex-ruler of Tuscany rose and said, "His simple "answer was that, throughout his life, "he had never to his knowledge "failed either in his word, or in his "honour!" Thereupon, the house cheered the words of the present Premier of Italy, as of one in whose mouth that proud answer was no empty boast.

The afternoon was getting on, and the debate becoming more personal as it continued, when Bixio—that strange fire-brand peace-maker—sprang up, and, saying that the house was getting all to sea, proposed as a compromise a general resolution, "that all who had fought for "the national independence deserved "well of their country." Logically speaking, the conclusion was impotent enough. Happily for themselves, the Italians are not much troubled with logical difficulties. Bixio's motion was a fortunate escape from a discussion which was touching on dangerous ground; and, after Cavour had supported it with the words, "Till our foreign "relations are settled, we must stifle all "party disputes; when that is done "things will be different; the best act "therefore of conciliation we can per-"form is to vote for General Bixio's "order of the day," the motion was carried by a large majority, the opposition for the most part abstaining from voting at all.

These were the last words which Count Cavour spoke in the Italian Parliament. He very shortly left the house, never to return there again; and, after some little formal business, the house itself adjourned also. The next day was the great national feast of the "Corpus Christi;" and, though—from the refusal of the higher clergy to celebrate the approaching feast of the "Statuto"—the Assembly took no official part in the religious festival, yet on that day there was no meeting of the chambers. On that evening, having seen all I wanted to see, I left Turin. For the next few days, I heard little and thought but little of Italian affairs. I saw indeed a chance notice in the papers of Cavour's illness; but I attached little importance to it. So many times in Sicily and Naples I had been told that Cavour was dying or dead. At Rome, it was such a common "ruse" of the priest-party to spread a report of Cavour's death, that it had become almost a joke there, when no other news was stirring, to say that the only news was that Cavour was dead. In fact I had heard "Wolf" cried so often that I had ceased to believe in the existence of the danger. It was just a week after I had heard Cavour speak that, in an obscure part of London, my eyes were caught by the placard of a penny paper pasted on the wall, announcing "The "death of Count Cavour;" and then, standing there, I had no need of reports to tell me of the mourning in Turin, where every shop was closed, with the words written across the barred shutters, "Pel lutto nazionale."

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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AS A PROFESSION.

BY AN EX-COMPETITION WALLAH.

It would be difficult to mention any profession which is so often asserted as the Indian Civil Service is, to be a sure path to great worldly prosperity. Every one has heard of briefless barristers, starving curates, shabby authors; of doctors without patients, of merchants without business, and of soldiers and sailors without promotion. But who ever heard of an Indian civilian who was not rolling in wealth, pomp, and power? Who ever heard the Civil Service of India described except as "the finest service in the world, sir"—the one glorious certainty in the pursuits of civilized life. The Indian civilian is, indeed, to the present age almost what the Indian nabob was to a former age. He is studiously represented as a lazy, luxurious being, in the enjoyment of extravagant pay, and of improper privileges and immunities of all kinds, and with nothing but the dangers of the climate, and the discomforts of expatriation, to mitigate his almost superhuman felicity.

So long as the government of India and the right of nomination to the Civil Service remained in the hands of the directors, these misconceptions could do but little harm. But now that the government has been transferred to the Crown, and the service thrown open to the public, the most serious evils may result from them. They may lead to the unreflecting reduction of Indian civil salaries, and they may induce men to compete for writerships who have no inclination whatever for such a life as the Indian civilian's actually is. It is surely desirable that, before the salaries are reduced, it should be well understood what the work is by which they are earned; and that, before a youth enters the service, he should know what the service is.

To supply this information is the object of the present paper. We will first sketch the career of a civilian in the North West provinces; then mention the chief incidents of his service; and, lastly, endeavour to place the service in its true rank as a worldly profession. In applying our results to other parts of India, variations of detail will, indeed, be necessary. But they will hold good generally of both the upper and lower provinces of Bengal,—the presidency to which the majority of probationers will probably always be sent, and in which the highest rate of salaries prevails.

On his arrival in India, the new civilian spends his first year in Calcutta, studying two oriental languages. He is now said to be "in college." The college is the college of Fort William, which has degenerated from Lord Wellesley's ideal into an examining board, a library, and a crowd of Moonshees and Pundits. Every student is provided with a Moonshee, with the loan of books, and with about 400*l.* a year pay, which, although it sounds enormous to English ears, is little more than enough to enable the young civilian to keep up his position in so expensive a city as Calcutta. It

would not be easy, however, to justify this item of expenditure in a Committee of Supply. As an educational institution the effect of the college is almost inappreciable. The intellectual qualifications of the examiners are not high. The amount of restraint imposed on the students is not great enough to coerce the frivolous, and is quite sufficient to disgust the ambitious. On the whole, the almost invariable result of his residence in college is to impair the student's health, to damage his morale, to hamper him with debts, to lower his ambition, and to disgust him with Indian life—a heavy price to pay for the perusal of didactic fables about monkeys, mice, and crows, and the superficial acquirement of a scanty vocabulary of pedantic words.

At last, however, the student is reported qualified for the public service, and joins a station as an assistant to the magistrate and collector. In the course of the next two years, he will probably manage to pass two not very formidable examinations; and, being then vested with the full powers of a joint magistrate and deputy collector, he will enter on his career. And here we must do what no ambitious civilian is at all likely to do, confine our view to what is called "the regular line of the service." Of course, every one who is ambitious will determine in his own mind that it is all very well for Brown, Jones, and Robinson to keep in the beaten track. They, poor fellows, will never be fit for anything else! But he, with his rare endowments, will surely leap at once into a snug staff appointment! Did not Lord Metcalfe, he will reflect, attract Lord Wellesley's discerning eye almost as soon as he landed in Calcutta, and pass his time in personal attendance on "the glorious little man," till he entered on his brilliant diplomatic career? Have not A. B. and C. been in the Secretariat or in Council all their service? And shall he, the hero, remain unknown to fame in a Cutcherry, or spend his life as a police-magistrate? But, unfortunately, the whole number of staff appointments in the Bengal service is only about twenty; so that, if forty heroes go out every year, the great majority of them must perforce remain in the "regular line." Moreover, even assuming that the authorities in the disposal of their patronage adopt, in its integrity, the motto, "Detur digniori," we only fall back on Lord Palmerston's question, "What is merit?" Your ideas and my ideas on the point may differ widely; and, even if you would be as fully convinced as I am of my qualifications for a given post, if you knew me as well as I fancy that I know myself, fortune may deny you the knowledge, and may perversely bring to your notice the inferior qualities of Smith or Jones. In India, where civilians are scattered over so large an area, the chances of acquaintanceship play a most important part in the lottery of staff appointments. No Governor-general can be personally acquainted with every civil officer between Calcutta and Peshawur. When he has a good thing to dispose of, he gives it either to a man whom he knows himself, or to a man who is strongly recommended by some one personally known to his excellency. So that the nominee be competent, why should we complain that the post is given only to a competent man, and not to him whom we consider the most competent?

It is best, then, at the outset, to turn our eyes resolutely away from all secretaryships, registrarships, and other fat and tempting posts, and to confine ourselves to the regular line of the service where the rank and file must work. The odds are that any given civilian will be kept in that line all his service. An intending candidate, therefore, who feels a distaste for the work of a district officer, would do well to abandon altogether the idea of entering the Indian Civil Service.

After an assistant has passed his two examinations, his duties and powers, for the best part of the next ten years, will remain unaltered. His title will be changed from "Assistant with full powers," to "Joint Magistrate of the Second Grade," and "Joint Magistrate of the First Grade." His pay will be raised contemporaneously to 70*l.* and

100*l.* per mensem. His station, which was, at first, probably one of the most isolated, may very likely be, at last, one of the largest and most attractive in the provinces. But his powers and duties will throughout remain almost unchanged; excepting that, as a young hand, he will of course be more closely watched by his superior officers than in his maturer years.

The usual practice in most districts is to place a portion of the district in the exclusive charge of each civil officer, to whom every application of every description must, in the first instance, be made. Such applications may be divided into those relating to (1) Criminal Justice, (2) Revenue, and (3) Matters of General Territorial Jurisdiction.

The criminal powers of a joint magistrate are identical with those of a magistrate. They extend to awarding thirty stripes, imprisonment with hard labour for three years, and fines of various amount. In all cases in which the specified crime involves a heavier punishment than these, and in all cases in which this amount of punishment seems to be inadequate to the offence, the joint magistrate must commit the prisoner to be tried before the Sessions Judge, by whom also are to be decided all appeals from the orders of the joint magistrate. It would be out of place to discuss here the mode in which criminal justice is administered in India. But it may safely be affirmed, to show the general nature of a civil officer's duties in this branch of his work, that the whole machinery is rude and unreliable in the extreme, and that the mode of taking evidence is eminently calculated to give every encouragement to perjury and equivocation.

The suits in revenue which come before the joint magistrate in his capacity of deputy collector relate chiefly to disputes about the payment of rent by tenants to landholders, and to the appointment of the lowest officials engaged in the collection of revenue. In several classes of cases, which concern more immediately the realization of the government demand, no order can be made except by the collector. The deputy collector, therefore, when the case comes before him, either forwards it at once to the collector, or investigates it, and sends his opinion to the collector for confirmation. The gravest objections have often been made to Mr. Thomason's revenue system. But they attack merely the general effect of the system, as tending to level the poppies to the rank of the surrounding weeds, and to blend all classes of society in one indiscriminate mediocrity. Be its general tendency, however, what it may, no one who has administered a district under it will deny that, as a system, it is deserving of high praise; that its details have been constructed with a degree of scientific regularity and logical precision that is very rarely met with in India. Revenue cases, indeed, are almost the only cases which a civilian can decide with any satisfaction to himself. In the rules applicable to them, at any rate, there is something definite and clear; and, in this branch of his work, he may occasionally find an intellectual enjoyment in classifying masses of details in subordination to fixed principles, somewhat akin to the delight of an old lawyer in a complicated equity suit.

In dealing with matters relating to the territorial government of the district, the joint magistrate must be careful not to trench on the prerogatives of the magistrate and collector. To the magistrate the district has been entrusted, and to him all matters of importance must be referred.

In the exercise of these powers, the civilian will spend the best part of ten years. Before he is promoted to the next grade, he will probably have completed the first half of his service. His work will lie, in great part, in the administration of criminal justice. And if he does his best with his cases, and is posted in a district of average litigiousness, his duties as a criminal officer will probably occupy him for six or eight hours every week-day, all the year round, excepting a few native holidays, Christmas-day, and Good Friday. Every civilian is indeed entitled to one month

of privilege-leave every year, which may accumulate till it amounts to three months. But this is only granted when the public service will not suffer by its concession. No joint magistrate, therefore, can calculate upon obtaining it.

It must be remembered, too, in connexion with his work in the criminal department, that the mode of investigating cases in India differs in one main point from that in use in England. Here the magistrate or judge takes up a case *ab initio*, and goes on with it until it is finished. But in India the cases are presented piecemeal. One day comes the plaintiff's plaint; next day his deposition; three or four days afterwards the depositions of his witnesses; in a week's time, perhaps, the reply of the defendant; after another interval of three or four days, the depositions for the defence; and, in two or three weeks after the presentation of the plaint, the decision of the magistrate. The magistrate's daily business lies, therefore, for the most part, with the *disjecta membra* of suits; and it is not easy to exaggerate the difficulty of giving due attention to two or three depositions in different stages of each of some half dozen cases, when each case is altogether unconnected with the remainder—one being perhaps a murder; another an assault; a third, a trespass; a fourth, a petty larceny; and so on.

Moreover, this labour is greatly aggravated by the fact that the language of the court is not the language of the magistrate. It may be doubted, indeed, whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, the majority of a thousand educated Englishmen, selected at random, would ever acquire a foreign language sufficiently thoroughly to administer justice in it as satisfactorily as in their own tongue. But the conditions under which Hindustani is employed in India, so far from being favourable to its acquisition, are about the most unfavourable that can be imagined. It is a vague, indefinite, loosely-constructed tongue, not easily mapped down in grammars and dictionaries. But it is not the language of Anglo-Indian society; nor is it ever studied as a living language, because the natives in Calcutta speak Bengalee, and, from the time he leaves college, the civilian is occupied in performing the duties of his office. The result is natural. The technical phrases of the courts are soon acquired, together with the power of giving orders intelligibly. But very few civil officers ever gain anything like a thorough knowledge of the language; and in addition, therefore, to the intrinsic difficulty of the cases they have to decide, is the necessity of performing a perpetual process of translation and retranslation in a tongue very imperfectly understood.

When we remember, also, that, as a revenue and territorial officer, the position of a joint magistrate is purely that of a subordinate—a distinction which the natives mark by calling the magistrate and collector "*Burra Sahib*," or big man, and the joint-magistrate "*Chota Sahib*," or little man—it will be pretty clear that, during the first half of his career, at any rate, actual facts do not afford much ground for the popular idea of the Indian civilian. Up to this point, he is certainly nothing more than a hard-worked, moderately-paid subordinate.

With his promotion to the grade of magistrate and collector, begins the higher part of his career. He now ceases to be a subordinate, and is always a principal. The nature of his work changes accordingly. He has now to exercise a general superintendence over the officers of the district. To his subordinates is entrusted most of the case work in cutcherry; for himself are reserved the higher parts of the revenue administration, the general territorial government, the initiation of all experiments and reforms, and the conduct of all correspondence with higher authorities.

And, doubtless, to a hard-working man, of keen, active mind, fond of exercising responsible power, still enjoying, after his long sojourn in India, anything approaching to what would be called robust health in England, and

satisfied with a salary of 225*l.* a month, in return for the unceasing exercise of all his energies in an Indian climate—few lives would be more attractive than that of the magistrate and collector of a good Indian district. The word "good" must, however, be employed in a somewhat large sense, and imply not only mere physical excellence, such as consists in good air, water, and provisions, or mere excellence of geographical position — that is proximity either to the Grand Trunk Road or to the Hills—but also a well-affected population, yielding pretty easily its assessed revenue; the visitations of a judge not very remarkable for cantankerousness or for want of the faculty of judging; and the rule of a commissioner who is neither a very lazy nor a very dictatorial man.

For it is a peculiarity in our system of Indian Government that it consists of so many checks and balances—of so many *imperia in imperio*—that a junior member of the executive is absolutely at the mercy of any one of his superiors who may be quarrelsome, crotchety, lazy, or impracticable. A Secretary of State may put a Governor-General to open shame; and the same operation may be repeated by his Excellency upon the Lieutenant-Governor; by his Honor upon the Sudder Court, Board of Revenue, and Commissioners under his government; and by any or all of these, and by the judge also, upon the magistrate and collector. India, too, is pre-eminently a country where one would be inclined to give "anything for a quiet life." One bitter enemy among his superiors could go far towards blighting the peace, and souring the temper of any magistrate.

In his excellent book *Modern India*, Mr. George Campbell gives the following graphic and faithful account of the mode in which a robust, able, and conscientious magistrate and collector passes his time in a tolerably busy district:—[1]

"The chief station of the magistrate "and collector is usually near the most "important town in, and as central as "possible to, the district. Here are "his head-quarters, and here he spends "the season unfavourable for marching, "except when emergencies arise. But, "from the nature of his duties, it is by "no means desirable that he should be "stationary; and, every cold season, he "goes into camp (as it is called), pitches "his tents, leaves the current duties "of the chief station with one of his "subordinates; and, taking with him a "sufficient portion of his establishment, "he marches about, pitches for a few "days here and a few days there, sees "all that is going on, and attends to "local matters. His manner of life is "a pleasant one, and leads all to take "an interest in their work. When he "is at head-quarters, his mode of pass-"ing his time may be something in this "wise. People rise early in India, and "ride a great deal; so he is probably "out on horseback; but he generally "combines business with exercise; he "has improvements going on, roads "making, bridges building, streets pav-"ing, canals cutting, a dispensary, "a nursery-garden, &c. &c. He may "look in at his jail, and see what work "the prisoners are doing, or at his city "police-stations to see what is going "on there, or canter out upon an out-"lying patrol, or go to see the locality "of a difficult case. Everyone he "meets has something to say to him; "for, in India, everyone has, or has had, "or is about to have some case, or "grievance, or project, or application, "of which he seizes every occasion to "disburthen himself whenever the "magistrate is in sight; and the old "woman whose claim to a waterspout "was decided against her years ago, "but who persists in considering her "case the most intolerable in the whole "world, takes the opportunity for the "hundredth time of seizing his bridle, "casting herself under the horse's feet, "and clamorously demanding either "instant death or a restitution of her "rights. Though he has not time to "listen to all, he may pick up a good "deal from the general tenor of the

[1] Modern India, p. 245.

"unceasing fire of language which is "directed at him as he passes. He "probably knows the principal heads "of villages, and merchants, and cha- "racters in different lines; and this "is the great time for talk with them. "If anything of interest is to be dis- "cussed, they obtain admittance to his "garden, where he sips his cup of tea "under his vine and fig-tree on his "return from his ride. Then come "the reports from the tehseedars and "police-inspectors for the previous day; "those from the outlying stations "having come in during the night. "These are all read, and orders briefly "recorded; the police-inspector of the "town, and perhaps other native officers, "may be in attendance with personal "explanations or representations; and, "all this done, the serishtadar bundles "up the papers, and retires to issue "the orders passed, and prepare for "the regular work in court, while the "magistrate goes to breakfast. At "breakfast comes the post and packet "of official letters. The Commissioner "demands explanation on this matter, "and transmits a paper of instructions "from Government on that; the Judge "calls for cases which have been ap- "pealed; the Secretary to Government "wants some statistical information; "the Inspector of Prisons fears that the "prisoners are growing too fat; the "Commander of the 150th regiment "begs to state that his regiment will "halt at certain places on certain days, "and that he requires a certain quantity "of flour, grain, hay, and eggs; Mr. "Brown, the indigo-planter, who is "in a state of chronic warfare with his "next neighbour, has submitted his "grievances in six folio sheets, in in- "different English, and a bold hand, "and demands instant redress—failing "which he threatens the magistrate "with government, the supreme court, "an aspersion of his honour as a gentle- "man, a parliamentary impeachment, "a letter to the newspapers, and several "other things besides. After his break- "fast he despatches his public letters, "writes reports, examines returns, &c.

"During this time he has probably "a succession of semi-official notes "from the neighbouring cantonments. "There is a great complaint that the "villagers have, entirely without pro- "vocation, broken the heads of the "cavalry grass-cutters; and the grass- "cutters are sent to be looked at. He "goes out to look at them, but no "sooner appears than a shout announces "that the villagers are waiting in a "body, with a slightly different version "of the story, to demand justice against "the grass-cutters, who have invaded "their grass preserves, despoiled their "village, and were with difficulty pre- "vented from murdering the inhabi- "tants. So the case is sent to the "joint-magistrate. But there are more "notes; some want camels, some carts, "some tailors, and all apply to the "magistrate. Then there may be natives "of rank and condition, who came to "pay a serious formal kind of visit, "and generally want something; or a "chatty native official, who has plenty "to say for himself.

"All this despatched, he orders his "carriage or umbrella, and goes to "cutcherry—his regular court. Here "he finds plenty of business; there "are police, and revenue, and miscel- "laneous cases of all sorts, appeals "from the orders of his subordinates, "charges of corruption or misconduct "against native officials. All petitions "from all persons are received daily "in a box, read, and orders duly passed. "Those setting forth good grounds of "complaint are filed under proper head- "ings; others are rejected for written "reason assigned. At sunset comes "his evening drive, which is probably, "like his morning ride, mixed up with "official and semi-official affairs; and "only at dark does the wearied magis- "trate retire to dinner and to private "life."

After some five years thus spent, the magistrate becomes a civil and sessions judge. His salary is now 250*l.* instead of 225*l.* a month; and his duties are, as sessions judge, to try all cases committed by, or appealed from, magistrates,

awarding final sentence where his powers enable him to do so, and committing graver offenders to the Sudder Court; as civil judge, to hear appeals from civil courts and regulate their proceedings, and also to hear, in certain cases, appeals from revenue courts.

When he has got so far on the official ladder, the civilian has no right to further promotion. Nor, as a rule, is further promotion likely to be offered to him much before he has completed the period of twenty-five years' service and twenty-two years' residence, which gives him a legal title to his annuity. In all probability he will then have to choose between returning home, and remaining in India for the chance of obtaining a Commissionership on 3,700*l.*, a seat in the Sudder Court on 4,200*l.*, or a seat at the Revenue Board on 4,800*l.* a year. Except in special cases, no one is permitted to remain in the service more than thirty-five years.

Such, then, is the Indian civilian's career in "the regular line of the service." Throughout, it involves hard, unceasing work. During the first half of it, the civilian enjoys neither wealth nor power; during the next five years, he has but a moderate share of either; as a judge, his powers are limited to the administration of justice, and, although he has the supervision of district courts, he is himself closely watched by the Sudder Court. It is not until he has served for, at least, a quarter of a century that either his pay or his position gives any foundation for the popular idea.

It remains to notice the regulations for furlough and pension. Every civilian is entitled to a furlough of three years on 500*l.* a year, after ten years' residence; to leave, on special grounds, for six months, on half-pay, with retention of appointment; and to leave of absence, on medical certificate, for two years, on half-pay. But in no case is half-pay granted beyond 1,000*l.* a year.

About the pension very erroneous assertions are often made. It is usually said, for instance, that every civilian has a pension of 1,000*l.* a year, after twenty-five years' service. But this is far from accurate. In the first place, to quote again from Mr. Campbell, civilians "are "required to subscribe four per cent. of "all pay and allowances; and the accu- "mulated subscriptions, with interest, "must amount, or be made up to, half "the value of the annuity when the "pension is taken. All the subscrip- "tions of those who die in the service, "or remain till their contributions "exceed the half value, go towards "payment of the other half. What "remains is contributed by Govern- "ment: but, on these terms, that "contribution certainly does not exceed "300*l.* of the 1,000*l.* annuity. Some "indirect advantage is also given in "the allowance of six per cent. interest "on the contributions, while the public "receive only five per cent. for money "invested in the funds. The pension "given by Government may, therefore, "perhaps be taken to be nearly 400*l.* "per annum, while the rest is made up "by subscriptions on a mutual assurance "system." As, however, the scale of subscriptions was calculated for a much higher rate of salaries than exists at present, the gross sum now contributed by civilians of twenty-five years' standing never amounts to anything like the half-value of the annuity. The subscriber must always either take a reduced annuity, or pay from 2,000*l.* to 3000*l.* in addition to his subscriptions. But, in the second place, twenty-five years' service, and twenty-two years' residence, merely give a *legal title* to the annuity. In practice, only a certain number of annuities are annually awarded, and they are awarded to applicants according to seniority in the service. As, therefore, the number of men legally entitled to annuities is usually about ten times the number of annuities to be granted, a legally qualified applicant may very possibly apply unsuccessfully for several years.

But, if popular opinion construes the regulations for pension too favourably, it certainly errs, on the other side, in exaggerating the effects of the Indian climate. It would, indeed, be difficult

to exaggerate the amount of discomfort which the climate occasions during three quarters of the year. But, in describing its influence on physical health, it is not unfrequently made the cause of effects with which it has nothing to do. If a man, for instance, eats or drinks to an extent which would be ruinous even in England, and finds his digestion impaired, he straightway denounces "the villainous climate." If he works day and night, leads a sedentary life in badly-ventilated rooms, takes his meals at irregular times, and generally disregards his physical health altogether, he ascribes the indisposition and nervousness which ensue to "the exhausting effects of the climate." The effect of the climate must, of course, depend in some degree, on the temperament and idiosyncracy of the individual. As a general rule, however, any one who dwells in a well-built and well-ventilated house in a healthy district, who eats and drinks moderately, takes a fair allowance of sleep and exercise, and is habitually cheerful, will probably be as free from actual disease in India as he would have been if he had never left England. The effect of the climate will show itself in a gradual sapping of his strength and energies. But domestic architecture, unfortunately, is still in its infancy in India; and, by a lengthened sojourn in badly-ventilated rooms, the intrinsic injuriousness of the climate may be greatly aggravated.

But it will, perhaps, be urged, even if the work is hard, the pension uncertain, and the climate bad, it surely cannot be denied, that many offices much higher than commissionerships are open to civilians; and that their salaries, if not excessive, are, at least, ample. Both assertions are, to a certain extent, true. In the Bengal Civil Service, there are about half a dozen prizes, varying in salary from 800*l* to 1,800*l*. a year for officers in the first half of their career; about a dozen, varying from 2,500*l*. to 5,000*l*. a year for officers in the second half of their career; and about half a dozen, varying from 6,000*l*. to 10,000*l*. a year, to which civilians are rarely appointed until they have completed their period of service. It must be borne in mind, however, that most of these appointments involve a residence in Calcutta, with all its attendant discomforts and expenses; and that not one of them is equal in position, and only a Lieutenant-Governorship superior in salary, to the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court. Yet the latter appointment is one which very few barristers in tolerable practice would accept. And, if two men of equal abilities worked for twenty-five years equally hard, one at the English bar, and the other in the Indian Civil Service, the barrister would, it can scarcely be doubted, be much more likely to obtain an Indian judgeship than the civilian to become a lieutenant-governor.

Before considering the second point we must make two preliminary remarks.

It must be remembered, in the first place, that even the youngest civilian is, in some sense, a representative of the crown; that he lives among a race who are peculiarly sensitive to external pomp and circumstance; and that he ought, therefore, to pay much more regard to appearances than he need do at home. In the words of an able and temperate writer—[1]

"It must not be imagined that from "800*l*. to 1,200*l*. a year in India can be "spent by a young man on two rooms in "a lodging house, a couple of good clubs, "a riding horse, and one month in the "year on the moors or at Homburg. There "are many calls on an Indian official's "purse which neither frugality nor par-"simony can avoid; and much of his "salary, even with the most thrifty, "passes through his hands by a mere form. "The youngest civilian must rent a house, "for which he has no choice but to pay "what the owner may demand for its oc-"cupation. There are perhaps only four "houses there which a European *could* "inhabit. He would willingly dispense "with a number of his servants; but "the constitutional indolence and apathy "of Asiatics, as well as the convenient "laws of caste, which tend to multiply "places, forbid this. . . . . He must

[1] Fraser's Magazine, Sept. 1856, p. 282.

"keep at least two horses, as well for "healthy exercise as for actual efficiency "in the performance of his duty.[1] He "cannot be backward in charities. This "last item is one of which, in England, "we have no sort of idea. There is "either a school to be supported, or an "asylum to be endowed, or a mission "to be strengthened, or a charity-"hospital failing in funds, or an indi-"vidual case of indigence and hardship "to be redressed. The civil servants, "as a body, draw large sums from "India; it is right that they should "return something to the source whence "the sums flow. They are looked at as "the representatives of the great British "power, that has a name for justice, "integrity, and generosity. It is right "that, while showing their justice and "integrity in courts and offices, they "should prove elsewhere their mercy, "their generosity, and their kindness. "Splendid instances of liberality amongst "rich natives are not uncommon; but "both rich and poor love the open hand, "and bless the liberal donor, and, fond "of money themselves, are not given to "hoard it up like misers. In their "eyes, a niggard civilian, without social "status, or who was so pinched that he "must never join in a subscription, "would be a very sorry sight."

In the second place, every civilian ought to be married. There is no text on which the lights of the service are fonder of enlarging than this. To a young arrival in India matrimony is always prescribed by the experienced as the first step in a successful career. It is eminently in accordance with native usage. It is a disgrace to a native of any substance not to have all his sons married by the age of sixteen. Now, every civilian stands, to some extent, in a patriarchal relation to the natives under him; he ought to be, in some sense, "the shepherd of his people;" and he loses, among a race so strongly matrimonial, a great part of the influence he might have, if he remains a bachelor. The commission of matrimony is encouraged by Government by the institution of the Civil Fund, to which is paid a compulsory contribution of two per cent. on the salaries of all bachelors, and of four per cent. on the salaries of all married men. From this fund widows derive an annuity of 300*l.* per annum; and sons and daughters—the one till they are of age, and the other till they are married—an annuity of 100*l.* per annum. Indian civil life, moreover, is peculiarly fitted for the exercise of the domestic virtues. Nowhere are good wives more valued than in Indian stations; nowhere do they play a more important part in their husbands' lives. Indeed, those heroines of fiction who chafe at the monotony and *ennui* of feminine existence, and fret at the exclusion of women from all scenes of usefulness, could not do better than unite themselves to Indian civilians, in the assurance that the most heroic amongst them would find ample field for her energies and her benevolent aims in sharing the cares, soothing the griefs, and sweetening the home of her overworked husband.

Bearing in mind, then, the position which the civilian has to maintain, and the great advisability of matrimony, let us

[1] The writer seems here to allude to a celebrated dictum that every civilian ought to be able "to go across country." When the competitive system was introduced it was loudly declared that it would surely fail, because bookworms would be found wanting in this important qualification. The late editor of the *Dacca News* ventured to examine the soundness of the assertion. He maintained, not without some show of reason, that, as a matter of theory, the duty of a magistrate was to sit in his court, and not to scour the country like a mounted policeman, and that, as a matter of practice, there were many civilians who were bad horsemen.

As far as my own very limited experience went, it tended to corroborate the editor's views. The civilians with whom I mixed rarely visited the interior of their districts, except in the cold season; and then they went in buggies and dog-carts quite as often as on horseback. Nor, although it would doubtless be of material benefit to many an investigation if the magistrate could conduct it on the spot where the origin of it occurred, can I understand how, in a busy district, time can be found for the rides across country which are so loudly advocated. Of the wholesomeness of equestrian exercise in India there can, however, be no doubt.

consider whether his pay is really exorbitant. As to the amount of his allowances, we can speak with great accuracy; for, when the rumour of Sir Charles Wood's intention of cutting down civil pay reached India, the Bengal civilians drew up a memorial, to which was appended a table, compiled from records in the archives of the Civil Annuity Fund office, of the gross amount of the subscriptions to the fund, and consequently of the gross amount of the salaries of every civilian who had completed his service during the century. In the cases of men who had served on the present rate of salaries, the average of these amounts was 30,000*l.* Some men had drawn as little as 20,000*l.*, and one had drawn as much as 40,000*l.* Now, surely 30,000*l.* spread over twenty-five years is not a very extravagant remuneration for the work of a district officer. It is difficult to say exactly how much may be saved out of it; but it may safely be asserted that any civilian will be fortunate if, going out to India married, he succeeds in taking his furlough, in paying for his full annuity, in bringing up a family of moderate size, and in saving 10,000*l.* without forgetting the requirements of his position, or remaining in India after he has completed his service. How far from excessive the rate of pay is in the regular line of the service, will become still clearer, if, remembering the price of English labour in India, we contrast the salary drawn by the incumbent of an Indian office with that of a similar official at home. "I think it may fairly "be estimated," says Mr. Campbell, "that European labour in India is at "least three times as dear as in Eng-"land;" and this ratio will probably hold good both of small and large salaries. No man who could earn a subsistence in England would be likely to go out to India on less than three times his English income. And it would certainly require a prospect at least as good to induce the possessor of an English income of 1,500*l.* or 2,000*l.* a year to go out to India. Now, an assistant, with full powers, gets 600*l.*, and a joint magistrate either 840*l.* or 1,200*l.* a year. But where is the man who, if competent, would be willing, even on 400*l.* a year, to do in England the work which the assistant does in India? The pay of a county-court judge is 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* a year; that of a police magistrate about the same; but the assistant exercises more extensive powers than either of them, and works much harder; yet, even when he becomes a judge, he does not draw the equivalent of their pay.

In truth, the more it is considered, the more ill-founded will the outcry against Indian civil salaries appear. If, indeed, it were asserted that the officers themselves were incompetent, the outcry would be intelligible; but no one who knows anything of the *personnel* of the service would venture to make such an assertion. It is universally admitted by all competent witnesses that it would be scarcely possible to find in the world another body of a thousand men so honourable, so hard-working, and so generally efficient as the Indian civilians. It is sometimes objected that the youth of many of the officers is a sufficient reason for not paying them more. But, if a man of five and twenty is as efficient as a man of five and forty, there is no clear reason why, if he has been entrusted with the same work, he should not have the same pay. Nor does any valid objection lie in the alleged fact, that men may be found in the army and in the uncovenanted service who will do the same work sufficiently well on smaller salaries. In the first place, it is by no means established that such men do always work sufficiently well if the character of their work rise above a certain level. But even if this be admitted, what would it prove? Merely that members of another profession, and men without a profession, will, on certain conditions, perform the duties of a given profession for less remuneration than men who have been specially educated to perform those duties, and who have made the performance the business of their lives. If men of the first sort are sufficiently good for the service, the salaries are,

doubtless, far too high; but, if men of the second sort are required, their pay must bear some proportion to their qualifications, and to the conditions on which they serve. So long as the duties, prospects, and incidents of the Indian civil service remain what they are, no reduction of salaries can ever, it may confidently be maintained, be safely made in the regular line of the service; and, although one or two staff appointments, especially in the financial department, may, perhaps, be abolished or reduced, it may be reasonably doubted whether the prizes of the service are excessive either in number or in value.

What, then, are the advantages of the Indian Civil Service as a profession? Most unquestionably, not, as is often said, the great rank, wealth, or power to which it will lead. There is hardly any calling which may not give one or more of these things in a much higher degree. The advantages of the Indian service are, first, the certainty which it affords of a handsome competence. Every member of it is certain of obtaining a salary which in his early years is sufficient to support him, and out of which in his latter years he may save considerably. There are absolutely no blanks in the Indian lottery; and, if we emphasize service, as distinguished from profession, it is undoubtedly the finest in the world. But, to compensate for this, its prizes are proportionably small; and, while the minimum is much higher, the maximum of success is much lower in it than in many other callings. The second advantage is the field of usefulness which it opens to young men at a very early age. While his English contemporary is idling in briefless obscurity at the bar, or hopelessly performing the duties of a wretchedly paid curacy, the young Indian civilian is neither idle nor starving; he is earning a competency by the discharge of onerous duties; he is exercising judicial powers more extended than belong to barristers of double his age at home; he is no "boy," or "mere youth," but a self-supporting man. Lastly, the career offers great facilities for matrimony. Instead of leading a loose, or, at any rate, a discontented and selfish existence, the young civilian has every inducement to marry, and make himself a home.

But, on the other hand, the incidents of the service furnish a formidable list of drawbacks. If we were to call his life extremely "slow," we should give a very inadequate idea of the wearisome monotony of the civilian's existence. Chained to his millstone, he keeps up his eternal round in a land where comfort is unknown, and social pleasure impossible. In six weeks he could get home; but there he is doomed to toil for the twenty-five best years of his life, under pain, if he resign prematurely, of forfeiting all claim to advantage from the funds to which he has been compelled to subscribe. So rude and unreliable, too, is the machinery for administering criminal justice, and for governing districts, that he cannot feel any confidence in the results of much of his work; and he is often obliged to adopt a procedure which, to the best of his judgment, is utterly worthless. Moreover, it is absolutely impossible to educate his children in India; and it is by no means improbable that his wife will also be forced to desert him during at least some portion of his career. In short, unless they be either very anxious to marry, or singularly destitute of the youthful faculty of hope, such candidates as Lord Macaulay expected to compete for Indian appointments would probably prefer life at home, with all its chances, to the life of an Indian civilian. A Fellow of Trinity working at the bar, or in the Church, or in literature, has many sources of enjoyment which an Indian civilian can never hope for; and he may possibly attain a position which the civilian cannot approach. In one point only can the Indian service present attractions, even to a man who does not fear the severe competition of English life, namely, in what Sir Herbert Edwardes pronounces to be "the great charm of civil employment in the East;" the fact that "the officer who has a district "under his charge has power to better "the condition of many thousands."

"The social state of the people," he continues, "is so simple, that his per-"sonal influence affects it as rapidly as "the changes of the air do the ther-"mometer." If his object in going out to India is to fill such a position as this, even a Fellow of Trinity may, indeed, find the Indian civil service far more attractive than any profession at home; but, if his object be mere worldly success, he will assuredly be disappointed, and will conclude, with Lord Ellenborough, that the Indian civilian must spend all the best years of his life in one of the most wearing climates in the world, in order to gain less renown for himself, and make less provision for his family, than he might fairly have expected to do if he had entered, with ordinary advantages, one of the English professions.

HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATORS.[1]

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Why have we so few first-rate poetical translations? For several reasons. *First*, because there is no great demand for them. Those who take a warm interest in any foreign literature generally have acquired that interest by first knowing the foreign language; without the foreign tongue, one not only wants the key to a foreign method of thought, but, for the most part, also the desire to use it. *Second*, because the work of translation, like that of criticism, is more exposed to be undertaken by unqualified persons than almost any other work. When a great poem once gets a name, it is used by everybody, and commented on by everybody, and turned into a thousand shapes by everybody; and what everybody thinks himself entitled to meddle with is very apt to be ill done. But a *third* reason is stronger than these. Translation is really one of the most difficult kinds of literary work; and requires, for a decided success, such a combination of learning, judgment, perseverance, enthusiasm and taste, as is seldom found in the same person. It is quite certain that a first-rate poetical translation is a much more difficult task than a first-rate original composition; not, of course, that Schlegel or Tieck would have found it more easy to write one of Shakspeare's plays than to translate them (for they could not have written them any more than a barn-fowl could soar like an eagle), but that, given a man with a poetical genius, such as Sir Walter Scott, it is a more easy thing for such a man to compose an original poem, like the "Lady of the Lake," than to translate from Sanscrit, Greek, or German, a poem of the same style and dimensions. And why? Just because it is more pleasant and more natural for a mind with a creative power to mould into a living organism its own materials than to accept materials from another; and not only materials, but the translator must accept the form, style, tone, colour of his work, from foreign dictation, and thus is made to feel what are usually called "trammels." Besides, if "glory" have any sound at all to a poetical ear, and the love of praise be potent, it is plain that a man will get more immediate literary reputation by a single original song that happily hits the feeling of the time and place, such as *Am Rhein*, or *Partant pour la Syrie*, than by a whole weighty folio of the most erudite translation. And, if there be little glory often gained by such labour, there is less gain. The booksellers will certainly inform the enterprising young gentleman freshly

[1] On Translating Homer: Three Lectures by Matthew Arnold. London. 1861.

imported from a German university, and full of a noble longing to add his name to the long list of translators of Faust—to such a one the booksellers will certainly say that, of all wares in the paper market, translations and pamphlets are the most unmarketable. But we may add yet a *fourth* reason, peculiar to this country. To translate well upon a large scale requires a certain philosophic and cosmopolitan turn of mind, which, without meaning any offence, it must be candidly admitted that we Englishmen do not possess, or at least have not hitherto shown that we possess in any remarkable degree. Englishmen are Englishmen. John Bull is an energetic character; and it is part of his energy to stamp his own name on everything with which he comes in contact. Now this does very well for conquering India, or blowing Sebastopol to pieces, or cutting out a canal through islands of icebergs within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. Wonderful things of all kinds have been done, and will yet be done, by the potent nationality of this remarkable Bull. But translation is one of the difficult things that will not be achieved in this way. Our world-famous Shakspeare has been called an excellent "adapter;" but the translator will not be allowed to adapt. He must adapt himself; he must be adapted—therein lies the difficulty. If adaptation would do, I imagine the English would be the first translators in the world, for who can deny their rare talent in telling a story, whether in verse or prose? But adaptation produces only what rhetoricians call technically a *rifaccimento*—that is, a pudding made of the same flour, but with different plums put into it, and a different seasoning. Of all literary animals at present existing, if the Englishman be one of the best adapters, the German is certainly the most adaptable. No person goes so easily out of himself—which is the first duty of a philosopher and of a translator; therefore the Germans generally are admirable translators, and, though they incline not a little to the extreme of a certain stiff daguerreotype fidelity, they, at all events, give you the true thing. They give you Homer without a pipe in his mouth; whereas, Homer's heroes, in English hands, have hitherto been made to assume the garb and the gait of that most perfect of all well-bred animals—an English gentleman.

Shall, therefore, the work of translation in this country be given up altogether as a hopeless affair? Far from it! Certain books must be translated, for they belong, like the Bible, not to any particular nation, but to the whole world. Homer is one of these, and Plato is another. Let us see, therefore, in this age, where there is so much expert intellect afloat, whether we may not succeed in laying down some fixed principles in regard to this matter; and, to avoid vague wandering, let us fix our eye on Homer as an intelligible and practicable problem. Why has Homer not been scientifically done into English hitherto? and on what principles are future workmen to proceed in order to insure a success which has been denied to such mighty men as Chapman, and Pope, and Cowper? Professor Arnold has done good service by starting this question in the three ingenious and graceful lectures now generally known; and, though I cannot agree in his conclusions, I think I may succeed in using the grand facts and principles admitted by him as a sure basis of future operations.

The first requisite for the translator of a poet is that himself should be a poet. I do not mean by this that he must necessarily be a great figure among the gods and demigods of poetic reputation; but he must have the poetic temperament; he must be naturally impelled to express his thoughts in rhythm; he must have a natural enjoyment of the luxury of sound, and a curious pleasure in the graceful garniture of thought, and in the elegant setting of a fine idea. In this sense it must be said of a translator as of a poet, *nascitur, non fit.* There is an instinct in the musical use of language which may be improved by training, but cannot be taught by precept. There is a

great deal of common-place poetry published, but even the commonest of the common-place cannot be written mechanically. A primrose is a common flower, but it is a flower with a hue and a fragrance, and every thing that distinguishes a growth from a manufacture. So to the man who has a genuine vocation for translation there belongs a native fervour, glow, and fresh colour of diction, that no trained versifier can approach. The poetical translator, in fact, is a poet in all respects, except in the grand faculty of invention. There must be all the difference betwixt him and the man of prose that there is between a Pegasus and a common horse. The Pegasus has wings, and a common horse has not. Only the Pegasus of the original poet pursues an adventurous flight over untravelled regions, full of beautiful novelty; the Pegasus of the translator repeats the already-made journey in the humble capacity of an admiring imitator. Still he makes a journey which only a Pegasus can make—

"And oars with easy wing through streams of gusty air"—

which to every four-footed beast—hippopotamus, elephant, or even a lion, king of the forest—is impossible.

But more than this. The successful translator of a poet must not only be a poet himself, but he must be a poet of the same class, and of a kindred inspiration. A "many-sided" Goethe, if the phrase be still fashionable, may translate many things, perhaps all things; but a light, luxurious, sparkling Moore will not translate Æschylus or Dante well; Anacreon is his man, if he will translate, and he has the sense to know it. So the metaphysical Coleridge was a good translator of the metaphysical Schiller; but from that "old heathen," Goethe, full of Greek realism and Greek sensuousness, he wisely abstained.

Let us now inquire how our most notable translators of Homer stand these two tests. Hobbes, of course, falls by the first test. No man pretends that he was in the least a poet by nature, or in any wise of a poetical temperament. The man who translated

ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο

into

"His arrows chink as often as he jogs,"

was capable of any atrocity. By the same test I am afraid another of our translators, Professor F. W. Newman, must fall. I do not wish to say anything severe of Mr. Newman; not only because he is a personal friend of my own, and a man whom I love and respect with no common reverence, but because he is a man altogether of such fine qualities, of such purity, truthfulness, acuteness, erudition, and various accomplishments, that no man of good feeling would like to fling a stone at him. Nevertheless, I must say what I think of his Homeric workmanship; for, to pass him in silence, would be an affectation, and a wrong done to him as a literary man greater than any sentence of open, manly, though severe criticism. I say, therefore, that Mr. Newman's translation of the Iliad is a mistake, for other reasons to be mentioned immediately, but specially for this, that Mr. Newman is not a poet. I don't say this because, so far as I know, Mr. Newman has never published any poetry. "Many are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and of those who have penned it they are not seldom the wisest who have not published; but I say he is no poet from the internal evidence which his translation affords; for no man could have studiously wandered so far away from the natural graces of poetic diction as he has done in this book, had he been able to claim any natural vocation for writing in verse rather than prose. Those who have read Mr. Newman's prose writings, however they may differ from his religious sentiments, must acknowledge that they bear the stamp of subtle thinking, fine acumen, and pure emotion, adequately and gracefully expressed. They are works which a devout, catholic, and tolerant thinker will always read with pleasure. But his

metrical version of Homer produces quite a different effect. No doubt it bears on every page the visible signs of original thought and subtle observation. But it is written in a style which has neither the sobriety of prose nor the dignity of poetry; a diction which is neither regal purple nor "hoddin-grey;" but a peculiar mixture, manufactured, as he states in the preface, by himself for his own purposes: a mixture which he calls "quaint," but which other Englishmen will be apt to call ridiculous. Such a mistake a man of unquestionable talent has made, by intruding with speculative subtleties into a region where only the living instinct of rhythmical genius has anything to say. But, with all this, his book is a good book; as poetry, indeed null; but, as exhibiting the point of view from which one of the most subtle Englishmen of the nineteenth century contemplates the most remarkable book in the world—after the Bible—it is a valuable production. I, for one, when I am puzzling myself about any knotty passage, never think I have done my work thoroughly till I see what Newman makes of it. Though I cannot always agree with his conclusions, I generally find something suggestive even in his blunders. Most men blunder by ignorance and impudence. Professor Newman, in his translation of the Iliad, errs by ingenuity out of place, and erudition not gracefully applied.

As to other translators, all unquestionably poets—ay, and great poets too, some of them—if they have failed, altogether, or partially, it must be by virtue of our second test—that is to say, from want of a proper relationship between the poetic genius of the original and that of the translator. Now, with regard to this, one might be apt to think that a translator would be led by a sure instinct to recognise the author who is kindred to himself in taste and spirit, and whom he therefore has a special vocation to translate. But it is a notorious fact that great mistakes are constantly made in this matter. And this may arise from different causes. The charm of novelty, and the attraction of contraries, may lead a poet to occupy himself with the translation of an author who is, in some respects, the very reverse of himself; and, in doing this, he will unconsciously interpolate a considerable expression of himself into a writer of an essentially different type, and thus produce an abortion. Such an abortion—a very beautiful one, indeed, but still an abortion—is Shelley's translation of the Brocken Scene in Faust; for Shelley's style was as unlike Goethe's as an aurora borealis is to the light of a good domestic fire, or the common light of the common sun. On the other hand, the translator, with every desire to adapt himself to the genius of an admired author, may not know his man—nay, the circumstances of the time and place may be such that it is morally impossible for him to take the true measure of his man. This I take to have been peculiarly the case with Homer. Profound admiration, as much as profound contempt, has a natural virtue to pervert sound judgment. I am persuaded, from a minute examination of many parts of Chapman's Homer, that he has erred in not a few places from too profound an admiration of his great author; and the same feeling has misled both Pope and Cowper to a very considerable extent. Transcendental admiration has always produced nonsense in religion; and in translation it certainly has a tendency to produce the curious bombast which so often grandly defaces Chapman, and the pseudo-sublime into which Pope is so fond of rising. It is quite evident to me that Homer is far too plain and simple a man for the exaggerated ideal of many of his commentators and critics. An amusing instance of this kind I stumbled upon the other day, in the thirteenth book of the Iliad, v. 568, where the honest old minstrel, who moved much among farmers, takes a simile from the common process of winnowing "black beans and peas." Now, Pope and Chapman were evidently impressed with far too high a notion of the dignity of the father of classic poetry, to think that such vulgar things as "beans and

peas" — though they might perhaps sound well enough in Greek—could be tolerated in English heroic verse: so Pope has changed the black pulse into "golden grain," and the other has omitted the simile altogether! This mistake, in my opinion, arose not only from a peculiar falseness of style, which belonged both to Queen Anne's poets and to the Elizabethan age, but also and especially from this — that Chapman and Pope had not yet arrived at that period in the evolution of modern thought and feeling, when it was possible for literary men to recognise Homer in his true double character, not only as the father of epic poetry, but as the king of all popular minstrels. If any man in the last century could have recognised this double character, it was Cowper; but Cowper unquestionably did not do so. No doubt he had truthfulness and taste enough to throw away all the brilliant bombast of the Elizabethan dramatist, and the towering tinsel of Queen Anne's chief wit; but the sacred awe of the old translations held his spirit bound so severely, that the simple notes of the shepherd's pipe were often metamorphosed into the grand swell of Milton's organ, before they found full utterance in Cowper's English. Whereas, sublime though Homer can be when he pleases, in his own rapid, flashing, thundering way, he is no more like Milton in his fundamental tone than Pindar is like Robert Burns, or Dante like Walter Scott.

Homer is an ἀοιδός or popular minstrel, who addressed his narrative songs to the ear of the masses for their amusement—not a ποιητής, or modern poetic man of genius, who addresses his epos to the cultivated understanding and the polished taste of the reading public, or, it may be, only a small fraction of that public. This truth must be admitted, and its significance known and felt, before a single step can be taken towards a translation of Homer in the spirit in which Homer was written. As to a mere *rifaccimento* of it in a modern shape, to which a writer in the June number of *Fraser* seems to point as a desideratum, that may be all very well. Let every age tell the famous old story after its own fashion, if it pleases. Pope did it pretty well, or rather very well, for his own age; let Tennyson or Kingsley do it for our age, if they can find nothing better to do; but a regular translation of Homer, as good in its way as Coleridge's version of Wallenstein, will justly be demanded by the British public; and there is no lack of active, adventurous literary talent in the country, to meet the demand. But whoever essays to do this important work, must not commence, as Professor Arnold seems inclined to do, by flinging Frederick Augustus Wolf and the German ballad-theory altogether overboard. The truth which lies at the bottom of that theory is altogether independent of the critical extravagancies which have been worked out of it by a class of one-eyed, operose Germans, who can never do anything without overdoing it. Every great discovery is apt to drive the discoverer mad, in the first place; and, after that, to raise up a legion of mad disciples—mad, however, in this second stage, without genius—who hymn poems upon his grave, till the world becomes sick of the "damnable iteration," and bolts back again into its original position. But the matter may not settle here. The third move is the sober intelligent recognition of the discovery without the madness; and this move I believe the best part of the literary mind of England has clearly made or is making; though I must confess, I am extremely sorry to find Mr. Grote, in his second volume, advocating the "no Homer" extravagance of the ultra-Wolfians; while Mure, Gladstone and Arnold certainly do not seem at all adequately impressed with the importance of the ballad element in the Homeric poems. But Homer is a ballad-singer, at once in respect of his materials, of his tone, and his method of handling; only he rises above all ballad-singers in the vividness of his genius, in the grandeur of his conceptions, and in the constructiveness of his intellect. By virtue of these qualities, he raised his

ballads into the culminating position of the popular Epos; a feat which it required a Homer to perform, in like manner as it required a divine power to make the world.

This great principle being laid down —we shall have no difficulty in seeing the real nature of some of the most striking mistakes made in our translations of that great work. As already said, we fail in simplicity; we take our mouth too full, we stalk in buskins, we blow trumpets. We are always aiming at artistic artificial effects of which Homer had no conception. Not that Homer was altogether artless: on the contrary, he was a master of art; but it was the art of a minstrel; the art of a man who told, or rather sang, a pleasant story to the people. Therefore he never deals in curt sentences, in condensed thoughts, in brilliant antitheses, in subtle and curious setting of words. He is continually committing careless sins, which would bring down upon any poor modern rhymer the lash of the keen-eyed critic with most effective demonstration. Professor Newman saw this clearly, and deserves credit for having boldly stated it. "The style of "Homer," says he, "is direct, popular, "forcible, quaint, flowing, garrulous, a- "bounding with formulas, redundant "in particles and affirmatory interjec- "tions, as also in grammatical connectives "of time, place, and argument. In all "these respects it is similar to the old "English ballad, and is in sharp contrast "to the polished style of Pope, Sotheby, "and Cowper." With all this I agree, except one word—Homer is not *quaint*. The Elizabethan writers are often quaint; Chapman is studded over with quaint fancies, fine conceits, and blazing affectations: but Homer is altogether remote from anything of the kind. This absence of the brilliant tricks of accomplished art seems, indeed, to be the grand generic characteristic which distinguishes all popular poetry from productions addressed by literary men to a literary age.

But let us not do injustice to such men as Chapman, Pope, and Cowper, by bringing only their faults into the fore-ground. Each of them has familiarised the English ear with some one element of Homer's rich muse in such a masterly fashion that he who comes after must sweat hardly, if he desires to surpass or even to reach his predecessor, in his own peculiar walk. For real lusty vigour, and sturdy snatches of grand conception such as only an Elizabethan Englishman knew how to make, Chapman will always stand unrivalled; in these points he is as finely Homeric as he is English. For grand roll, rapid dash, and sounding fulness of verse, Pope surpasses Chapman as much as in rude vigour he falls behind; and, by virtue of this quality, though less effective in single passages, as a whole he is much more enjoyable, and more easily digested than the Elizabethan. I cannot help thinking, indeed, that it has been too much the fashion lately, both to over-rate Chapman, and to under-rate Pope. I never could see that Chapman's offences not only against the manner of Homer, but against all principles of good taste, are a whit less gross than Pope's; while I am quite certain that, except to a man bitten with a regular Elizabethan mania, Chapman is not at all a pleasurable translator to read. If his Muse rides in a very magnificent chariot, she certainly jolts on a very rough road. Now, of all vices of poetical composition, this is that which is at once most disagreeable to the general reader, and most opposed to what is most prominent both in the language which Homer used, and to the style in which he used it. What scholar is not familiar with the sonorous vocal swell of the line—

δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο,

or,

Τρώων ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιὰν χαλκοχι- τώνων,

or,

ἐν πεδίῳ ὁλοῖο λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοιο,

or,

κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θα- λάσσης.

The man who has an ear to enjoy such luxury of vocal music in rhythmical speech will almost always prefer

Pope to Chapman, in passages where the sense does not so grandly overtop the sound that the latter is altogether subordinated.

The great excellence of Cowper lies in his avoidance of the grand faults of his two great predecessors: when they are turgid, bombastical, and bespangled with artificial conceits, he is always chaste, simple, natural, and at the same time dignified. But he wants fire and rapidity—a very great defect in the popular epos, and very un-Homeric—nor can he pretend to equal Pope in sound, or Chapman in vigour. In the "Odyssey" his quiet manner is more at home, and his translation of that work is perhaps the best version of any Homeric poem existing in the English language.

Of Sotheby and Wright I have little to say. The former I have not examined accurately; but, so far as I know it, I was strongly impressed with the feeling that, being conceived mainly in the style and manner of Pope, and not being characteristically different from him, it made no change in the position of the English mind in reference to the great original, and therefore, as a literary achievement, was unnecessary and ineffective. Wright, again, I have minutely examined; and he stands exactly in the same relation to Cowper that Sotheby stands to Pope. His manner strikes you in the main as exactly Cowper's; and, while in some passages he excels, in others he falls beneath that great writer. On the whole, therefore, I do not think, that this most recent translator has made any decided advance on his predecessors. His translation is an extremely careful, judicious, tasteful, and good piece of workmanship: but it fails in giving the English reader a new and striking impression of the original.

These remarks on the existing translations, if well founded, contain something that will go a considerable way in enabling us to decide the great question which Professor Arnold has placed before us—if we are to have another poetical version of Homer, in what measure ought that version to be made? Now a practical eye will at once see here that it would be wise at least to try something new. Assuming that our heroic blank verse were the right method (which, however, I am far from imagining), and that Tennyson, or Kingsley, might give us an English Homer in that measure, which would be extremely enjoyable for many reasons, this is no reason why a translator generally should imitate Mr. Wright, throw away the grand advantage of novelty, and insist on occupying a position which has been already so creditably maintained by one of our greatest poets. But there are other, and very weighty, reasons against the use of blank verse. The peculiar character of that measure is weight, massiveness, stateliness and gravity. Not that every writer of blank verse must set up Milton as his model. We may write blank verse with a genial, careless ease, as Mrs. Browning did in "Aurora Leigh," or with a curious, graceful, subtle ease, as Tennyson does in the "Idylls." But none of these varieties are at all Homeric; they all want rapidity and they want sound; when you come to the rolling stone, the flooded river, the roaring storm, and the tumbling wave, Pope will beat them all, you may depend upon it. And why will Pope beat them all? Perhaps for several reasons; but certainly for this one—because he rhymes. And in favour of rhyme, that good old English luxury—that happy modern invention—I must here, before proceeding further, put in a strong plea,—partly because it is the fashion, in certain quarters, to talk cheaply of it; partly because Professor Arnold most unhandsomely disowns it; and partly because I am certain that no translation of Homer, however well executed, will have any chance of popularity without it. The general argument in favour of rhyme is so strong that it may be regarded as forming a *primâ facie* case for its adoption in any English poem, where special weighty reasons do not establish an exception. Rhyme is English; it belongs to the habit of the English ear; it is an additional vocal

luxury; it is an additional proof of artistic skill; and, when well used, is a powerful instrument of emphasis and effect. By far the greater number of popular English poems—not being dramas—are rhymed; those that are otherwise owe their success to some compensating element, that renders the want of the favourite rhythmical ornament less noticed. As to the special case of translations from the classical languages, some persons have an idea that rhyme, being altogether a modern invention, suits as little with the massive simplicity of the antique, as the flosculosities of Gothic ornamentation would accord with the plain majesty of a Doric temple. But the case is quite otherwise. It is the English language that is bald; the Greek that is redundant with ornament. Therefore, in order to give any impression of the vocal luxuriance of Homer, we must not rashly throw away the greatest instrument of musical effect which our poetical language supplies. We must take our language as we find it. If the rich fulness of majestic spondees and dactyls may not be ours, we must see to it, at least, that we use wisely the compensating element which we have, in the sonorous emphasis of well chosen and judiciously varied rhymes. Nay more; it is a certain fact that Homer himself rhymes. I do not mean by this that there occur in his poems accidental instances, not unfrequent, of two lines ending with the same sound—but what I mean is, that any language, like Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, that makes a free and full use of flexional terminations, must rhyme, and is, in fact, always rhyming, by the natural force of these terminations. The three first lines quoted above, page 273, supply abundant illustrations of this remark. The essence of a rhyme is a recurrent sound; and its peculiar effect will be produced, and is produced often in Homer, though this recurrence does not take place at the end of the line. Now, in our own ballad measure, nothing is more common than to introduce this rhyme in the middle of the verse, in such a way as to make the fourth syllable rhyme with the eighth. This natural musical device of the English ballad style, is essentially Homeric; and yet we shall be told, by certain classical transcendentalists, that all rhyme is a modern impertinence, which cannot be imposed upon Horace or Homer without profanation! In these, as in more serious matters, the letter killeth, the spirit only maketh alive.

There are only two other objections which have been made to rhyme that deserve any consideration. One we shall give in the words of Professor Newman, the other in the words of Professor Arnold:—"The exigencies of "rhyme," says the former gentleman, "positively forbid *faithfulness*." The answer to this is plain. Literal faithfulness is not the business of any poetical translator, or, indeed, of any good translation at all; and for this very plain reason, that poetical translation is not a process of mechanical transference, but of refusion and reconstruction. What we want in a poetical translation is not the verbal equivalent of each word, but the reproduction of the æsthetic tone and character, so far as that is possible. For those who are curiously anxious about verbal faithfulness, a prose translation should be made with every superfluous word in *italics*, that the conscientious quoter may know what he is about. In a book like the Bible, for obvious reasons, such a method is absolutely necessary. But what we want in poetry is not the exact transference of the matter, but the reproduction of the style; the *how* in all poetry, as Goethe said, being infinitely more important than the *what*. One of Burns's songs, or Beranger's, translated into English prose faithfully, would look very stupid—might, perhaps, be a very exact piece of workmanship, and yet be as like the original as dancing is to walking. The Germans have produced not a few abortions of so-called poetical translations, from this misapplied rage for verbal faithfulness; but the vigorous sense of the English mind, represented by such masters as Dryden,

Chapman, Pope, Fairfax, Cowper, Martin, and others, has hitherto kept us free from any such painful absurdities. As to Professor Arnold, his objection to rhyme, in the case of Homer, is more ingenious, though, unfortunately, not more sound. The real objection to rhyme, he says, is, that it separates what naturally goes together. The answer to this is twofold. The basis of the Homeric rhythm, as of all popular poetry, is the couplet. This remark has appeared strange to many persons to whom I have made it, but there is nothing more certain. It is seen in a thousand places, but we shall quote the following six lines of the twenty-fourth book, as they happen to turn up, v. 671—676:

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρα γέροντος
ἔλλαβε δεξιτερὴν, μήπως δείσει᾽ ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐν προδόμῳ δόμου αὐτόθι κοιμήσαντο,
κήρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε᾽ ἔχοντες.
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῷ κλισίης εὐπήκτου·
τῷ δ᾽ ἄρ Βρισηὶς παρελέξατο καλλιπάρῃος.

In verses so constructed it is plain that rhyme, which gives a couplet a more natural completeness, is not only not a blemish, but a great beauty—a decoration, as the architects say, growing out of the construction. But Homer was too great a genius to confine himself to the constant repetition of the simple couplet, in the wearisome way in which that simplest style of composition occurs in the modern Romaic ballads. He varies his rhythm constantly with the triplet; and, when passion rises high and fierce, he knows how to override and overbrim the natural boundaries of his verse in a manner which, so far as I know, he alone, of all popular minstrels, has achieved. Now, as to the frequently recurring case of the triplet, to a man using Pope's couplet, it presents no difficulty at all; for he will naturally turn it into two couplets, and thus preserve complete unity of effect, though in a different way. As little difficulty ought Chapman to have found with his long line, had he known how to handle it for Homeric purposes; for he would have been wise generally to translate line for line, and then the triplet is as easy and as complete in English as in Greek. Take an example. The first seven lines of the seventh book of the Iliad are as follows:—

Ὣς εἰπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσσυτο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
τῷ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρος κί᾽ ἀδελφεός· ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα θυμῷ
ἀμφότεροι μέμασαν πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
ὡς δὲ θεὸς ναύτῃσιν ἐελδομένοισιν ἔδωκεν
οὖρον, ἐπὴν κεκάμωσιν ἐϋξέστῃς ἐλάτῃσιν,
πόντον ἐλαύνοντες, καμάτῳ δ᾽ ὑπὸ γυῖα λέλυνται·
ὣς ἄρα τὼ Τρώεσσιν ἐελδομένοισι φανήτην.

These Chapman renders thus:—

"This said, brave Hector through the ports, with Troy's base cringing knight,
Made issue to the insatiate field, resolved to fervent fight.
And as the weather-wielder sends to seamen prosperous gales,
When with their sallow polished oars, long lifted from their falls,
Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil, can scarce strike one stroke more;
Like those sweet winds appeared those lords to Trojans tired before."

In reference to which version Professor Arnold would say, that the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines, which have a compact unity in the Greek, are drawn out of their coherence by the rhyme in the sixth line, and made to belong to what follows, rather than to what goes before. Well, admitting this to be a serious objection, what workman that knows how to use his tools would find any difficulty in giving a fair impression of the whole rhythmical movement of the original, as follows:—

"Thus saying, through the city gates the noble Hector goes,
And godlike Paris by his side; with eager ardour glows

The heart of each to lead the ranks,
and man with man to close.
As when seafaring men long time have
smote the sounding seas
With the smooth oars, and now no
bond of strength is in their knees,
When to their longing hearts a god
sends forth the favouring breeze;
So to the Trojans' longing hearts this
noble pair appeared."

So much for the triplets. As for those cases in which the swelling passion of the poet boldly overbrims the vase, and runs violently over into the following line; we see no reason why an English translator should not practise this as adroitly, as it is as constantly practised by Ariosto, within the narrow bounds of his *ottava rima*, or by Byron, in the grand use which he makes of the Spenserian stanza. Of all offences the translator of a long poem should be most anxious to avoid monotony.

These observations on rhyme have brought us quite close to what appears to me to be the just conclusion of the whole argument—that a new translation of Homer should be attempted in some of our well-known ballad measures.[1] The reasons in favour of this are obvious. It possesses rhyme, and that with much greater richness, than the heroic couplet; it has rapidity and variety; and, above all, it brings with it the very characteristic minstrel element, which has hitherto been so unfortunately ignored in the translation of the great father of all minstrels. It has (certain forms of it at least) the immense advantage of being able to render Homer line for line, generally without unnatural condensation on the one hand, or verbose expansion on the other. That it may be handled in a loose slip-shod way, and even with a protrusion of vulgarities, is quite plain; but Professor Arnold is quite one-sided in supposing that there is anything necessarily vulgar in the mere form of the ballad. Locksley Hall is in ballad measure—the less common Trochaic variety indeed, but still ballad;—and no person ever accused Mr. Tennyson's Muse of vulgarity in any shape. Or take, if you please, the following lines, into which Mr. Martin has, with so much spirit, transfused the rapid Galliambics of Catullus, and say whether you find a want of nobleness there?

"Away, away, pursue your prey! scare,
scare him back in cold affright,
Back to the woods, the wretch that spurns
my service, and that scorns my might!
Lash, lash, thy flanks, with furious roar
shake terror from thy shaggy mane,
Away, Away! She ceased, and flung
upon his neck the loosen'd rein."

A more difficult question it certainly is which of our many fine ballad measures would be most suitable for Homer. Walter Scott's verse is not deficient in ease, flow, rapidity, and, when well-handled, variety; it has also a genuine, healthy, sunny tone, at once thoroughly Greek, thoroughly Homeric, and very characteristic of minstrel poetry; and, on the whole, what Professor Newman says is unquestionably true, that "Walter "Scott is the most Homeric of our British "poets." But the objection made to this rhythm, by many persons, that it is too short, and wants dignity, seems not altogether unfounded. It may seem a strange thing, but so it is, that in poetry, as in architecture, a great deal depends on mere magnitude and compass. As no person could imagine the severe, slow, thoughtful *terza rima* of Dante, done with its natural effect into the short Anacreontic measure of "*θέλω λέγειν* 'Ατρείδας," so one feels a sort of descent, as from a king's throne to a common chair, when the stately march of the

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω 'Αχιλῆος,

is changed into what appears to our ears the light familiar trip of

The direful wrath, O goddess sing,
Of Peleus' son, the Jove-born king,
The wrath from which uncounted woes
To all the host of Greece arose, &c.—

[1] In this conclusion we are happy to find that the author of an excellent article in the National Review (October, 1860) agrees.

It must also be considered that a long line of a certain magnitude always offers a greater variety of pause than a short line; and this alone would determine me in favour of Chapman's line of fourteen syllables rather than Walter Scott's octo-syllabic couplet, varied as that unquestionably was by the easy play of his strong and graceful genius. Chapman's measure has, besides, the immense advantage, already mentioned, of corresponding generally, line for line, to the original; for, though a constant mechanical observance of any such rule will never be tolerated by a man of real genius, it is unquestionable that the choice of a line of corresponding compass is the only sure safeguard against the great temptation to which a translator is always exposed of unduly condensing, or immoderately expanding, his materials. Of both offences Pope and Chapman afford abundant examples: Pope, because his verse forced it upon him; Chapman, because he did not handle the ballad measure as a ballad measure in any sense, and, though he uses rhyme, never seems in the least solicitous that the couplet, the natural product of rhyme, should strike the ear of the reader. On the contrary, he continually breaks up his rhymed verse by the freely-varied pauses which belong to blank verse: and this is one cause of the great want of musical flow which characterizes his work. But though, on the whole, I think the old verse of Chapman, handled with a real ballad feeling, and at the same time with dignity, is the most convenient medium for presenting the real old Homer to English readers, I see no reason why other measures of the same class should not succeed in the hands of a master. Professor Aytoun, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for 1839, favoured us with a book of Homer in the measure of Locksley Hall; and there seems no reason why what was done successfully with one book might not be done with the whole poem. Certainly the Trochaic measure possesses both rapidity and dignity; it is not so common as the Iambic, and, therefore, more majestic, not only in its native movement but in the accidental associations of the English ear. Nevertheless there can be no doubt of the philological fact, that Iambic is the natural rhythm of the English language, and the rhythm which has been used with the greatest success by all our great poets. There is no English poem that I know of any length written in Trochaic verse, except Hiawatha. The man who writes Iambic verse in English always follows more the natural movement of the language, and, with a moderate amount of genius, is more sure of success. Lord Byron, who was a great genius, but, at the same time, a thorough Englishman, almost always wrote Iambic verse, and generally rhymed.

A single word, in conclusion, on English hexameters. I regard them as excluded from the present question from the one plain, practical consideration, that English versions of Latin and Greek poems are not made for the curious amusement of academical ears, but for the entertainment and instruction of the unlearned. A translator is not in a position to dictate to the popular ear, and to attempt to mould it to the movement of any foreign rhythm to which he, in the course of his private studies, may have attuned his organ. Whatever be the virtue of English hexameters, they are, in English poetry, a great and a daring innovation; and, so far as they have been tried yet, have found nine gainsayers for one approver. But, if they would succeed, they must be tried under the auspices of some great, original genius. Even in erudite and cosmopolitan Germany they never could have succeeded as a recognised form of classical translation, had not Klopstock first, and then Goethe, added the stamp of native authority to the importation. But, besides this, it may be proved scientifically that English hexameters naturally have not, and never can have, to the English ear, that μεγαλοπρεπής, or weighty majesty, which the ancient critics recognised in the sounding march of Homeric and Virgilian verse. In fact, an ancient hexameter was really, according to musical laws, a *march;* ours is

rather a jig. On this subject I wrote a paper, several years ago, in the *Classical Museum* (vol. iv. p. 320), which those who are curious in such matters may consult.

One thing remains. Professor Arnold, in the ingenious, graceful, and thoughtful little book, which has given occasion to these critical remarks, showed a good example to all critics by giving a specimen of the sort of hexameters into which he was of opinion that Homer should be translated. I should consider myself somewhat of a sneak if after having commented so freely on his opinions, I should not follow his practice. Here, therefore, I fling down for his critical dissection and disapproval—for I cannot expect him to approve of my ballad measure any more than I do of his hexameters—the well-known smart interlude between Ulysses and Thersites, in the second book of the Iliad.

Iliad II. 211—245.

Now all the rest in order formed in subject silence sate;
Only Thersites lawless stormed with never-ending prate,
Words words, he knew: rash reckless words about him now he flings,
Nor aught abates, but fiercely rates the Jove-descended kings;
Content if he might laughter move with ribald jest: the most
Ill-favoured wight I ween was he of all the Grecian host.
With hideous squint the railer leer'd: on one foot he was lame;
Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came;
Slanting and sharp his forehead rose, with shreds of meagre hair;
He to Laertes' godlike son a deadly hatred bare,
And to Achilles: Agamemnon now this railer seeks
And brays his shrill reproaches out; but not the well-greaved Greeks
Might love the man whose tongue defied the Jove-born king of men:
Thus clamouring loud Thersites cried to Agamemnon then;
O son of Atreus! what new greed doth now thy rage inspire?
Thy tents are full of copper bright: to glut thy heart's desire,
The fairest fair are still thy share; the cream of every joy,
With glowing lip the king shall sip, when the Greeks have taken Troy.
Or lusts thy heart for yellow gold, which, to redeem his boy,
Some horse-subduing father bold may bring to thee from Troy,
Whose son by me was captive led, or by some other hand
Of valiant Greek: or doth thy lust some damsel fair demand
In amorous joy with her to toy? O 'tis most seemly so,
That their own Greek king to the Greeks should bring more harm than to the foe!
Soft-hearted Greeks, women, not men! if truth may pierce your ear!
Come sail with me across the sea, and leave this monarch here,
Alone in Troy to glean his joy, and to digest his prey,
When we who fight to swell his might, are gone and far away.
The son divine of Peleus' line, a better man by far,
He thus defies, and takes the prize, his brave hands won in war.
Soothly Achilles lacketh gall, and droops his princely wing,
Or this were the last of insults, cast from the lips of this faithless king!
Such reckless words Thersites dared from venomed heart to fling
Against the monarch; but Ulysses darkly-scowling came,
And swift pursued the railer rude with words of bitter blame.

Thersites, sense-confounding fool, thy mouth of fluent prate
Learn now to gag: against the kings this ribald talk abate!
I tell thee true, of all the crew from Greece to Troy that came,
Vilest art thou: there breathes not one, who owns a fouler fame!
Such a base mouth it well beseems with bitter froth to foam,
To point sharp stings against the kings, and talk of sailing home!
Fool! the deep sea more danger keeps than the shallow sounding shore;
Thou dost not know what weal or woe the Olympians have in store
For the returning Greeks. But here thou sittest and dost pour
'Gainst the Atridans floods of bile, because we honor most
Him who is shepherd of the folk, and first of all the host.
But mark me this: and the sure deed will follow what I say!
If I shall find thee fooling here, as thou hast fooled to-day,
Another time, let not my head upon my shoulders stand,
Nor I, Telemachus' father, rule the rocky Ithacan land,
If I shall fail to strip the rags from thy ill-favoured frame,
Cloak, coat, and vest, and to the gazing crowd expose thy shame;
Then send thee hence mid shouts immense, and many a sturdy blow,
To vent thy wail without avail, where the salt sea-waters flow!
He spoke: and o'er the craven's hunch, with sharp stroke and severe,
His sceptre came: Thersites winced; forth flowed the bitter tear
From his vext eye; a bloody bruise did on his back appear
Beneath the golden studded mace: he sate in blank dismay,
And with a stupid gaze looked round, and wiped the tear away.
His plight the folk with pity saw, yet laughed with laughter loud;
Then one to his neighbour turned, and thus outspake amid the crowd:
O, bravely! bravely! many a deed Laertes' godlike son
In council, and in battle bold, of brave repute hath done!
But now the chief his praise hath topped with the bravest deed of all,
When he this eager babbler stopt that did so rudely brawl,
Till sure, I ween, his tongue will spare a second time to encroach
On the high virtue of the kings with words of foul reproach.

Edinburgh, July, 1860.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

NOTE.—I do not admit Butmann's identification of φολκός with the Latin *vulgus*.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GRAND CRASH.

THE funeral was over. Charles had waited with poor weeping Mary to see the coffin carried away under the dark grim archway of the vault, and had tried to comfort her who would not be comforted. And, when the last wild wail of the organ had died away, and all the dark figures but they two had withdrawn from the chapel, there stood those two poor orphans alone together.

It was all over, and they began for the first time to realize it; they began to feel what they had lost. King Densil was dead and King Cuthbert reigned. When a prime minister dies the world is shaken; when a county member dies the county is agitated, and the

opposition electors, till lately insignificant, rise suddenly into importance, and the possible new members are suddenly great men. So, when a mere country gentleman dies, the head of a great family dies, relations are changed entirely between some score or so of persons. The dog of to-day is not the dog of yesterday. Servants are agitated, and remember themselves of old impertinences, and tremble. Farmers wonder what the new Squire's first move will be. Perhaps, even the old hound wonders whether he is to keep his old place by the fire or no, and younger brothers bite their nails and wonder too about many things.

Charles wondered profoundly in his own room that afternoon, whither he retired after having dismissed Mary at her door with a kiss. In spite of his grief he wondered what was coming, and tried to persuade himself that he didn't care. From this state of mind he was aroused by William, who told him that Lord Segur was going and Lord Saltire with him, and that the latter wanted to speak to him.

Lord Saltire had his foot on the step of the carriage. "Charles, my dear boy," he said, "the moment things are settled come to me at Segur Castle. Lord Segur wants you to come and stay there while I am there."

Lord Segur from the carriage hoped Charles would come and see them at once.

"And mind, you know," said Lord Saltire, "that you don't do anything without consulting me. Let the little bird pack off to Lady Ascot's and help to blow up the grooms. Don't let her stay moping here. Now, good-bye, my dear boy. I shall see you in a day or so."

And so the old man was gone. And, as Charles watched the carriage, he saw the sleek grey head thrust from the window and the great white hand waved to him. He never forgot that glimpse of the grey head and the white hand, and he never will.

A servant came up to him, and asked him, Would he see Mr. Ravenshoe in the library? Charles answered yes, but was in no hurry to go. So he stood a little longer on the terrace, watching the bright sea, and the gulls, and the distant island. Then he turned into the darkened house again, and walked slowly towards the library door.

Some one else stood in the passage—it was William, with his hand on the handle of the door.

"I waited for you, Master Charles," he said; "they have sent for me too. Now you will hear something to your advantage."

"I care not," said Charles, and they went in.

Once, in lands far away, there was a sailor lad, a good-humoured, good-looking, thoughtless fellow, who lived alongside of me, and with whom I was always joking. We had a great liking for one another. I left him at the shaft's mouth at two o'clock one summer's day, roaring with laughter at a story I had told him; and at half-past five I was helping to wind up the shattered corpse, which when alive had borne his name. A flake of gravel had come down from the roof of the drive and killed him, and his laughing and story-telling were over for ever. How terrible these true stories are! Why do I tell this one? Because, whenever I think of this poor lad's death, I find myself not thinking of the ghastly thing that came swinging up out of the darkness into the summer air, but of the poor fellow as he was the morning before. I try to think how he looked, as leaning against the windlass, with the forest behind and the mountains beyond, and if, in word or look, he gave any sign of his coming fate before he went gaily down into his tomb.

So it was with Charles Ravenshoe. He remembers part of the scene that followed perfectly well; but he tries more than all to recall how Cuthbert looked, and how Mackworth looked before the terrible words were spoken. After it was all over he remembers, he tells me, every trifling incident well. But his memory is a little gone about the first few minutes which elapsed after

he and William came into the room. He says that Cuthbert was sitting at the table very pale, with his hand clasped on the table before him, looking steadily at him without expression on his face; and that Mackworth leant against the chimney-piece, and looked keenly and curiously at him.

Charles went up silently and kissed his brother on the forehead. Cuthbert neither moved nor spoke. Charles greeted Mackworth civilly, and then leant against the chimney-piece by the side of him, and said what a glorious day it was. William stood at a little distance, looking uneasily from one to another.

Cuthbert broke silence. "I sent for you," he said.

"I am glad to come to you, Cuthbert, though I think you sent for me on business, which I am not very well up to to-day."

"On business," said Cuthbert; "business which must be gone through with to-day, though I expect it will kill me."

Charles, by some instinct (who knows what? it was nothing reasonable, he says) moved rapidly towards William, and laid his hand on his shoulder. I take it, that it arose from that curious gregarious feeling that men have in times of terror. He could not have done better than to move towards his truest friend, whatever it was.

"I should like to prepare you for what is to come," continued Cuthbert, speaking calmly, with the most curious distinctness; "but that would be useless. The blow would be equally severe whether you expect it or not. You two who stand there were nursed at the same breast. That groom, on whose shoulder you have your hand now, is my real brother. You are no relation to me; you are the son of the faithful old servant whom we buried to-day with my father."

Charles said, Ho! like a great sigh. William put his arm round him, and, raising his finger, and looking into his face with his calm honest eyes, said with a smile,—

"This was it, then. We know it all now."

Charles burst out into a wild laugh, and said, "Father Mackworth, ace of trumps! He has inherited a talent for melodrama from his blessed mother. Stop. I beg you pardon, sir, for saying that; I said it in a hurry. It was blackguardly. Let's have the proofs of this, and all that sort of thing, and witnesses too, if you please. Father Mackworth, there have been such things as prosecutions for conspiracy. I have Lord Saltire and Lord Ascot at my back. You have made a desperate cast, sir. My astonishment is that you have allowed your hatred for me to outrun your discretion so far. This matter will cost some money before it is settled."

Father Mackworth smiled, and Charles passed him and rang the bell. Then he went back to William and took his arm.

"Fetch the Fathers Tiernay here immediately," said Charles to the servant who answered the bell.

In a few minutes the worthy priests were in the room. The group was not altered. Father Mackworth still leant against the mantelpiece, Charles and William stood together, and Cuthbert sat pale and calm with his hands clasped together.

Father Tiernay looked at the disturbed group and became uneasy. "Would it not be better to defer the settlement of any family disagreements to another day? On such a solemn occasion—"

"The ice is broken, Father Tiernay," said Charles. "Cuthbert, tell him what you have told me."

Cuthbert, clasping his hands together, did so, in a low, quiet voice.

"There," said Charles, turning to Father Tiernay, "what do you think of that?"

"I am so astounded and shocked that I don't know what to say," said Father Tiernay; "your mind must be abused, my dear sir. The likeness between yourself and Mr. Charles is so great that I cannot believe it. Mackworth, what have you to say to this?"

"Look at William, who is standing beside Charles," said the priest quietly, "and tell me which of those two is most like Cuthbert."

"Charles and William are very much alike, certainly," said Tiernay; "but—"

"Do you remember James Horton, Tiernay?" said Mackworth.

"Surely."

"Did you ever notice the likeness between him and Densil Ravenshoe?"

"I have noticed it, certainly. Especially one night. One night I went to his cottage last autumn. Yes. Well?"

"James Horton was Densil Ravenshoe's half-brother. He was the illegitimate son of Petre."

"Good God!"

"And the man whom you call Charles Ravenshoe, whom I call Charles Horton, is his son."

Charles was looking eagerly from one to the other, bewildered.

"Ask him, Father Tiernay," he said, "what proofs he has. Perhaps he will tell us."

"You hear what Mr. Charles says, Mackworth. I address you because you have spoken last. You must surely have strong proofs for such an astounding statement."

"I have his mother's handwriting," said Father Mackworth.

"My mother's, sir," said Charles, flushing up, and advancing a pace towards him.

"You forget who your mother was," said Mackworth. "Your mother was Norah, James Horton's wife. She confessed the wicked fraud she practised to me, and has committed that confession to paper. I hold it. You have not a point of ground to stand on. Fifty Lord Saltires could not help you one jot. You must submit. You have been living in luxury and receiving an expensive education when you should have been cleaning out the stable. So far from being overwhelmed by this, you should consider how terribly the balance is against you."

He spoke with such terrible convincing calmness that Charles's heart died away within him. He knew the man.

"Cuthbert," he said, "you are a gentleman. Is this true?"

"God knows how terribly true it is," said Cuthbert quietly. Then there was a silence, broken by Charles in a strange thick voice, the like of which none there had heard before.

"I want to sit down somewhere. I want some drink. Will, my own boy, take this d——d thing from round my neck? I can't see; where is there a chair? Oh, God!"

He fell heavily against William, looking deadly white, without sense or power. And Cuthbert looked up at the priest, and said, in a low voice,—

"You have killed him."

Little by little he came round again, and rose on his feet, looking round him as a buck or stag looks when run to soil, and is watching to see which dog will come, with a piteous wild look, despairing and yet defiant. There was a dead silence.

"Are we to be allowed to see this paper?" said Charles at length.

Father Mackworth immediately handed it to him, and he read it. It was completely conclusive. He saw that there was not a loophole to creep out of. The two Tiernays read it and shook their heads. William read it and turned pale. And then they all stood staring blankly at one another.

"You see, sir," said Father Mackworth, "that there are two courses open to you. Either, on the one hand, to acquiesce in the truth of this paper; or, on the other, to accuse me in a court of justice of conspiracy and fraud. If you were to be successful in the latter course, I should be transported out of your way, and the matter would end so. But any practical man would tell you, and you would see in your calmer moments, that no lawyer would undertake your case. What say you, Father Tiernay?"

"I cannot see what case he has, poor dear," said Father Tiernay. "Mackworth," he added, suddenly.

Father Mackworth met his eye with a steady stare, and Tiernay saw there was no hope of explanation there.

"On the other hand," continued

Father Mackworth, "if this new state of things is quietly submitted to (as it must be ultimately, whether quietly or otherwise you yourself will decide), I am authorized to say that the very handsomest provision will be made for you, and that to all intents and purposes your prospects in the world will not suffer in the least degree. I am right in saying so, I believe, Mr. Ravenshoe?"

"You are perfectly right, sir," said Cuthbert, in a quiet, passionless voice. "My intention is to make a provision of three hundred a year for this gentleman, whom, till the last few days, I believed to be my brother. Less than four and twenty hours ago, Charles, I offered Father Mackworth ten thousand pounds for this paper, with a view to destroy it. I would, for your sake, Charles, have committed an act of villainy which would have entailed a life's remorse, and have robbed William, my own brother, of his succession. You see what a poor weak rogue I am, and what a criminal I might become with a little temptation. Father Mackworth did his duty, and refused me. I tell you this to show you that he is, at all events, sincere enough in his conviction of the truth of this."

"You acted like yourself, Cuthbert. Like one who would risk body and soul for one you loved."

He paused; but they waited for him to speak again. And very calmly, in a very low voice, he continued,—

"It is time that this scene should end. No one's interest will be served by continuing it. I want to say a very few words, and I want them to be considered as the words, as it were, of a dying man; for no one here present will see me again till the day when I come back to claim a right to the name I have been bearing so long—and that day will be never."

Another pause. He moistened his lips, which were dry and cracked, and then went on,—

"Here is the paper, Father Mackworth; and may the Lord of Heaven be judge between us if that paper be not true!"

Father Mackworth took it, and, looking him steadily in the face, repeated his words, and Charles's heart sank lower yet as he watched him, and felt that hope was dead.

"May the Lord of Heaven be judge between us two, Charles, if that paper be not true! Amen."

"I utterly refuse," Charles continued, "the assistance which Mr. Ravenshoe has so nobly offered. I go forth alone into the world to make my own way or to be forgotten. Cuthbert and William, you will be sorry for a time, but not for long. You will think of me sometimes of dark winter nights when the wind blows, won't you? I shall never write to you, and shall never return here any more. Worse things than this have happened to men, and they have not died."

All this was said with perfect self-possession, and without a failure in the voice. It was magnificent despair. Father Tiernay, looking at William's face, saw there a sort of sarcastic smile, which puzzled him amazingly.

"I had better," said Charles, "make my will. I should like William to ride my horse Monté. He has thrown a curb, sir, as you know," he said, turning to William; "but he will serve you well, and I know you will be gentle with him."

William gave a short, dry laugh.

"I should have liked to take my terrier away with me, but I think I had better not. I want to have nothing with me to remind me of this place. My greyhound and the pointers I know you will take care of. It would please me to think that William had moved into my room, and had taken possession of all my guns, and fishing rods, and so on. There is a double-barrelled gun left at Venables', in St. Aldate's, at Oxford, for repairs. It ought to be fetched away."

"Now, sir," he said, turning to Cuthbert, "I should like to say a few words about money matters. I owe about 150*l.* at Oxford. It was a great deal more at one time, but I have been more careful lately. I have the bills upstairs. If that could be paid——"

"To the uttermost farthing, my dear Charles," said Cuthbert; "but——"

"Hush!" said Charles, "I have five and twenty pounds by me. May I keep that?"

"I will write you a check for five hundred. I shall move your resolution, Charles," said Cuthbert.

"Never, so help me God!" said Charles; "it only remains to say good-bye. I leave this room without a hard thought towards any one in it. I am at peace with all the world. Father Mackworth, I beg your forgiveness. I have been often rude and brutal to you. I suppose that you always meant kindly to me. Good-bye."

He shook hands with Mackworth, then with the Tiernays; then he offered his hand to William, who took it smiling; and, lastly, he went up to Cuthbert, and kissed him on the cheek, and then walked out of the door into the hall.

William, as he was going, turned as though to speak to Cuthbert, but Cuthbert had risen, and he paused a moment.

Cuthbert had risen, and stood looking wildly about him, then he said, "Oh, my God, he is gone!" And then he broke through them, and ran out into the hall, crying, "Charles, Charles, come back. Only one more word, Charles." And then they saw Charles pause, and Cuthbert kneel down before him, calling him his own dear brother, and saying he would die for him. And then Father Tiernay hastily shut the library door, and left those two wild hearts out in the old hall together alone.

Father Tiernay came back to William, and took both his hands. "What are you going to do?" he said.

"I am going to follow him wherever he goes," said William. "I am never going to leave him again. If he goes to the world's end, I will be with him."

"Brave fellow!" said Tiernay. "If he goes from here, and is lost sight of, we may never see him again. If you go with him, you may change his resolution."

"That I shall never do," said William; "I know him too well. But I'll save him from what I am frightened to think of. I will go to him now. I shall see you again directly; but I must go to him."

He passed out into the hall. Cuthbert was standing alone, and Charles was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COUP DE GRACE.

In the long watches of the winter night, when one has awoke from some evil dream, and lies sleepless and terrified with the solemn pall of darkness around one—on one of those deadly, still dark nights, when the window only shows a murky patch of positive gloom in contrast with the nothingness of the walls, when the howling of a tempest round chimney and roof would be welcomed as a boisterous companion—in such still dead times only, lying as in the silence of the tomb, one sees life as it really is, and realizes that one day we shall lie in that bed and not think at all: that the time will come soon when we must die.

Our preachers remind us of this often enough, but we cannot realize it in a pew in broad daylight. You must wake in the middle of the night to do that, and face the thought like a man, that it will come, and come to ninety-nine in a hundred of us, not in a maddening clatter of musquetry as the day is won, or in carrying a line to a stranded ship, or in such like glorious times, when the soul is in mastery over the body, but in bed by slow degrees. It is in darkness and silence only that we realize this; and then let us hope that we humbly remember that death has been conquered for us, and that in spite of our unworthiness we may defy him. And after that sometimes will come the thought, "Are there not evils worse even than death?"

I have made these few remarks (I have made very few in this story, for I want to suggest thought, not to supply it ready-made) because Charles Ravenshoe

has said to me in his wild way that he did not fear death, for that he had died once already.

I did not say anything, but waited for him to go on.

"For what," he continued, "do you make out death even at the worst? A terror, then a pang, more or less severe; then a total severance of all ties on earth, an entire and permanent loss of everything one has loved. After that remorse, and useless regret, and the horrible torture of missed opportunities without number thrust continually before one. The monotonous song of the fiends, "Too late! too late!" I have suffered all these things; I have known what very few men have known and lived—despair; but perhaps the most terrible agony for a time was the feeling of *loss of identity*—that I was not myself; that my whole existence from babyhood had been a lie. This at times, at times only, mind you, washed away from me the only spar to which I could cling—the feeling that I was a gentleman. When the deluge came, that was the only creed I had, and I was left alone as it were on the midnight ocean, out of sight of land, swimming with failing strength."

I have made Charles speak for himself. In this I know that I am right. Now we must go on with him through the gathering darkness without flinching; in terror, perhaps, but not in despair as yet.

It never for one moment entered into his head to doubt the truth of what Father Mackworth had set up. If he had had doubts even to the last, he had none after Mackworth had looked him compassionately in the face, and said, "God judge between us if this paper be not true!" Though he distrusted Mackworth, he felt that no man, be he never so profound an actor, could have looked so and spoken so if he were not telling what he believed to be the truth. And that he and Norah were mistaken he justly felt to be an impossibility. No. He was the child of Petre Ravenshoe's bastard son by an Irish peasant girl. He who but half-an-hour before had been heir to the proud old name, to the noble old house, the pride of the west country, to hundreds of acres of rolling woodland, to mile beyond mile of sweeping moorland, to twenty thriving farms, deep in happy valleys, or perched high up on the side of lofty downs, was now just this—a peasant, an impostor.

The tenantry, the fishermen, the servants, they would come to know all this. Had he died (ah! how much better than this), they would have mourned for him, but what would they say or think now? That he, the patron, the intercessor, the condescending young prince, should be the child of a waiting woman and a gamekeeper. Ah! mother, mother, God forgive you! I hope you don't know of this.

Adelaide: what would she think of this? He determined that he must go and see her, and tell her the whole miserable story. She was ambitious, but she loved him. Oh yes, she loved him. She could wait. There were lands beyond the sea, where a man could win a fortune in a few years, perhaps in one. There were Canada, and Australia, and India, where a man needed nothing but energy. He never would take one farthing from the Ravenshoes, save the twenty pounds he had. That was a determination nothing could alter. But why need he? There was gold to be won, and forest to be cleared, in happier lands.

Alas, poor Charles! He has never yet set foot out of England, and perhaps never will. He never thought seriously about it but this once. He never had it put before him strongly by any one. Men only emigrate from idleness, restlessness, or necessity; with the two first of these he was not troubled, and the last had not come yet. It would, perhaps, have been better for him to have gone to the backwoods or the diggings; but, as he says, the reason why he didn't was that he didn't. But at this sad crisis of his life it gave him comfort for a little to think about it; only for a little, then thought and terror came sweeping back again.

Lord Saltire? He would be told of this by others. It would be Charles's duty not to see Lord Saltire again. With his present position in society, as a servant's son, there was nothing to prevent his asking Lord Saltire to provide for him, except—what was it? Pride? Well, hardly pride. He was humble enough, God knows; but he felt as if he had gained his goodwill, as it were, by false pretences, and that duty would forbid his presuming on that goodwill any longer. And would Lord Saltire be the same to a lady's-maid's son, as he would to the heir-presumptive of Ravenshoe? No; there must be no humiliation before those stern grey eyes. Now he began to see that he loved the owner of those eyes more deeply than he had thought; and there was a gleam of pleasure in thinking that, when Lord Saltire heard of his fighting bravely unassisted with the world, he would say, "That lad was a brave fellow; a gentleman after all."

Marston? Would this terrible business, which was so new and terrible as to be as yet only half appreciated and nameless—would it make any difference to him? Perhaps it might. But, whether or no, he would humble himself there, and take from him just reproaches for idleness and missed opportunities, however bitter they might be.

And Mary? Poor little Mary! Ah! she would be safe with that good Lady Hainault. That was all. Ah, Charles! what pale little sprite was that outside your door now, listening, dry-eyed, terrified, till you should move? Who saw you come up with your hands clutched in your hair, like a madman, an hour ago, and heard you throw yourself upon the floor, and has waited patiently ever since to see if she could comfort you, were it never so little? Ah, Charles! Foolish fellow!

Thinking, thinking—now with anger, now with tears, and now with terror—till his head was hot and his hands dry, his thoughts began to run into one channel. He saw that action was necessary, and he came to a great and noble resolution, worthy of himself. All the world was on the one side, and he alone on the other. He would meet the world humbly and bravely, and conquer it. He would begin at the beginning, and find his own value in the world, and then, if he found himself worthy, would claim once more the love and respect of those who had been his friends hitherto.

How he would begin he knew not, nor cared, but it must be from the beginning. And, when he had come to this resolution, he rose up and faced the light of day once more.

There was a still figure sitting in his chair, watching him. It was William.

"William! How long have you been here?"

"Nigh on an hour. I came in just after you, and you have been lying there on the hearth-rug ever since, moaning."

"An hour? Is it only an hour?"

"A short hour."

"It seemed like a year. Why, it is not dark yet. The sun still shines, does it?"

He went to the window and looked out. "Spring," he said, "early spring. Fifty more of them between me and rest most likely. Do I look older, William?"

"You look pale and wild, but not older. I am mazed and stunned. I want you to look like yourself and help me, Charles. We must get away together out of this house."

"You must stay here, William; you are heir to the name and the house. You must stay here and learn your duty; I must go forth and dree my weary weird alone."

"You must go forth, I know; but I must go with you."

"William, that is impossible."

"To the world's end, Charles; I swear it by the holy Mother of God."

"Hush! You don't know what you are saying. Think of your duties."

"I know my duty. My duty is with you."

"William, look at the matter in another point of view. Will Cuthbert let you come with me?"

"I don't care. I am coming."

William was sitting where he had

been in Charles's chair, and Charles was standing beside him. If William had been looking at Charles, he would have seen a troubled thoughtful expression on his face for one moment, followed by a sudden look of determination. He laid his hand on William's shoulder, and said,—

"We must talk this over again. I *must* go to Ranford and see Adelaide at once, before this news gets there from other mouths. Will you meet me at the old hotel in Covent Garden, four days from this time?"

"Why there?" said William. "Why not at Henley?"

"Why not at London, rather?" replied Charles. "I must go to London. I mean to go to London. I don't want to delay about Ranford. No; say London."

William looked in his face for a moment, and then said,—

"I'd rather travel with you. You can leave me at Wargrave, which is only just over the water from Ranford, or at Twyford, while you go on to Ranford. You must let me do that, Charles."

"We will do that, William, if you like."

"Yes, yes!" said William. "It must be so. Now you must come down-stairs."

"Why?"

"To eat. Dinner is ready. I am going to tea in the servants' hall.

"Will Mary be at dinner, William?"

"Of course she will."

"Will you let me go for the last time? I should like to see the dear little face again. Only this once."

"Charles, you will kill me if you talk like that. All that this house contains is yours, and will be as long as Cuthbert and I are here. Of course you must go. This must not get out for a long while yet—we must keep up appearances."

So Charles went down into the drawing-room. It was nearly dark; and at first he thought that there was no one there, but, as he advanced towards the fireplace, he made out a tall, dark figure, and saw that it was Mackworth.

"I am come, sir," he said "to dinner in the old room for the last time for ever."

"God forbid!" said Mackworth. "Sir, you have behaved like a brave man to-day, and I earnestly hope that, as long as I stay in this house, you will be its honoured guest. It would be simply nonsensical to make any excuses to you for the part I have taken. Even if you had not systematically opposed your interest to mine in this house, I had no other course open. You must see that."

"I believe I owe you my thanks for your forbearance so long," said Charles; "though that was for the sake of my father more than myself. Will you tell me, sir, now we are alone, how long have you known this?"

"Nearly eighteen months," said Father Mackworth promptly.

Mackworth was not an ill-natured man when he was not opposed, and, being a brave man himself, could well appreciate bravery in others. He had knowledge enough of men to know that the revelation of to-day had been as bitter a blow to a passionate, sensitive man like Charles, as he could well endure and live. And he knew that Charles distrusted him, and that all out-of-the-way expressions of condolence would be thrown away; and so, departing from his usual rule of conduct, he spoke for once in a way naturally and sincerely, and said: "I am very, very sorry. I would have done much to avoid this."

Then Mary came in and the Tiernays. Cuthbert did not come down. There was a long, dull dinner, at which Charles forced himself to eat, having a resolution before him. Mary sat scared at the head of the table, and scarcely spoke a word, and, when she rose to go into the drawing-room again, Charles followed her.

She saw that he was coming, and waited for him in the hall. When he shut the dining-room door after him, she ran back, and, putting her two hands on his shoulders, said,—

"Charles! Charles! what is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear; only I have lost my fortune; I am penniless."

"Is it all gone, Charles?"

"All. You will hear how, soon. I just came out to wish my bird good-bye. I am going to London to-morrow."

"Can't you come and talk to me, Charles, a little?"

"No; not to-night. Not to-night."

"You will come and see me at Lady Hainault's in town, Charles?"

"Yes, my love; yes."

"Won't you tell me any more, Charles?"

"No more, my robin. It is good-bye. You will hear all about it soon enough."

"Good-bye."

A kiss, and he was gone up the old staircase towards his own room. When he gained the first landing, he turned and looked at her once more, standing alone in the centre of the old hall in the light of a solitary lamp. A lonely, beautiful little figure, with her arms drooping at her sides, and the quiet, dark eyes turned towards him, so lovingly! And there, in his ruin and desolation, he began to see, for the first time, what others, keener-eyed, had seen long ago. Something that might have been, but could not be now! And so, saying, "I must not see her again," he went up to his own room, and shut the door on his misery.

Once again he was seen that night. William invaded the still room, and got some coffee, which he carried up to him. He found him packing his portmanteau, and he asked William to see to this and to that for him, if he should sleep too long. William made him sit down and take coffee and smoke a cigar, and sat on the footstool at his feet, before the fire, complaining of cold. There they sat an hour or two, smoking, talking of old times, of horses and dogs, and birds and trout, as lads do, till Charles said he would go to bed, and William left him.

He had hardly got to the end of the passage, when Charles called him back, and he came.

"I want to look at you again," said Charles; and he put his two hands on William's shoulders, and looked at him again. Then he said, "Good night," and went in.

William went slowly away, and, passing to a lower storey, came to the door of a room immediately over the main entrance, above the hall. This room was in the turret above the porch. It was Cuthbert's room.

He knocked softly, and there was no answer; again, and louder. A voice cried querulously, "Come in," and he opened the door.

Cuthbert was sitting before the fire with a lamp beside him and a book on his knee. He looked up and saw a groom before him, and said angrily,—

"I can give no orders to-night. I will not be disturbed to-night."

"It's me, sir," said William.

Cuthbert rose at once. "Come here, brother," he said, "and let me look at you. They told me just now that you were with our brother Charles."

"I stayed with him till he went to bed, and then I came to you."

"How is he?"

"Very quiet—too quiet."

"Is he going away?"

"He is going in the morning."

"You must go with him, William," said Cuthbert, eagerly.

"I came to tell you that I must go with him, and to ask you for some money."

"God bless you. Don't leave him. Write to me every day. Watch and see what he is inclined to settle to, and then let me know. You must get some education too. You will get it with him as well as anywhere. He must be our first care."

William said yes. He must be their first care. He had suffered a terrible wrong.

"We must get to be as brothers to one another, William," said Cuthbert. "That will come in time. We have one great object in common—Charles; and that will bring us together. The time was, when I was a fool, that I thought of being a saint, without human affections. I am wiser now. People near death see many things which are hidden in health and youth."

"Near death, Cuthbert!" said William, calling him so for the first time. "I shall live, please God, to take your children on my knee."

"It is right that you should know, brother, that in a few short years you will be master of Ravenshoe. My heart is gone. I have had an attack to-night."

"But people who are ill don't always die," said William. "Holy Virgin! you must not go and leave me all abroad in the world like a lost sheep."

"I like to hear you speak like that, William. Two days ago, I was moving heaven and earth to rob you of your just inheritance."

"I like you the better for that. Never think of that again. Does Mackworth know of your illness?"

"He knows everything."

"If Charles had been a Catholic, would he have concealed this?"

"No; I think not. I offered him ten thousand pounds to hush it up."

"I wish he had taken it. I don't want to be a great man. I should have been far happier as it was. I was half a gentleman, and had everything I wanted. Shall you oppose my marrying when Charles is settled?"

"You must marry, brother. I can never marry, and would not if I could. You must marry, certainly. The estate is a little involved; but we can soon bring it right. Till you marry, you must be contented with four hundred a year."

William laughed. "I will be content and obedient enough, I warrant you. But, when I speak of marrying, I mean marrying my present sweetheart."

Cuthbert looked up suddenly. "I did not think of that. Who is she?"

"Master Evans's daughter, Jane."

"A fisherman's daughter," said Cuthbert. "William, the mistress of Ravenshoe ought to be a lady."

"The master of Ravenshoe ought to be a gentleman," was William's reply. "And, after your death (which I don't believe in, mind you), he won't be. The master of Ravenshoe then will be only a groom; and what sort of a fine lady would he buy with his money, think you? A woman who would despise him and be ashamed of him. No, by St. George and the dragon, I will marry my old sweetheart or be single!"

"Perhaps you are right, William," said Cuthbert; "and, if you are not, I am not one who has a right to speak about it. Let us in future be honest and straightforward, and have no more miserable *esclandres*, in God's name. What sort of girl is she?"

"She is handsome enough for a duchess, and she is very quiet and shy."

"All the better. I shall offer not the slightest opposition. She had better know soon what is in store for her."

"She shall; and the blessing of all the holy saints be on you! I must go now. I must be up at dawn."

"Don't go yet, William. Think of the long night that is before me. Sit with me, and let me get used to your voice. Tell me about the horses, or anything—only don't leave me alone yet."

William sat down with him. They sat long and late. When at last William rose to go, Cuthbert said,—

"You will make a good landlord, William. You have been always a patient, faithful servant, and you will make a good master. Our people will get to love you better than ever they would have loved me. Cling to the old faith. It has served us well so many hundred years. It seems as if God willed that Ravenshoe should not pass from the hands of the faithful. And now, one thing more; I must see Charles before he goes. When you go to wake him in the morning, call me, and I will go with you. Good night!"

In the morning they went up together to wake him. His window was open, and the fresh spring air was blowing in. His books, his clothes, his guns, and rods, were piled about in their usual confusion. His dog was lying on the hearth-rug, and stretched himself as he came to greet them. The dog had a glove at his feet, and they wondered at it. The curtains of his bed were drawn close. Cuthbert went softly to them and drew them aside. He was not there. The bed was smooth.

"Gone! gone!" cried Cuthbert. "I half feared it. Fly, William, for God's sake, to Lord Ascot's, to Ranford; catch him there, and never leave him again. Come and get some money and begone. You may be in time. If we should lose him after all—after all!"

William needed no second bidding. In an hour he was at Stonington. Mr. Charles Ravenshoe had arrived there at daybreak, and had gone on in the coach which started at eight. William posted to Exeter, and at eight o'clock in the evening saw Lady Ascot at Ranford. Charles Ravenshoe had been there that afternoon, but was gone. And then Lady Ascot, weeping wildly, told him such news as made him break from the room with an oath, and dash through the scared servants in the hall out into the darkness, to try to overtake the carriage he had discharged, and reach London.

The morning before, Adelaide had eloped with Lord Welter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLIGHT.

When William left Charles in his room at Ravenshoe, the latter sat down in his chair and began thinking.

The smart of the blow, which had fallen so heavily at first, had become less painful. He knew by intuition that it would be worse on the morrow, and on many morrows; but at present it was alleviated. He began to dread sleeping, for fear of the waking.

He dreaded the night and dreams; and, more than all, the morrow and the departure. He felt that he ought to see Cuthbert again, and he dreaded that. He dreaded the servants seeing him go. He had a horror of parting from all he had known so long, formally. It was natural. It would be so much pain to all concerned; were it not better avoided? He thought of all these things, and tried to persuade himself that these were the reasons which made him do what he had as good as determined to do an hour or two before, what he had in his mind when he called William back in the corridor—to go away alone, and hide and mope like a wounded stag for a little time.

It was his instinct to do so. Perhaps it would have been the best thing for him. At all events he determined on it, and packed up a portmanteau and carpet-bag, and then sat down again, waiting.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it will be better to do this. I must get away from William, poor lad. He must not follow my fortunes, for many reasons."

His dog had been watching him, looking, with his bright loving eyes, first at him and then at his baggage, wondering what journey they were going on now. When Charles had done packing, and had sat down again in his chair before the fire, the dog leapt up in his lap unbidden, and laid his head upon his breast.

"Grip, Grip!" said Charles, "I am going away to leave you for ever, Grip. Dogs don't live so long as men, my boy; you will be quietly under the turf and at rest, when I shall have forty long years more to go through with."

The dog wagged his tail, and pawed his waistcoat. He wanted some biscuit. Charles got him some, and then went on talking.

"I am going to London, old dog. I am going to see what the world is like. I shan't come back before you are dead, Grip, I expect. I have got to win money and a name for the sake of one who is worth winning it for. Very likely I shall go abroad, to the land where the stuff comes from they make sovereigns of, and try my luck at getting some of the yellow rubbish. And she will wait in the old house at Ranford."

He paused here. The thought came upon him, "Would it not be more honourable to absolve Adelaide from her engagement? Was he acting generously in demanding of her to waste the best part of her life in waiting till a ruined man had won fortune and means?"

The answer came. "She loves me. If I can wait, why not she?"

"I have wronged her by such a thought, Grip. Haven't I, my boy?"—and so on. I needn't continue telling you

the nonsense Charles talked to his dog. Men will talk nonsense to their dogs and friends when they are in love; and such nonsense is but poor reading at any time. To us who know what had happened, and how worthless and false Adelaide was, it would be merely painful and humiliating to hear any more of it. I only gave you so much to show you how completely Charles was in the dark, poor fool, with regard to Adelaide's character, and to render less surprising the folly of his behaviour after he heard the news at Ranford.

Charles judged every one by his own standard. She had told him that she loved him; and perhaps she did, for a time. He believed her. As for vanity, selfishness, fickleness, calculation, coming in and conquering love, he knew it was impossible in his own case, and so he conceived it impossible in hers. I think I have been very careful to impress on you that Charles was not wise. At all events, if I have softened matters so far hitherto as to leave you in doubt, his actions, which we shall have to chronicle immediately, will leave not the slightest doubt of it. I love the man. I love his very faults in a way. He is a reality to me, though I may not have the art to make him so to you. His mad, impulsive way of forming a resolution, and his honourable obstinacy in sticking to that resolution afterwards, even to the death, are very great faults. But they are, more or less, the faults of many men who have made a very great figure in the world, or I have read history wrong. Men with Charles Ravenshoe's character, and power of patience and application superadded, turn out very brilliant characters for the most part. Charles had not been drilled into habits of application early enough. Densil's unthinking indulgence had done him more harm than enough, and he was just the sort of boy to be spoilt at school—a favourite among the masters and the boys; always just up to his work, and no more. It is possible that Eton in one way, or Rugby in another, might have done for him what Shrewsbury certainly did not. At Eton, thrown at once into a great, free republic, he might have been forced to fight his way up to his proper place, which, I believe, would not have been a low one. At Rugby he would have had his place to win all the same; but to help him he would have had all the traditionary school policy which a great man has left behind him as an immortal legacy. It was not to be. He was sent to a good and manly school enough, but one where there was for him too little of competition. Shrewsbury is, in most respects, the third school in England; but it was, unluckily, not the school for him. He was too great a man there.

At Oxford, too, he hardly had a fair chance. Lord Welter was there before him, and had got just such a set about him as one would expect from that young gentleman's character and bringing up. These men were Charles's first and only acquaintances at the University. What chance was there among them for correcting and disciplining himself? None. The wonder was that he came out from among them without being greatly deteriorated. The only friend Charles ever had who could guide him on the way to being a man was John Marston. But John Marston, to say the truth, was sometimes too hard and didactic, and very often roused Charles's obstinacy through want of tact. Marston loved Charles, and thought him better than the ninety and nine who need no repentance; but it did not fall to Marston's lot to make a man of Charles. Some one took that in hand who never fails.

This is the place for my poor apology for Charles's folly. If I had inserted it before, you would not have attended to it, or would have forgotten it. If I have done my work right, it is merely a statement of the very conclusion you must have come to. In the humiliating scenes which are to follow, I only beg you to remember that Charles Horton was Charles Ravenshoe once; and that, while he was a gentleman, the people loved him well.

Once, about twelve o'clock, he left his room and passed through the house

to see if all was quiet. He heard the grooms and footmen talking in the servants' hall. He stole back again to his room and sat before the fire.

In half an hour he rose again, and put his portmanteau and carpet-bag outside his room door. Then he took his hat, and rose to go.

One more look round the old room! The last for ever! The present overmastered the past, and he looked round almost without recognition. I doubt whether at great crises men have much time for recollecting old associations. I looked once into a room, which had been my home, ever since I was six years old, for five-and-twenty years, knowing I should never see it again. But it was to see that I had left nothing behind me. The coach was at the door, and they were calling for me. Now I could draw you a correct map of all the blotches and cracks in the ceiling, as I used to see them when I lay in bed of a morning. But, then, I only shut the door and ran down the passage, without even saying "good-bye, old bedroom." Charles Ravenshoe looked round the room thoughtlessly, and then blew out the candle, went out, and shut the door.

The dog whined and scratched to come after him; so he went back again. The old room bathed in a flood of moonlight, and, seen through the open window, the busy chafing sea, calling to him to hasten!

He took a glove from the table, and, laying it on the hearth-rug, told the dog to mind it. The dog looked wistfully at him and lay down. The next moment he was outside the door again.

Through long moonlit corridors, down the moonlit hall, through dark passages, which led among the sleeping household, to the door in the priest's tower. The household slept, old men and young men, maids and matrons, quietly, and dreamt of this and of that. And he, who yesterday was nigh master of all, passed out from among them, and stood alone in the world, outside the dark old house, which he had called his home.

Then he felt that the deed was done. Was it only the night-wind from the north that laid such a chill hand on his heart? Busy waves upon the shore talking eternally,—"We have come in from the Atlantic, bearing messages; we have come over foundered ships and the bones of drowned sailors, and we tell our messages and die upon the shore!"

Shadows that came sweeping from the sea, over lawn and flower-bed, and wrapped the old mansion like a pall for one moment, and then left it shining again in the moonlight, clear, pitiless! Within, warm rooms, warm beds, and the bated breath of sleepers, lying secure in the lap of wealth and order. Without, hard, cold stone! The great world around waiting to devour one more atom! The bright unsympathizing stars, and the sea, babbling of the men it had rolled over, whose names should never be known!

Now the park, with heads of ghostly startled deer, and the sweet scent of growing fern; then the rush of the brook, the bridge, and the vista of woodland above; and then the sleeping village!

To be continued.

A TRUE HERO.

JAMES BRAIDWOOD:

DIED JUNE 22ND, 1861.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Not at the battle front,—
  Writ of in story;
Not on the blazing wreck
  Steering to glory;

Not while in martyr-pangs
  Soul and flesh sever,
Died he—this Hero new;
  Hero for ever.

No pomp poetic crown'd,
  No forms enchained him,
No friends applauding watched,
  No foes arraigned him:

Death found him there, without
  Grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man
  Doing his duty:

Just a God-fearing man,
  Simple and lowly,
Constant at kirk and hearth,
  Kindly as holy:

Death found—and touched him with
  Finger in flying:—

Lo! he rose up complete—
  Hero undying.

Now, all men mourn for him,
  Lovingly raise him
Up from his life obscure,
  Chronicle, praise him;

Tell his last act, done midst
  Peril appalling,
And the last word of cheer
  From his lips falling;

Follow in multitudes
  To his grave's portal;
Leave him there, buried
  In honour immortal.

So many a Hero walks
  Daily beside us,
Till comes the supreme stroke
  Sent to divide us.

Then the LORD calls His own,—
  Like this man, even,
Carried, Elijah-like,
  Fire-winged, to heaven.

THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL.[1]

I WENT the other day to see Mr. Barker's "great picture" of the "Relief of Lucknow." My friend Vibgyor says "large." Whether it be "great" or "large" I really won't dispute. I only know that it pleased me, and something more; and that I would rather have it in a National Gallery for myself and others to look at, than any quantity you can show me of Rapes of the Sabines and Martyrdoms of St. Sebastian. For it presented to me vividly enough one memorable scene of our wondrous Eastern drama, one consecrated field of our dear-bought glory, a vision, good to look at, of Britain's greatness, embodied there visibly in that choice gathering of her heroes. And as I looked at these doughty men, their high calm looks, their stalwart forms, their dusty garments, their blood-spattered trappings, I felt proud and thankful that we have still such men. Men whose very aspect, had they

[1] The Story of Burnt Njal; or Life in Iceland at the end of the Tenth Century. From the Icelandic of the Njal's Saga. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introduction, Maps, and Plans. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1861.

done nothing for us,—had they never given their life-blood to preserve our name and fame,—is suggestive of great deeds, of fearlessness against odds, of trustiness in need, of invincible endurance, of standing by each other like brothers to the last. Blessings be with them, and immortal praise!

I had just been reading the *Njala*, and my fancy found family resemblances in these modern worthies to the old heroes of the North. It was no fancy, however, to trace in the character and deeds of Britain's worthies the same stuff of manhood, the same features of a race born to rule land and sea by force of valour joined to wisdom, as were found nine centuries ago in the vales of Rangriver, and on the banks of the Markfleet. We generally speak of the British family in the old or new world as the Anglo-Saxon race, and the term may do as well as any other. But there is such a mixture of qualities and of races, and these very various, in the constitution of the British family, taken as a whole, that it is hardly more correct to call it Anglo-Saxon than Danish, Norman, or Celtic. Roughly speaking, however, I suppose it is agreed that there are three chief streams in the current of our blood; that the Saxon element gave us that substratum of working industry, and practical patience, which distinguishes the mass of our population, especially the English; that to the Celtic blood is due much of the rarer element of speculative subtlety, and the poetico-sentimental vein, whence flow traditional pride and veneration; while the Norse element, call it Danish, Norwegian, or Norman, is the seed of our highest intelligence and power. The first has ploughed our fields and woven our garments, constructed our machinery, conducts our business and our committees. It makes us what we are in times of peace, subduing the earth, and cheerfully possessing it. The second has helped at once to soften and to inspire us, making the present more beautiful, and the past more glorious. The third gives the regal force that guides great affairs, that sways a nation's destinies, and leads through all perils when any high thing is to be done. It has sent our explorers to cut their way to new worlds, or die; our bold adventurers to build up states and civil order in the primeval wilds; our great captains to carry the old "meteor-flag" triumphant through the smoke of a thousand battles.

I know that this kind of analysis is apt to run into nonsense, and it doesn't do to press distinctions of races too strongly; otherwise we get into that caricature of ethnology which makes all Frenchmen lean and vain, all Englishmen solid and good-natured, all Scotchmen raw-boned and canny. Yet I still think, in the main, that so far as the Norse qualities appear in our British history, it is as I have said; and therefore I greatly respect those Sea-king ancestors of ours, in spite of all their fierceness; and I love and prize the Sagas that tell of their deeds, dark as are the pages with the traces of blood. For under that fierceness and, bloodshed I still find all on which man or woman rest their faith and love: and, shudder as we may at their savage revenges, that pursued whole families to death, what man among us does not feel that, had he been one of them, he should have done the very same? Let us not imagine that they, too, did not shudder now and then at these things which wild nature taught them to consider just and manly. The most good-natured of us has, perhaps, a spice of cruelty in him that he doesn't know; only when our friends get massacred, and our blood and pride are up, do we somewhat realize it. There are few of us, I believe, indeed, who would not whet their swords as fiercely in foemen's blood as ever Viking did, if we had not heard of an All-Father more gracious than Odin, a love more mighty than that which followed Balder in vain to Hela's inexorable realm. I have, I confess, very little sympathy with that view of things to which the rapine and barbarity of those early Titans is simply hideous. I would even ask, what great people has ever been whose early footprints are not marked with blood? Egyptians,

Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Franks, Normans, they are all alike; every one of them planted their empire among graves; their crest is ever the same, a Bloody Hand. But it would be a mistake to imagine that there was among these fierce men no such thing as forgiveness, remorse, tenderness, self-sacrifice. The back-ground of the picture is dark, but it is full of touches of light and beauty. This "Saga of Burnt Njal" is mainly a chronicle of man-slaughter, and the climax of the story is a deed of horrible revenge. But the sunshine of humanity and friendship illumines the stern procession of figures from beginning to end, and the last page of the story shows us the beautiful picture of the great Burner Flosi springing up and kissing the last and deadliest of the Avengers; "and they two were atoned with a full atonement."

The story of Burnt Njal, though, of course, to some extent indebted to the invention of the narrator, is substantially an authentic piece of biographical history. It is expressly presented to our attention, not merely as a story of thrilling interest, but as a picture, unique in its vividness and completeness, of the life that was led in the tenth century by one of the most remarkable, and to us most interesting, communities in Europe. At the very opening of the book we are introduced to the family hearth, and are carried on through a series of family transactions, where we meet all the members of the household, hear their private conversations, and see the lineaments of their bold faces, whether flushed with deadly passion or in the calm repose of domestic life. It is, indeed, a glorious book, full of reality and of fiery human nature; combining, as none but the greatest works do, the most straightforward simplicity and accuracy of detail, with true epic breath and movement towards a grand catastrophe. It has the greatest variety of characters, men of the highest nobility and wisdom, as well as some abominable villains. Most of the men are eminently warlike; but the chief hero of the tale, and some of the best characters in it, are men of peace, averse to strife, and ready to forgive. There are deeds of treachery and unmanly surprises, but fair-play is the recognised order of the day, as we might expect in the ancestors of Englishmen; two solitary men will not fall on a company of *fifteen* till they are wide awake and armed. Coolness in danger is joined to an inner warmth of passion and emotion that sometimes bursts out irrepressibly; the brave and wise Thorhall is so moved when he hears of the burning of his father-in-law Njal, that the blood gushes out at his ears, and he goes off in a swoon: like a true Northerner, he feels ashamed of his emotion when it is over. The women play an important part, and not an amiable one—they are the firebrands of the story; ladies of strong temper, that set on their husbands and brothers to shed blood when they would rather be at peace. But there is something queenly about them too; and all the characters have the charm of perfect naturalness, standing out, sometimes by the briefest notice, bold and individual. As we read we live again in that stern old time, in its strange dark deeds we find the kernel of greater histories, and amid its wild scenery we still feel that we are not far from home.

Our story begins about the year 960, and occupies about sixty years. The scene of action is chiefly on the southern coast of Iceland, and in the vales that lie between the south-western slopes of the Vatna Jökull and the waters of the Broadfirth on the west. We are introduced at once to two brothers, who live in the Broadfirth dales. Hauskuld, the elder, has a daughter named Hallgerda, fair and tall, with hair that flowed to her waist as soft as silk; she is playing on the floor with other girls, in the middle of the hall, where a feast is being held. Her father calls her, takes her by the chin, and kisses her. "Is she not fair?" he says, turning to his brother Hrut. Hrut held his peace. Hauskuld asked again what he thought of her. "Fair enough is the maid," said Hrut, "and many will smart for it; but this I know not, whence thief's eyes have come into

our race." Then Hauskuld was wroth, and no wonder. Thus we are introduced to the Helen of this Northern prose epic, whose fair face and hard heart cause woe to many brave men.

Hrut's brother advises him to marry, and directs his choice to the fair Unna, only daughter of the great lawyer Mord, surnamed "Fiddle," because of his sweet eloquence. So, at the meeting of the Althing, they go to Mord's booth, and, after general conversation, Hauskuld breaks the matter in this plain style:—"I have a bargain to speak to thee about; Hrut wishes to become thy son-in-law, and buy thy daughter; and I, for my part, will not be sparing in the matter." The learned papa is agreeable, and the matter is settled on the spot before witnesses, the fair Unna never being once consulted. It is interesting to find that the practice of buying brides, not yet obsolete, is sanctioned by such ancient precedents in the custom of our forefathers. Hrut and his wife don't get on well together unfortunately, and, after three years of wedded life, Unna, by advice of her sage father, takes witness before her husband's bed, and at his main door, that she separates herself from him by a lawful separation. She then rides away home to her father, makes similar proclamation at the Hill of Laws, and the matter is settled as well as if Sir Cresswell Cresswell had done it. Hrut knits his brows when he comes home and hears what has happened, but he keeps his feelings well in hand (a great faculty among these men, and by no means wanting in their descendants), and says nothing about it for half a year to any one. At the next summer's Thing, Mord brings an action against him for his daughter's dower; to which Hrut replies by an offer of wager of battle. Mord, by advice of his friends, declines, amid great hooting on the Hill of Laws, and Hrut gets much honour.

We are now told how Hallgerda has grown up to be the fairest of women to look at; tall of stature, so that she was called "Long Coat:" so rich in her golden hair that she could hide herself in it; but lavish and hard-hearted. She had been ill brought-up, it seems, not in her father's house, but by her foster-father, Thiostolf, a Hebridean by stock—a fierce, strong man, "who had slain "many men, and made no atonement in "money for one of them;" rather an ugly customer, as we soon find. A suitor comes to Hallgerda from the Middlefell's strand, on the other side of the bay—Thorwald, a brave and courteous, but somewhat hot-tempered man. The proud Hallgerda is much displeased with the match; but her foster-father grimly consoles her with the assurance that she will be married a *second time*. Hallgerda shows herself a bad housewife, at once wasteful and grudging; and, when spring came, the house was bare of meal and stock-fish. She tells her husband that he must bestir himself; he says the same stock used to last till summer. "What care I," says Hallgerda, "if you and your "father have made your money by starv-"ing yourselves?" The hasty Thorwald slaps her in the face, and draws blood, but goes off at once, like a good man, with a boat's crew to the Bear-Isles for meal and fish. Thiostolf comes up and finds Hallgerda sitting gloomily, with a mark on her cheek. She tells him who has done it; he goes straight to the shore, runs out a six-oared boat, and rows off to the Bear-Isles. He finds Thorwald at work, and begins to help him; picks a quarrel, and with his great axe, that had a haft overlaid with iron, fells him on the spot. He then hews at the gunwale of the skiff, till "the dark "blue sea poured in, and down she went "with all her freight," while he leaps into his own boat, and rows away to inform Hallgerda that she is now a widow, a piece of news which she receives with the most high-bred equanimity. Her good father, too, on hearing of this miserable business, serenely remarks: "Ah! Hrut was not far wrong when he "told me that this bargain would draw "mickle misfortune after it. But there's "no good in troubling oneself about a "thing that's done and gone." And presently the matter is agreeably settled by an atonement of "200 in silver"

(equal to 9*l.* sterling, as we learn from the editor's chapter on Icelandic money) which was then "thought a good price for a man."

And now for the description of the peerless Gunnar of Lithend, the flower of Icelandic chivalry :—

Gunnar Hamond's son dwelt at Lithend, in the Fleetlithe. He was a tall man in growth, and a strong man—best skilled in arms of all men. He could cut or thrust or shoot if he chose as well with his left as with his right hand, and he smote so swiftly with his sword, that three seemed to flash through the air at once. He was the best shot with the bow of all men, and never missed his mark. He could leap more than his own height, with all his war-gear, and as far backwards as forwards. He could swim like a seal, and there was no game in which it was any good for any one to strive with him; and so it has been said that no man was his match. He was handsome of feature, and fair skinned. His nose was straight, and a little turned up at the end. He was blue-eyed and bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked. His hair thick, and of good hue, and hanging down in comely curls. The most courteous of men was he, of sturdy frame and strong will, bountiful and gentle, a fast friend, but hard to please when making them. He was wealthy in goods. His brother's name was Kolskegg; he was a tall strong man, a noble fellow, and undaunted in everything."

Immediately after we are introduced to Njal and his brave wife, Bergthora :—

"Njal was wealthy in goods, and handsome of face; no beard grew on his chin. He was so great a lawyer, that his match was not to be found. Wise too he was, and foreknowing and foresighted. Of good counsel, and ready to give it, and all that he advised men was sure to be the best for them to do. Gentle and generous, he unravelled every man's knotty points who came to see him about them. Bergthora was his wife's name; she was Skarphedinn's daughter, a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered.

Here is the daguerreotype portrait of their eldest son. Let it be observed how swiftness of foot and a good head of hair were among the notable attributes of a Norseman as much as they were of the Homeric Achæan :—

"Skarphedinn was the eldest. He was a tall man in growth, and strong withal; a good swordsman; he could swim like a seal, the swiftest-footed of men, and bold and dauntless; he had a great flow of words and quick utterance; a good skald too; but still for the most part he kept himself well in hand; his hair was dark brown, with crisp curly locks; he had good eyes; his features were sharp, and his face ashen pale, his nose turned up and his front teeth stuck out, and his mouth was very ugly. Still he was the most soldier-like of men."

We pass over the clever trick by which Gunnar succeeds in recovering Unna's dower; and that great Viking cruise in which he gets possession of the wondrous bill, which its owner Hallgrim had made "by seething spells," and which sung aloud when a man was to be slain by it, "such a strong nature had that bill in it." This is the weapon that figures in the centre of the admirable design on the back of Dr. Dasent's book, from the pencil of Mr. Drummond. On their return home the brothers rode to the Thing, most bravely arrayed, and men came out of every booth to wonder at them. So did the women, as may well be supposed; and Gunnar was easy and merry with them all. And now it fell on a day that he passed by the Mossfell booths, and met there a woman in goodly attire, who addressed him boldly, and tells him that her name is Hallgerda. They sit down and talk together "long and loud," she in her red kirtle and scarlet cloak trimmed with needlework, he in the scarlet clothes given him by King Harold Gorm's son, and the gold ring on his arm which Earl Hacon had given him. The end of their talk is that he pops the question on the spot, and she, as is proper, refers him to her father. He goes straightway to Hauskuld's booth, and makes his offer. They frankly tell him of her bad fame, but he is not to be frightened: that bold fair front and the golden tresses falling over the scarlet kirtle had done for him, as has been the fate of so many a Samson before and after him. Her dangerousness apparently makes her the more attractive. The match is struck, and Gunnar rides home. He goes and tells Njal what he has done. Njal "took it heavily:" and his forebodings are soon realized. The two ladies, Hallgerda and Bergthora, fall out on a little question of precedency—that old *origo mali* which, as Mr. Carlyle says,

speaking of a similar scene in the Nibelungen Lied, has been at the bottom of all the rows, great or small, that have ever been since the time of Cain and Abel. They separate, vowing mutual mischief, and presently it begins to work. Hallgerda takes the initiative, and sets on her "grieve," or foreman Kol, to murder Swart, one of Njal's house-carles. When the atonement-money is being paid over to Njal, Bergthora remarks quietly, "As much shall be paid for Kol." In due time Kol gets a spear through his middle, and Njal hands over the same purse to Gunnar that had been paid for Swart. So the plot goes thickening, one murder following another with awful regularity, and both dames declaring that they never will give in. The men make peace gladly every time, but seem powerless to stay the current of feminine revenge. At last Hallgerda gets Thord Freedmanson slain, who had fostered all Njal's sons, and the feud begins to assume a more important aspect.

The chief hand in Thord's slaying was Sigmund, Gunnar's first cousin, a strong and comely man, a great voyager, proud and noisy, a good skald, and much given to jibes and mocking. To please Hallgerda, he composes some satiric doggrel upon Njal and his sons, containing some very insulting allusions to their beardlessness. This he recites in presence of some "gangrel women," who, of course, go off straight to Bergthora and tell the whole story. The effect is like oil on fire, and the spirited old lady bursts out with the news as soon as the men sit down to table. "We are no women," says Skarphedinn, "that we should fly into a rage at every "little thing." "And yet the good-"natured Gunnar was wroth for your "sakes," responds the mother. "If "such insults don't move you, nothing "will." "The carline, our mother, "thinks this fine sport," said Skarphedinn, affecting a scornful smile. But all the while "the sweat burst out on his "brow, and red flecks came over his "cheeks, and that was not his wont." Grim bit his lips in silence, and Helgi said never a word. And at even, when Njal is going into his box-bed, he hears an axe ringing on the panel behind, and he finds that the shields hung up in another of the beds are away. He pulls on his shoes and runs out in time to see the lads hastening up the slope. "Whither away, Skarphedinn?" he cries. "To look after the sheep," says Skarphedinn, and sings a verse, being a skald. "'Twould be well then," says the old man, "if it turned out so that the prey does not get away from you;" and, with this oracular hint, he turns into bed again. At daybreak, the youths come up with Sigmund and Skiolld, the two slayers of Thord, close to Lithend. Then follows a most Homeric scene of cutting and thrusting. Skarphedinn engages Sigmund, and with his redoubtable axe, the "Ogress of War," cleaves him first through the corslet and then through the helm. Just as he has hewn off his head, Hallgerda's shepherd goes by; he hands it to him, and bids him bear it to his mistress with his compliments: she would know if that head had made jeering songs about the family of Njal. Then the young homicides fare home to tell of their morning's work. "Good luck to your hands!" says old Njal, who, with all his mildness and wisdom, had no objection to a well-executed manslaughter, if only done in a fair and gentlemanly way.

A few years pass, and there is great dearth in Iceland. Now, the "thief's eyes," of which Hrut took such early note, became manifest. Hallgerda makes an Irish thrall, Malcolm, steal two horse-loads of food from a neighbour, Otkell, who had churlishly refused to sell any. When Gunnar comes home from the Thing with a company, and cheese and butter are set on the table, he asks "whence the food came?" Hallgerda answers tartly that housekeeping is no man's business. Gunnar's temper is roused, and he slaps her on the cheek, saying, "Ill indeed is it if I am a partaker with thieves!" She said, "*She would bear that slap in mind, and repay it if she could.*" After the theft is traced, through the crafty counsel of Mord Valgard's son, Gunnar's first

cousin, Gunnar offers double the value of the stolen food, but his spiteful neighbour, Skamkell, persuades Otkell to reject the offer and prosecute his claim at law. This leads to a new feud, fomented by the malice of Skamkell. One day Gunnar goes down to sow corn (we have evidences all through the story of the industrious character of these people; the greatest men among them worked honestly with their hands), his corn-sieve in one hand, an axe in the other; he lays down his cloak of fine stuff and his axe, and goes sowing over the field; when down comes Otkell, galloping over the ground, rides right over him, and, as he passes, drives one of his spurs into Gunnar's ear, making a great gash. Before many days, Otkell and seven companions are seen riding along Markfleet. Gunnar saddles his horse, girds on sword and shield, sets helm on head, and grasps his bill. Something "sung loud in it," and his mother Rannveig heard it. She goes up to him, and says, "Wrathful art thou now, my son, and never saw I thee thus before." Gunnar says nothing, but throws himself on horseback and rides away. He is soon joined by his brother, Kolskegg, and they presently come up with Otkell and his party. "There and then they slay eight men:" and, as they ride home, Gunnar says, "I would like to know whether I am by so much the less brisk and bold than other men because I think more of killing men than they?"

In due time these slaughters are atoned for; but the feud waxes deadlier, and there is more and more bloodshed, till at length Gunnar and Kolskegg are sentenced to banishment for three years. So all is settled for their departure, and the ship is "boun," and their baggage is on board. Gunnar rides to Bergthorsknoll, and to other homesteads, to take leave of all friends; and all are sorry, but hope to see him return. Then comes this sad but pretty picture, a trait of the Northern character that still exhibits itself strongly, when the emigrant ship is in the offing, and the sorrowful voyager has his last look to take of the bonnie glen where he was born:—

> "Gunnar threw his arms round each of the household when he was 'boun,' and every one of them went out of doors with him; he leans on the butt of his spear and leaps into the saddle, and he and Kolskegg ride away.
>
> "They ride down along Markfleet, and just then Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him off. He turned with his face up towards the Lithe and the homestead at Lithend, and said—
>
> "'Fair is the Lithe—so fair, that it has never seemed to me so fair; the corn-fields are white to harvest, and the home mead is mown; and now I will ride back home, and not fare abroad at all.'

And so back Gunnar rides, a doomed man; while Kolskegg fares abroad, and in Denmark is baptized, and becomes "God's knight," goes on to Russia, thence to Micklegarth (Constantinople), and the last heard of him was, that he married a wife, became captain of the Varangians, and stayed there till his death-day.

The plot against Gunnar is now made strong by the craft of his cousin Mord, and forty men are joined in the league. Njal offers to send his sons to live with him, but the magnanimous man will stand or fall alone. One morning, in the autumn (A.D. 990), when all his people are down in the isles at the haymaking, Gunnar is wakened in his hall by the death-howl of his faithful hound. The axe of Aunund of Witchwood had pierced his brain; the enemy are at hand. A man is sent to climb up and see through the window-slits if Gunnar is at home. Gunnar is awake, and sees a red kirtle passing. He thrusts out his bill, and Thorgrim the Easterling topples to the ground, with the information for his companions that Gunnar's bill is certainly at home; having delivered which, he straightway gives up the ghost. Then commences the attack, while Gunnar shoots out his arrows and picks off his enemies one by one. Mord the Guileful proposes to burn him, house and all, but the magnanimous Gizur says that shall never be. Then Mord advises to cast ropes over the projecting ends of the roof-beams, and so heave the roof off bodily; and this is soon done. Gunnar still shoots away,

till up springs Thorbrand on the wall and cuts his bow-string, getting a speedy thrust from Gunnar's bill before he has time to return. Gunnar has slain two men, and wounded eight; he has himself got two wounds, but all men said, "He never once winced at wounds or "death." Then, turning to Hallgerda, he says, "Give me two locks of thy "hair, and ye two, my mother and thou, "twist them together into a bowstring "for me." "Does aught lie on it?" she says. "My life lies on it," says her husband. "Well," responds the stony-hearted one, "now I will call to thy "mind that slap thou gavest me; and "I care never a whit whether thou hold "out a long while or a short." Then Gunnar sang a stave, and added, "Every "one has something to boast of, and I "will ask thee no more for this." And still he made a stout defence, and wounded other eight men very sorely, till at length he falls, worn out with toil. Then they wounded him with many and great wounds, and still he held out against them as he lay. "But "at last it came about that they slew "him." So fell the peerless Gunnar, and many a skald sang of his famous life and death.

We next hear of the adventures and prowess of Njal's sons, Helgi and Grim; how they cruise to the Scottish and English isles, and do great deeds against Vikings and Earls, and acquire the friendship of Kari, Solmund's son, one of Earl Sigurd's body-guard, a native of the Hebrides, who afterwards marries their sister Helga, and proves himself a man of the highest mark in the story. On their return home, after five years, a feud arises between them and Thrain Sigfus' son, a man for whom they had done and suffered much in their southern cruise. On a bright morning the foes meet on the icy banks of Markfleet, and Skarphedinn, clearing the deep stream with a bound, skims along the ice "like a bird," and, before Thrain can look about him, comes crashing through his head with the "Ogress of War," so that his teeth fall out on the ice. "With such a quick sleight" was the blow given, so swiftly did the striker retrace his flying steps, that no man could touch him before he joined his brothers. After the fight was over, in which they slew four of their enemies, Kari and the rest measured Skarphedinn's leap with their spear shafts, "and it was twelve ells," or about *twenty-four feet.* Achilles himself, I think, could hardly have been more "able-of-foot."

We now come to a most interesting and curious chapter in the story, "Of the Change of Faith." King Olaf Tryggveson reigned in Norway, and was getting his people christened right and left at the point of the sword. There was just the alternative "to accept Christianity or to fight;" and against a king with a strong army at his back the latter was the less desirable choice. So throughout all King Olaf's dominions, from farthest Norland to the Western Isles, missionaries were busy with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. Iceland, as the reader may perhaps need to be reminded, was independent of Norway, having been colonized about a century before this by emigrants impatient of "the overbearing of Harold Haarfagr," the fair-haired king, who first taught the Norsemen that the sovereign must be "aut Cæsar aut nullus." The mother-country, however, still kept up its connexion with the new republic, and took an interest in its affairs. King Olaf, therefore, was anxious that Iceland should enjoy the benefits of the new faith as well as his own realm; and having a troublesome domestic chaplain whom he was fain to be rid of, he honoured him with this mission, as is sometimes done in our own times in analogous cases. This reverend gentleman's name was Thangbrand, a son of Willibald, count of Saxony, described in the Saga of King Olaf as "a passionate, un-"governable man, and a great manslayer; "but a good scholar and a clever man." Accompanied by another competent manslayer, Gudleif by name, Thangbrand sailed to Iceland, and commenced preaching and fighting, having no scruple in running men through the middle, or chopping off their arms, if they contu-

maciously opposed his teaching. Muscular Christianity, it will be seen, is by no means a modern invention. It does not surprise us to hear that Njal and all his house took the new faith; nor that "he went often alone away from other men, and muttered to himself."

Within three years the new faith had made considerable progress; and when the Althing met on the 24th of June, A.D. 1000, the numbers of Christian men and heathens seem to have been pretty well balanced. Both parties were drawn up in battle array, and there must have seemed little hope of a peaceable solution of the great question that divided them. The Christian men had chosen a new Speaker of the law for themselves, Hall of the Side, the first Icelandic convert, and a very noble man. He went to the old speaker, Thorgeir, the Lightwater priest, and asked him to utter what the law should be. Instead of "hearing counsel," and having "adjourned debates," this is what the old speaker did:—"He lay all that "day on the ground, and spread a cloak "over his head, so that no man spoke with "him":—a most Socratic style of going to work, and really very judicious! Next day he summoned them all together, and asked them if they would hold to the laws which he was to utter. They promised to do so, and pledged themselves with an oath. Then said Thorgeir:—

"'This is the beginning of our laws, that all men shall be Christian here in the land, and believe in one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but leave off all idol-worship, not expose children to perish, and not eat horseflesh. It shall be outlawry if such things are proved openly against any man; but, if these things are done by stealth, then it shall be blameless.'

"But all this heathendom was all done away with within a few years' space, so that those things were not allowed to be done either by stealth or openly.

"Thorgeir then uttered the law as to keeping the Lord's day and fast days, Yuletide and Easter, and all the greatest highdays and holidays.

"The heathen men thought they had been greatly cheated; but still the true faith was brought into the law, and so all men became Christian here in the land."

Was ever any great revolution more simply and well managed? The whole question of a nation's faith and laws referred by an assembly of hot and eager men to the decision of one wise head; and they swear to stand by it, and keep their oath. Well might the historian call the proposal "most hazardous;" but, seeing how it fared, we may doubt if a show of hands or a vote by ballot would have been equally wise or satisfactory. Making all allowance for individual influence and respect for law, there is something wonderful in the whole transaction. For these people, it must be remembered, were not a set of docile savages, but a community of intelligent and vigorous minds, very tenacious of their own ways and customs.

We now come to the most painful episode in the story, the slaying of gentle Hauskuld, the Whiteness Priest, son of Thrain, whom Njal had taken home after his father's death and fostered as one of his own sons. This, I confess, is the only homicide of Njal's sons for which I have no excuse or sympathy; an unmitigated crime, which, if not justifying the retribution that overtook their house, at least subdues the indignation with which one contemplates their subsequent fate. Now comes into full play that evil spirit of the drama—Mord Valgard's son, the envious and guileful son of a crafty and wicked father. The old man has come back from Norway to find the whole face of things altered by the new faith; and we are introduced to him and his son as they sit and brew the poison that works death and ruin in the rest of the story. Mord carries out too well his father's diabolical instructions; and the end of his machinations is, that on a fine spring morning, when the sun had just risen, as Hauskuld goes out to sow his corn, with sieve in one hand and sword in the other (significant of the times), Skarphedinn springs up from behind a fence, and hews at him. The blow comes on his head, and as he falls on his knees, he cries, "God help me, and forgive you!"

This cruel deed creates a terrible sensa-

tion. No man is more sad and troubled at it than old Njal, who loved Hauskuld as a father, and knows by his gift of foresight that this murder will work woe to himself and his house. Hauskuld had married Hildigunna, niece of Flosi, the great chief of Swinefell, a proud and high-spirited dame, as are most of them in this story. Her uncle visits her now, and she receives him well. After the men sat down to meat, she comes in and throws back her hair, and weeps. Flosi comforts her, and says he will follow up her suit to the utmost limit of the law. But that is not enough for the grim-spirited widow. She goes and unlocks her chest, and takes out her husband's cloak, Flosi's gift, which she has kept there, all bloody as it was, since the morning of his death. Dinner is just over, and she goes silently up to Flosi and flings it over him rattling with gore, saying that she now gives it back to him, and adjures him by the might of Christ, and by his manhood, to take vengeance for her husband's wounds. Flosi hurls off the cloak back into her lap, calls her "hell-hag," and says "women's counsel "is ever cruel." So stirred was he in spirit that "sometimes he was blood-red "in the face, and sometimes ashy pale as "withered grass, and sometimes blue as "death." For the brave man now felt that he was bound to take up the part of avenger, and to be relentless against his will. So, when the case comes in due course before the Thing, and a triple fine is awarded in atonement for the good Hauskuld, and it is freely paid down, the great Flosi spurns the money from him with contemptuous words, and says that Hauskuld shall either be unatoned or be avenged. And Njal fares heavily home with his sons; while Flosi gathers a band of 120 men for an attack on Bergthorsknoll.

Now we hear of portents seen and heard, betokening a dreadful catastrophe at hand. A man looking out on the Lord's-day night sees a fiery ring in the west, and within the ring a rider black as pitch, mounted on a gray horse, who rode hard, and sang with a mighty voice a song of doom. In his hand was a flaming firebrand, which he hurled into the fells before him, and he vanished in the blaze. And Njal as he sits to meat has a "second sight;" the gable wall is down, and the white board before him is one sheet of blood. All thought this strange but Skarphedinn, who bids them not be downcast, nor utter unseemly sounds, so that men might make a story out of them. "For," says the true Norseman, "the most soldierlike of men," "it befits us surely more than "other men to bear us well, and it is "only what is looked for from us." Doesn't that remind one of another Njalson, and his "England expects"?

And now Flosi and his men are at hand, having mustered from far Swinefell on the Lord's-day, and duly "said their prayers." As they drew near Bergthorsknoll, they tether their horses in a dell, and after the evening is well spent, they go slowly up, keeping close together. Njal stands out of doors in array to meet them, with his sons, and Kari, and his house-carles, in all, about thirty men. Flosi halts his men to take counsel. Njal proposes to retire in doors, against the advice of Skarphedinn, who is unwilling to be stifled in doors like a fox in his earth. Burning houses over people's heads, horrible as it appears to us, was not an uncommon practice then in extreme cases. The old man's counsel prevails, Skarphedinn remarking that his father is now "fey," and that it is as well to humour him and be burned with him. Then he said to Kari, "Let us stand by one "another well, brother-in-law, so that "neither parts from the other." "That "I have made up my mind to do," says Kari; "but, if it should be otherwise "doomed—well! then it must be as it "must be, and I shall not be able to "fight against it." "Avenge us and "we will avenge thee, if we live after "thee," says Skarphedinn. Kari said so it should be. A pregnant little conversation, embodying in few words the chief points of the Norseman's practical philosophy. Now, the fighting began; and Njal's sons and Kari slay and wound many men with their spears,

while the besiegers could do nothing. Then Flosi says, this will never do, and there is nothing for it but to set fire to the house; "and that is a deed which we "shall have to answer for heavily before "God, since we are Christian men our-"selves; but still," he concluded, "we "must take to that counsel."

The description of the burning is terribly graphic and affecting; not a touch of "fine writing" in it, but the perfection of simplicity. Our "Own Correspondents" should study it; their brilliance is very admirable, but this Saga-man beats them to sticks at painting. For he never once looks round to see if we are stunned by his performance; his eye is fixed on the scene before him: his only care is to tell exactly what he *sees*, not to electrify us by what he *says*. Let us hear him:—

"Then Flosi and his men made a great pile before each of the doors, and then the women folk who were inside began to weep and to wail.

"Njal spoke to them and said, 'Keep up your hearts, nor utter shrieks, for this is but a passing storm, and it will be long before you have another such; and put your faith in God, and believe that he is so merciful that he will not let us burn both in this world and the next.'

"Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong.

"Now the whole house began to blaze.

"Then Flosi went to the door and called out to Njal, and said he would speak with him and Bergthora.

"Now Njal does so, and Flosi said—

"'I will offer thee, Master Njal, leave to go out, for it is unworthy that thou shouldst burn indoors.'

"'I will not go out,' said Njal, 'for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame.'

"Then Flosi said to Bergthora—

"'Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors.'

"'I was given away to Njal young,' said Bergthora, 'and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate.'

"After that they both went back into the house.

"'What counsel shall we now take?' said Bergthora.

"'We will go to our bed," says Njal, 'and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest.'

"Then she said to the boy Thord, Kari's son—

"'Thee will I take out, and thou shalt not burn in here.'

"'Thou hast promised me this, grandmother,' says the boy, 'that we should never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njal than to live after you.'

"Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njal spoke to his steward and said—

"'Now shalt thou see where we lay us down, and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence, whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones.'

"He said he would do so.

"There had been an ox slaughtered, and the hide lay there. Njal told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so.

"So there they lay down both of them in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter.

Such is the end of Njal and his brave wife. Skarphedinn and Grim likewise perish in the flames; while Kari, by a bold leap from the blazing rafters, contrives to escape unpursued. Flosi and his band stayed by the fire till daylight, when a man comes riding up and tells them that he and his neighbour Bard have met Kari; "and his hair and his "upper clothes were burned off him." "Had he any weapons?" asks Flosi. "He had the sword 'Life-killer,' and one "edge of it was blue with fire, and Bard "and I said that it must have become "soft; but he answered thus, that he "would harden it in the blood of the "sons of Sigfus and the other Burners." And right truly did he fulfil his word! How he pursued the Burners, without slackening, by land and sea, till the measure of his vengeance was full: how he and Thorgeir Craggeir, the worthy inheritor of Skarphedinn's "Ogress of War," engaged all odds without fear, and ever came off victorious: how in Orkney, at Earl Sigurd's, in presence of King Sigtrygg of Ireland, and a hall full of warriors, he smote off the head of Gunnar, Lambi's son, so that it spun on the board, and dabbled the earl's clothes with blood, and the noble Flosi excused the deed; how, also, he ended his slayings by knocking off the head of Kol Thorstein's son in a town of Wales as he was telling out silver, the head still counting "ten" as it

rolled off to the counter; how at last he is shipwrecked at Ingolf's head, and goes right up to Swinefell in the storm, to put Flosi's manhood to the proof, and Flosi springs up to meet him and kisses him, and they are for ever reconciled; how Flosi, grown old, puts to sea in a crazy ship, good enough as he thinks for an old and death-doomed man, and is heard of no more, while Kari marries Hildigunna and becomes the head of a great house: all this must be passed over, and much more on which one would like to touch. There is the great lawsuit against the Burners, all the outs and ins and formalities of which are detailed with singular minuteness. There is also the remarkable and weird episode of the battle of Clontarf, well known in Irish annals, to which Northern heathendom gathered its forces for a last struggle with the champions of the Cross. These interesting things the reader must find and appreciate in the book itself. I hope that I have not done injustice to so unique a work in attempting at all to give any account of its story; I wish only to induce any who have not read it, and who can relish a thing fresh from the bosom of nature, though a nature "stern and wild," to get it and enjoy it for themselves. How the learned and brilliant editor has done his work it is hardly necessary to say: such a subject is not got every day, but such editing is still more rare. The only fault I can find with it is that it leaves nothing for anybody to say coming after him. Introduction, notes, and appendices are so done as to combine the highest qualities of English prose-writing with a perfect mastery and exhaustion of the whole subject. In speaking of Dr. Dasent's pre-eminent labours in this field, it should not, indeed, be forgotten that his worthy predecessor, Mr. Laing, laid the lovers of Northern literature under deep obligations sixteen years ago by his translation of the Heimskringla, a work of much greater extent than the single Saga of Burnt Njal. But, valuable and interesting as is the chronicle of Sturleson, the Njala has the advantage of being not only of real historical value, but as a story more varied, more sustained in interest, more complete in its structure, than any of the Sagas in the Heimskringla, or, taking Dr. Dasent as authority, than any other Saga that exists.

The editor may well congratulate himself on the comely dress in which he sends forth this strong foster-child of his to the world. Not only has he himself done his part so as to leave nothing to be desired, but all who have contributed to the book—artists, printers, and publishers—deserve a hearty word of praise. One of the latter gentlemen has added an index to the work, than which, the editor is safe in saying, a better never was made. Whoever studies the book will thank him for it.

N.

ELSIE VENNER AND SILAS MARNER: A FEW WORDS ON TWO NOTEWORTHY NOVELS.[1]

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

The year 1861 has had the rare good fortune of witnessing the publication of two remarkable novels—"Elsie Venner" and "Silas Marner." Each is so striking and typical in its way,—they have so many points of analogy, and so many points of contrast,—that it is worth our while to bestow upon them not only our perusal, but a little of our thought.

"Elsie Venner" is strikingly, typi-

[1] Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes (Macmillan and Co.). Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By George Eliot (William Blackwood and Sons).

cally American; "Silas Marner" is strikingly, typically English. No Englishman could have brought out for us the every-day middle class provincial life of the Northern States as we find it depicted in "Elsie Venner;" no American could have exhibited that familiarity with the rustic mind in out-of-the-way English parishes which has made Raveloe live before our eyes. In point of mere ability, there is little, if anything (beyond a wholesome English briefness in George Eliot), to choose between the two writers. In point of mere interest and excitement, though the palm may lie in the present case with the American, yet the English authoress has shown on other occasions that she was not to be surpassed. Neither book is a mere novel, but a literary study, carefully thought and worked out. The very choice of study is identical. In both cases it is the reduction of the abnormal to the normal, the bringing back into human fellowship of some exceptional sample of humanity. In both, the growth of some human affection is shown as the means by which the process is carried out. But here the parallelism ceases, and a series of contrasts begins, which, to be fully understood, require some short analysis of both works.

The anomaly which "Elsie Venner" deals with is essentially a physical one. The heroine's mother, three months before her birth, has been bitten by a rattlesnake, but her life has been prolonged till three weeks after that event. We are called upon to believe that by this means the nature of the inferior creature has become grafted upon the human one, both physically and morally, so as to produce, amongst other effects, first, familiarity and impunity in dealing with the "ugly things," as the reptiles in question are most truly called by one of the personages, and an attraction towards them; second, like powers of fascination and repulsion; third, cold absence of human affection, with an instinctive savagery, capable of any crime through simple absence of moral sense. The question is not whether this is a possible or a probable case; it is that which the author has set before himself to treat, and it would be impossible to treat it more naturally, if I may so say, or more powerfully. Granted the primary hypothesis, not a fault can be found with the superstructure. "Elsie Venner," in his book, fascinates at once and repels us, as much as she is represented to do in life.

In "Silas Marner" on the other hand, the anomaly is essentially a moral one. Silas Marner is indeed odd-shaped, near-sighted, subject to trances; but though these physical details form a necessary part of his history, they are not himself. The anomaly is that of a soul, full of love and of a narrow but fervent faith, driven by sudden misfortune, injustice and betrayal, into utter estrangement from man, and, as it deems, from God.

The first great contrast, therefore, between the two books lies in the difference between the physical and the moral points of view. The one is primarily a study in physiology, the other in ethics. Almost as a necessary consequence, Elsie Venner claims scarcely ever more than our pity, nor is she represented as receiving much more from her fellow personages. Bernard Langdon, who may be called the hero, does not so much as fall in love with her, though she falls in love with him. Yet Silas Marner, even when most unsympathetic, has always hold upon our sympathy. The one writer has chosen his standing-ground out of humanity. He calls upon us to observe how nearly a human being can approximate to a serpent. The other stands within the domain of human nature, and calls upon us to feel how human may be the very failings and habits which seem least so. I doubt if there be in the whole realm of fiction anything more perfect or more touching artistically, more true or more instructive morally, than the exhibition George Eliot makes to us of the well-springs of affection and uprightness which lie beneath Silas Marner's miserliness and misanthropy, and of the mode in which they may at last gush out into life. A comparison

with Balzac's portraits of misers,—master-pieces too in their way,—will easily show how far deeper reaches the observation of the English writer. The frightful reality of Balzac's misers' love for their gold exercises over us a fascination mixed with disgust, like the pathos of a monkey's agony; there is something so like a human affection in it that we writhe as it were under the fellowship with the lower nature which it implies. In Silas Marner, on the contrary, we never lose the sense of human fellowship with the miser; we feel all through that his love for gold is only the stooping of a human love, not its caricature.

Having thus at once grasped hold of our sympathy, the authoress of "Silas Marner" is able pretty nearly to dispense with all adventitious aids. In "Elsie Venner," the writer is obliged to appeal to our imagination under its more sensuous sides. He cannot but make "Elsie Venner" young and beautiful, or she would inspire nothing but sheer repulsion. Who could care for such a serpentoid creature if she were old and ugly? We should turn from her with the same alacrity as from her quasi-kinsman, the *crotalus* itself. So she must be seventeen—"tall and slender, but rounded, with a peculiar undulation of movement"—"a splendid scowling beauty, black-browed, with a flash of white teeth;" with "black hair, twisted in heavy braids," and "black, piercing," "diamond" eyes. She must wear "a chequered dress of a curious pattern, and a camel's-hair scarf, twisted a little fantastically about her;" she must be for ever "playing listlessly with her gold chain, coiling and uncoiling it about her slender wrist, and braiding it with her long, delicate fingers." Silas Marner, on the contrary, we accept without a murmur as the unprepossessing creature he is—from the first nothing more than "a pallid young man, with prominent, sharp-sighted, brown eyes,"—fifteen years older during the main portion of the story—an old man at the last.

Again, it follows almost necessarily from the choice of his subject, that Mr. Holmes is carried into a world of stage effects, with "striking" scenes and out-of-the-way characters; though, to do him justice, he has done his utmost, by artistic treatment, to subdue the melodramatic element in them. Who, indeed, would care for a rattlesnake that didn't bite? Who would care for a quasi-rattlesnake who should not act out her savagery? In what familiar associations could she be exhibited but with persons having some kind of affinity to herself? Hence the, in himself, melodramatic scamp, Dick Venner, the half-savage old negress, Sophy, as the almost necessary adjuncts to Elsie; hence the otherwise unnatural character of her relations with her father, with Bernard, as required to bring out her own unnaturalness; whilst the fall of Rattlesnake Ledge, though in nowise required by the exigencies of the story, is felt to be quite in keeping with it. In Silas Marner, on the contrary, nothing is more remarkable than the quiet consciousness of artistic power which has led the authoress to eschew anything melodramatic, at least in all that touches her hero; which has enabled her to produce as much effect by the mere shadowing of possibilities, as others might by the most direct representation of actual events. The robbing of Silas —which one forefeels as the necessary result of his miserliness—though the nearest approach to a "scene" in the book, is reduced, by the most subtle tameness of treatment, almost into a mere accident. Again, the possibility of Dunsie's reappearance after he has stolen Silas Marner's money, hangs over nearly the whole book, while all the while he is quietly lying at the bottom of the pool with his ill-gotten cash. During the great ball at the Squire's, it is almost impossible not to expect that Godfrey Cass's drunken wife will turn up somehow to claim and punish him; she is actually shown to us on her way for the purpose, but only to die in the snow, a pauper unidentified. The unjust accusation brought against Marner seems almost

to call for eventual reparation, but Lantern Court itself disappears instead; and Godfrey Cass's neglect of his lawful daughter is punished in the most rightful but unexpected manner, by her preferring to marry a young blacksmith than to receive recognition from him. And the characters are in like manner generally of the homeliest description; or, if otherwise, they please us just in the inverse ratio of their dramatic effectiveness. Dunsie, the villain of the story, Godfrey the lover, with his opium-eating wife, old Squire Cass, the tyrannical father, are nothing to us in comparison with the inimitable village worthies of the "Rainbow," or Silas himself, or the very unromantic but charmingly-painted Nancy Lammeter, or the most lovable and least intellectual personage of all, Dolly Winthrop. In short, whilst the art of the one writer has been to make us accept the extraordinary, that of the other has been to eschew it. The one has done his best to make the "effective" natural; the other has made the homely, in the truest sense of the word, effective.

Nor is it amiss to observe, that the climax of interest in the one book turns upon death, in the other upon life. It is difficult to imagine the once serpentoid Elsie Venner subsiding into an ordinary wife and mother, still more into a perfectly trusted one; and, accordingly, the primary purpose of the work in bringing her round to fellowship with her true kind, can only be carried out by her heart-break, illness, and death. We only thoroughly feel to her as to a fellow-creature, when we see her at last lying "in "the great room, in a kind of state, with "flowers all about her, her black hair "braided as in life, her brows smooth, as "if they had never known the scowl of "passion, and on her lips the faint smile "with which she had uttered her last "'Good night.'" The whole of this portion of the book is full of pathos and beauty; and it is no slight praise to the author, that, with a subject so difficult to treat, he should have found in himself a reserve of so much power and interest for the catastrophe. But in "Silas Marner," we feel at once that half the beauty and value of the book were gone, if the change of heart in the weaver were exhibited only to us on his death-bed. The book is essentially a page of life, so complete and satisfying, that we do not care to see the overleaf. And the tender grace of the relations between the awkward foster-father and his wayward foster-child, has a homely pathos of its own, relieved by most cunning touches of a delicate grotesque, which is at least equal to that of the death-bed of Elsie Venner.

I do not quarrel with Mr. Holmes for his choice of subject; still, notwithstanding the delicacy of hand with which he has treated it, one cannot but regret that he should have chosen one which cannot be fully canvassed in general society. Nor has he lessened the regret by his choice of scenery. There is something repulsive to the English mind in the picture of the relation between a young and handsome male teacher and a number of nearly full-grown schoolgirls. However skilfully handled, such a picture is always sensuous, must often border almost on the prurient. As a warning to ourselves, indeed, against the encouragement of the practice from which it is taken, the picture may be a wholesome one. If such be the effect of it, with a pure and high-minded "young Brahmin" like Bernard Langdon for central figure, what would be the reality, with a coarser but weaker type of man in his place?

But we cannot forget that this search after and study of the singular and exceptional pervades too much the ablest American fictions of the day. "Elsie Venner," the serpentoid, inevitably recalls the fame of Mr Hawthorne's "Transformation," and that peculiar vein of thought and feeling, fluctuating between the odd and the morbid, which runs through all his novels and tales. It seems as if the ablest American writers were now unable to look ordinary life steadily in the face, to see its beauty and its nobleness, and to depict it with the loving care of the true artist. How to account for this I know not. It is not for want of acuteness in seeing that

ordinary life, nor yet of skill in rendering it; but they do not seem to appreciate it as in itself a sufficient subject of study; they treat it only as a framing or as a background for the abnormal, the improbable, the fantastic. Partly it may be the result of the evil influence of Poe, that most unwholesome compound of sentimentalism and vulgarity, which all Americans, and too many Englishmen, persist in mistaking for genius; partly, perhaps, to the crude botching of the would-be-painters of ordinary life amongst them. Perhaps more than all does it come from this,—that America herself has been now for many years but a stage-effect, of which the secession crisis has shown at last the hollowness; that the lie of slavery, which has stultified from the first her Declaration of Rights, has poisoned all her art as well as all her social life. So long as the "right to wallop one's own niggers" is considered consistent with the constitution of a free country, so long may there well be something diseased in the national mind, which inclines it to the morbid rather than to the wholesome, and which makes its highest fictions studies in human pathology, not broad representations of human life. Having premised thus much as to the at least semi-morbid tinge which colours "Elsie Venner" as a whole, I need not dwell at any further length on its ethics or its theology.

As respects the authoress of "Silas Marner," I think there cannot be a doubt that she has henceforth reached the very *acme* of artistic power among contemporary English novelists, raising herself to a height which places her, within the sphere of art, not far from that queen of fiction, George Sand herself. The wisest may well pause before forming to themselves any further judgment respecting her. Whilst all may surrender themselves freely for the time to the touching charm of her picture of the unfolding of Silas's blighted nature under the appeals of little Eppie's weakness, and the promptings of Dolly's kindliness, it is difficult, when the charm is shaken off, not to ask oneself some further questions. For instance: in the Dinah of "Adam Bede" she has shown us the working and influence of female religious enthusiasm; in Dolly Winthrop she now shows us the very opposite picture, that of the power of a faith inarticulate, incoherent, wholly unimpassioned. That the two portraitures should have come from the same hand, should have been worked out with the same tenderness, with the same success, is of itself a marvel of art. But one cannot help asking whether we are really to take both forms of religious faith as equivalent, the fervent strugglings of the young Methodist with sin, and the gentle suasions to conformity of the old church-woman. And, if the writer's purpose be merely that of fine æsthetic studies of religious faith under its varied aspects, and the inculcation of a calm philosophic indifferentism to the objects of that faith, all one can hope is, that her art will prove stronger than her purpose, and by its very fidelity to nature will serve to call forth yearnings which it will not satisfy, for truths beyond, below, and above itself.

MR. BUCKLE'S DOCTRINE AS TO THE SCOTCH AND THEIR HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART II.

THE WEASEL-WARS OF SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

Be the subject that one is discussing what it may, one is sure to find something or other about it in that terrible fellow, Shakespeare. Here, accordingly, from *Henry V.*, is a passage which may be taken as a summary, from the English point of view, of Scottish History, and of the relations of Scotland to Eng-

land, as far as the fifteenth century. The summary, of course, is not nearly so "scientific" as Mr. Buckle's, but it is rather clever of its kind, and it sticks easily to the memory. Henry and his counsellors are discussing his projected expedition into France, and Henry is insisting on the necessity of leaving in England a sufficient defence against the Scots, who are sure to take advantage of his absence :—

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Canterbury. She hath been then more feared than harmed, my liege :
For hear her but exampled by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner-kings,
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

Westmoreland. But there's a saying, very old and true :—

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin :"

For, once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than he can eat.

Not only is this summary of old Scottish History in relation to England graphic and easily remembered ; but it chances also to be true. Scotland in the fifteenth century *was* of some importance to England ; but chiefly by way of impediment to what England would otherwise have been about, of annoyance left in the rear of England at home, when her face was turned to continental Europe and the rest of the transmarine world as the proper field for her aggressive exploits. England was the eagle, flying far and wide southwards for prey ; Scotland the weasel, stealing meanwhile to the forsaken nest of the royal bird, and compelling her again and again prematurely to hurry back. There had been a time, indeed, when England had made the conquest of Scotland her main enterprise. But, having come off badly in that affair, she had acquiesced in the continued existence of her tough little partner in the island as apparently a necessary arrangement, and, though not forgetting her feud with the Scots, had made war with them only an episodical part of her activity, in the intervals and in the interest of her larger business. To Scotland, on the other hand, war with England was much more nearly the total substance of the collective national exertion. Not only did the memory of old wrong rankle ; not only was the consciousness of being a Scot identified with the instinct of resistance to England and of repudiation of the English name ; but, from the smaller dimensions of the country and from its geographical position, there was no mode of self-assertion for the Scottish nationality possible except through war with England. Stray Scots might distribute themselves over the Continent, scattering the thistle-down among the nations, and betaking themselves even there by preference to any service that was anti-English ; but for the little country in the mass at home no career of action beyond itself was possible save that which an Englishman, talking to his sovereign, might be excused for describing as the career of a weasel towards its more lordly neighbour.

If, however, by the necessity of circumstances, one *must* be a weasel, one may at all events be a respectable and energetic weasel. Now Scotland in the fifteenth century may claim at least this amount of credit. Although her wars with England, since that great one which had secured her independence, had been but weasel-wars in comparison with those which England had waged on the transmarine arena, they had kept

the nation electric and astir, and they were agencies in its peculiar education and its development for future ends. Not bad testimony to Scotland in this respect is borne by Froissart. There are passages also in Shakespeare in which he does retrospective justice to the Scotch during the time of their wars with England, and follows them into their native part of the island with that all-kindly glance which disregarded frontiers and found matter for liking everywhere. Naturally, however, it is to a Scottish poet that we should look for such a representation of the Scot at home as would bring out what was best in him and exhibit his weaselship in the most striking light. And so, at this time of day, there is no Englishman but will willingly complete his notion of the Scot of the fifteenth century by blending with the impressions of the foregoing passage from Shakespeare those of the following from Scott. The time is 1513; the scene is the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The Scottish host is being marshalled there for its last fatal expedition into England, and the Englishman Marmion is looking on.

> Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
> Glance every line and squadron through;
> And much he marvell'd one small land
> Could marshal forth such various band.

The poet then goes on to describe the composition of this various army. There were the heavy-mailed chiefs-at-arms, on their great Flemish steeds, with their spears and battle-axes. There were the younger knights and squires, more lightly armed, on their practised chargers, which they made to wheel and curvet. There were the hardy burghers, on foot, without vizors, plumes, or crests, but with burnished corslets and shining gorgets, and armed with long pikes and two-handed swords, or with maces. Then follows the description of the main bulk of the army, in its three divisions of the Lowland Yeomen, the Borderers, and the Highlanders.

> On foot the Yeoman, too, but dress'd
> In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
> With iron quilted well;
> Each at his back (a slender store)
> His forty days' provision bore,
> As feudal statutes tell.
> His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
> A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,
> A dagger-knife and brand.
> Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
> As loth to leave his cottage dear,
> And march to foreign strand;
> Or musing who would guide his steer
> To till the fallow land.
> Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
> Did aught of dastard terror lie;
> More dreadful far his ire,
> Than theirs who, scorning danger's name,
> In eager mood to battle came,
> Their valour like light straw on flame,
> A fierce but fading fire.
>
> Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
> He knew the battle's din afar,
> And joyed to hear it swell.
> His peaceful day was slothful ease;
> Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
> Like the loud slogan yell.
> On active steed, with lance and blade,
> The light-armed pricker plied his trade:
> Let nobles fight for fame;
> Let vassals follow where they lead,
> Burghers to guard their townships bleed;
> But war's the Borderer's game.
> Their gain, their glory, their delight,
> To sleep the day, maraud the night,
> O'er mountain, moss, and moor.
> Joyful to fight they took their way,
> Scarce caring who might win the day;
> Their booty was secure.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Next Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
> Of different language, form, and face,
> A various race of man.
> Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,
> And wild and garish semblance made
> The chequer'd trews and belted plaid;
> And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd
> To every varying clan.
> Wild through their red or sable hair
> Look'd out their eyes with savage stare
> On Marmion as he pass'd.
> Their legs above the knee were bare;
> Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
> And hardened to the blast.
> Of taller race, the chiefs they own
> Were by the eagle's plumage known.
> The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
> Their hairy buskins well supplied;
> The graceful bonnet deck'd their head;
> Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
> A broadsword of unwieldy length,
> A dagger proved for edge and strength,
> A studded targe they wore,
> And quivers, bows and shafts,—but oh!
> Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
> To that which England bore.
> The Isles-men carried at their backs
> The ancient Danish battle-axe.
> They raised a wild and wondering cry,
> As with his guide rode Marmion by.

> Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
> The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen;
> And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
> Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

This is Scott's description of Scotland in the beginning of the sixteenth century, so far as it might be represented in the army which was about to march to Flodden, there to accomplish in blood and defeat the last act in the struggle between the two nations, merely as nations. Of course, neither is this description nearly so "scientific" as Mr. Buckle's. It is but the work of a poet, a colourist, a man of octosyllabics and of old rubbish palmed off as picturesque. But Scott did really know something about Scotland; and, though Mr. Buckle is quite entitled to say that it was not his part or intention to entertain his readers with any such mere description of old Scottish manners or costume or fighting-gear—that he did not give himself out as a Marmion riding along the ranks of the Scottish army and interested in the kind of military array that the barbaric little nation could muster forth, but only as a modern English philosopher looking back through the mist of years and applying himself, amid all that irrelevant confusion of bagpipes, clans, steel-jacks, corslets, Flemish steeds, &c., of which the world has had enough and more than enough from Scott and Company, to the one precise task of investigating the real mechanism of Scottish society, so as to express what was the cardinal fact in it—yet, in my humble opinion, he might have learnt something as to his task, or as to what data he might have to take into account in order to its satisfactory conclusion, from even such an unscientific bit of rhymed pseudo-history as the foregoing. For, in the first place, I miss in Mr. Buckle's account of the Scotch prior to the Reformation any adequate recognition of that which was perhaps, all in all, till then the most deep and massive fact in the national being—the relation of antagonism in which they stood to England, and their intense, ineradicable feeling of that relation. Whoever knows anything of Scotland must know that the transmitted effects of this old antagonism from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century remain incorporate in the Scottish mind and mode of thinking to this day. Not only do they remain in some quarters in the disagreeable form of an *ignis suppositus*, burning, now and then, the feet of an Englishman, and making him hop, as he walks unwarily over the white ashes; but they remain, I believe, in a more subtle and transubstantiated form in the intellectual habit, the mental style and structure, of most Scotchmen as such—even of those who live among Englishmen, and who would account it a shame and a vulgarity to utter a syllable of that Wallace and Bruce nonsense, as they would term it, in which their coarser compatriots wallow. I may refer to this matter again in speaking of Mr. Buckle's theory, later on in his volume, as to the peculiarity of the Scottish intellect in contrast with the English. Meanwhile it seems that his own philosophy should have taught him that the roots of such peculiarities in the intellect of nations may have to be sought for far back in their historical conditions, and so that, in investigating the Scottish character, he ought to have given larger attention to the martial relations of Scotland to England in the centuries preceding the Reformation than he has given. The chronic war with England which lasted through those centuries was part of the education of Scotland, as indeed it was, though much less, of England too; and as well omit the part of Hamlet from the play of that name, or all mention of Tell from Swiss history, or of Miltiades and Marathon from the history of Greece, as slur over, as Mr. Buckle has done, in a philosophical summary of Scottish history, those weasel-wars of the Scots which ended in Flodden. But, more than that, granting that Mr. Buckle's object was not so much to take account of the external pressure which moulded Scottish society as to describe the mechanism of that society, in whatever way determined, even then such a

bit of rich blotchwork from Scott or any other like poet might have taught him something. It might have taught him that his resolution of the whole science of old Scottish history into a mechanical problem of three bodies, or rather into a much simpler see-saw of two bodies, with a third bestriding the fulcrum, was, despite some truth and some convenience there might be in it, but a miserable rendering of life as it was in Scotland, or as it ever was, or ever could be, in any nation worth its salt. Dissolve, for example, that visionary army which Marmion saw through the community to which it belonged, and what do we behold as the Scotland of the beginning of the sixteenth century? Not a mere slab of slate, as in Mr. Buckle's account, with a symbol for clergy here, a symbol for nobles there, and a symbol for the king in a corner looking at both; but a real country, corrugated by a peculiar geology, clothed with a peculiar botany, and inhabited by a peculiar population of men, numbering perhaps about half a million in all, but diversely distributed, diversely occupied, and full, in every spot and fragment of it, of a thousand impulses, purposes, and singularities. There was a king; there were a score or two of great nobles; there was a clergy holding much of the wealth of the land, and headed by a few great prelates; there was a gentry or lesser baronage, of about a thousand lairds and heads of considerable families. Among these there were combinations and compositions of forces, varying from time to time, and constituting such means of formal government as the nation had. But there was a parliament of a sort, in which burghers also sat; there were law-courts; there was a rude commerce and industry; there were schools and universities; there was a whole life of ordinary household vicissitudes and struggles, in which men and women were reared, and through which the teachings and the ceremonies of Holy Mother Church, which had all in its grasp, ran like red threads in the more sombre web. There were the darker superstitions of old Teutonic and Celtic heathenism still unsuppressed; there were crimes and ghastly deeds which spread terror through neighbourhoods, and passed into traditions of horror; and, from the top of society to its lowest depths, there was perhaps more than the average percentage of shrewd heads, fervid hearts, and tongues of ready rhetoric. Nay, there were the beginnings of art, architectural and decorative; printing had been introduced; and they were actually beginning, poor souls! to cultivate literature on their little oatmeal. Not only were there the old popular songs and ballads, and the old chronicles and uncouth epics, but men, tuneful and educated, here and there were beginning to speak of Phœbus and the month of May, and to write what might pass in any literature as real poems. Nor was it all done on oatmeal. Old Hector Boece, in Bellenden's translation, tells a different story. "Qhuare our eldaris had "sobriete, we have ebriete and dronki-"nes; qhuare they had plente with suf-"ficence, we have immoderat coursis "with superfluite, as he war maist noble "and honest that culd devore and "swelly maist, and, be extreme dili-"gence, serchis sa mony deligat coursis "that they provoke the stomok to "ressave mair than it may sufficentlie "degest. And nocht allenarlie may "surfet dennar and sowper suffice us "above the temperance of oure eldaris, "bot als to continewe oure schamefull "voracite with duble dennars and "sowparis. Na fishe in the se, nor "foule in the aire, nor best in the wod, "may have rest, but socht heir and "thair to satisfy the hungry appetit "of glutonis. Noct allenarly ar "winis socht in France, bot in Spainye, "Italy, and Grece; and, sumtime, baith "Aphrik and Asia socht for new deli-"cius metis and winis to the samin "effect. Thus is the warld sa utterly "socht that all maner of droggis and "electuaris that may nouris the lust and "insolence of pepill are bocht in Scot-"land with maist sumptuus price, to na "less dammage than perdition of the

"pepill thereof; for, throw the immo-
"derat glutony, our wit and reason
"ar sa blindit within the presoun of
"the body, that it may have no know-
"ledge of hevinly thingis." Above all, the whole nation, whether those who fed on the oatmeal only, or those who regaled themselves on Boece's "delicius metis and winis," and used his "droggis and electuaris," swam and rioted in a sea of humour. There was laughter everywhere, rollick everywhere; everything that was said or done was dashed and edged with humour; indignation itself, murderous revenge itself, whatever was most earnest that man thought or felt, through all and round all played an element of demoniac mirth.

There was a jolly beggar, and a-beggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a landwart toun;
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',
a-rovin' in the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys,
let the moon shine ne'er sae bricht;
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.

This is the first stanza of a song written by a Scottish king, James V., whose life is said to have illustrated it; and there is much in it of the mood of his contemporary countrymen. When the same king was on his death-bed, in 1542, news was brought to him that his wife had just borne him, not an heir, but an heiress, to his throne—the future Mary, Queen of Scots. "It cam wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass," were the words of disappointment with which he received the news, referring to the way in which the crown had come into the Stuart line, through a female; and then, turning to the wall, he died in sulks. Humour in life; humour in death; humour in king, in priests, in people!

Into this little country, as into other countries of the north, came the Protestant Reformation. In all modern historical literature of any pretence to ability there is no such insipid hash, no such dish of chopped straw and cold water, as Mr. Buckle makes of this event of Scottish History, its causes, and its consequences. As is his habit, he clearly states his proposition on the subject before entering on its elucidation. "To "bring the question [of the disastrous influence of the Church-power in Scotland in later times] clearly before "the mind of the reader, it will be "necessary," he says, "that I should "give a slight sketch of the relation "which the nobles bore to the clergy in "the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, "and of the way in which their relative "position and their implacable hatred "of each other brought about the Re-"formation. By this means we shall "perceive that the great Protestant "movement, which in other countries "was democratic, was, in Scotland, "aristocratic. We shall also see that "in Scotland the Reformation, not "being the work of the people, has "never produced the effects which "might have been expected from it, "and which it did produce in England." Redeeming this promise in a special chapter, he carries his one pet fact of the antagonism between the Catholic clergy and the nobles, and the alliance of the Crown with the former, through the successive reigns of the Scottish Stuarts, from that of James I. (1406—1437) onwards to that of the above-mentioned James V. (1513—1542); holding it up, lamp-like, to illuminate the obscure labyrinth of Scottish history, as the purblind chroniclers present it, during those hundred and thirty-six years. As it flashes on recess after recess of the labyrinth, we have the continuity of things revealed to us in such phrases of emphasis as these—culled here, for the sake of brevity of form, from the analytical table of contents:—"Early in the "fifteenth century the alliance between "the Crown and the Church against the "nobles became obvious." "The Crown, "in its efforts against the nobles, was "encouraged by the clergy; and, before "the middle of the fifteenth century, "the Church and the aristocracy were "completely estranged from each other." "In 1528 James V. escaped" [from the clutches of the nobles]; "the Crown "and the Church regained the ascendant,

"and the principal nobles were banished. "From this moment the nobles hated "the Church more than ever: their "hatred brought about the Reformation. "Active measures of the Government "against the nobles: the nobles re- "venged themselves by becoming Re- "formers. James V. on the other "hand, threw himself entirely into the "arms of the Church. As the nobles "took the opposite side, and as the "people had no influence, the success or "the failure of the Reformation in Scot- "land was simply a question of the "success or failure of the aristocratic "power." Such is Mr. Buckle's swift view of the way in which Scotland drifted into the Reformation. What of John Knox? the reader will naturally ask. O, Mr. Buckle knows all about John Knox! Here it is, by way of continuation of the foregoing:—"In 1542 "the nobles openly refused obedience "to James V., and their treatment of "him at this critical period of his life "broke his heart. Directly he died "they regained authority. The clergy "were displaced, and measures favour- "able to Protestantism adopted. In "1546 Cardinal Beaton was assassinated, "and Knox began his career. Subse- "quent proceedings of Knox: While "Knox was abroad the nobles estab- "lished the Reformation. He returned "to Scotland in 1559, by which time "the struggle was nearly over. In "1559 the Queen-Regent was deposed; "the nobles became supreme; and, in "1560, the Church was destroyed." If the reader would add to this Mr. Buckle's exact estimate of the character of Knox as a man and as a reformer, he will find it given in a paragraph in the text of the volume. He was "fearless and in- corruptible;" he "advocated with un- flinching zeal what he believed to be the truth;" he possessed "many noble attributes," but "he was stern, unrelenting, and frequently brutal;" he "loved power inordinately," &c. Contemplating which character of John Knox by Mr. Buckle, we should hardly say that Mr. Buckle, among his many remarkable abilities, possesses in any efficient degree that of painting a historical portrait, or that the science of history in which he is such an adept necessarily includes any great knack in twigging for oneself or repre- senting to others the physiognomies of dead celebrities. If there is any man of whom, from his life and writings, a portrait might be given in small space that should have all the distinctness and precision of a medallion, it is John Knox. But Mr. Buckle's Knox is at best a kind of blurred photograph of the commoner sort. You see a nose, a stern and somewhat bony face; but the eyes are vacancies, the mouth a hideous slit; and, if you met the real John Knox coming up the Canongate, you would not know him from this pre- monition of him.

It is a matter of private taste, of one's own self-knowledge and general views of things, whether one shall like John Knox or not, or think him the kind of man with whom one would have been comfortable. And so of his work—of the kind of notion he had of what would constitute a Zion on the earth. There is full liberty of opinion on this subject; and nobody is bound to ap- prove of Knox and his Reformation more than his reason, and the compe- tition for his admiration of other men and other systems known to him, will let him. Mr. Buckle also states what every one acquainted with Scottish History knows to be a fact when he states that Knox did not begin the Reformation in Scotland, but only joined it when it had already begun, and was the chief agent in organizing it and carrying it to its end. He perhaps under-estimates the personal influence of Knox, even so defined; but let that pass, as the discussion of the matter would lead us farther than we can at present go into the vexed question of "general causes *versus* the importance "of the individual" in history. Nor is it denied, let it be well understood, that the class-antagonism of the Scottish nobles and the Scottish clergy of the old Church, and the part performed by the Crown in the progress of this antagonism, were facts to which the

historian of the Scottish Reformation is bound to attend, and in the due appreciation of which he would fulfil part of his duty. There are class-antagonisms and class-interests in all societies; the compositions of social forces take this form; the physiologist of any body-politic would find his task impossible unless he might view the life of the community as localized chiefly in these greater ganglia and nerve-centres. The whole language of History proceeds on this supposition. But, all this being admitted, I join issue with Mr. Buckle, and maintain that his general assertion as to the Scottish Reformation is a huge perversion, a moral and historical "whopper." One may assert anything; and there are assertions which so transcend the bounds of evidence that you must recover your breath before you think of disproving them, and even then hardly know how to proceed. I may assert that there is a ball of fresh butter at the centre of the earth, or that the ring of Saturn is composed of whitebait; and it would be the greatest feat in the art of organizing argument to bring a train of effective reasoning to bear crushingly against either assertion. Now, there are assertions, not dissimilar in their power of benumbing and flabbergasting one, but yet within the bounds of sane and perfectly orderly plausibility, for which our language wants a name. Paradox is too hackneyed a term. They ought to be called Buckleisms. When a man makes an assertion clean in the teeth of all previous belief, and makes it coolly, fluently, without proof, and yet as if contradiction were impossible—that is a Buckleism. When a man makes an assertion of the same kind, and then, by way of proof, simply drags the assertion in a narrative manner through a pond of facts and quotations accumulated from books, some of which, of course, are entangled in the assertion, and brought up adhering to it, so that they may then be hung from it horizontally, in prepared shreds of erudition, like dried fish from a fish-line, while no one can tell what abundance of facts remained behind that did not and would not adhere to the assertion at all—that also is a Buckleism. Finally, when a man makes an assertion of a historical nature on the faith of a certain stock of philosophical ideas, out of which such an assertion may be derived by way of preconception, and when the assertion turns out, on inquiry, not only to be inconsistent with facts, but to involve such a mean judgment of men and things foregone, such a contempt for all that preceded our noble selves and did not live in the blaze of *our* lights, such a desecration of ancient graves hitherto honourable, that the mind reacts almost angrily against the creed that could have bred it, and cries, "If this creed be true, what is man but gas and blubber?"—that also is a Buckleism. In almost all these respects the assertion that the Reformation in Scotland was the work of the nobles, that "the great Protestant movement which, in other countries, was democratic, was, in Scotland, aristocratic," is a typical Buckleism. It is directly in the teeth of all existing historical beliefs; for the universal statement hitherto has been that the difference between the English and the Scottish Reformation consisted precisely in this, that the Scottish was the more popular and democratic. The proofs alleged for it are of the kind that could be adduced for any preconception whatever by hauling it as a drag through an appropriate miscellany of facts. It springs from one of the articles of a peculiar and narrow creed, constituting the intellectual capital and means of action of a very able man; and it so jars with facts, and what we have been accustomed to regard as our finer instincts, as to produce a disgust of that creed stronger than is at all necessary, and a state of sentiment towards its possessor too impatient by far, and not just to his real merits.

Does Mr. Buckle really believe that his precious fact of the class-antagonism of the clergy and the nobles, even if his representation of that fact were perfectly correct at all points (which it is not), could possibly be an adequate explanation of the adoption by Scotland of the Reformation which had been

generated on the Continent, or of any tantamount act of collective moment ever done by any nation? If so, I arraign him in the name and in the interest of that very Science of History whose livery he wears. I arraign him as intellectually not up to the mark of the Science to which he boasts his attachment, as not yet emancipated at heart from the dregs of that mean mode of thought in historical matters which it has been the aim of the new Science of History, and the pride of its best teachers, to scout and pursue to extinction—that mode of thought of which the lines of Goldsmith in his ballad of the Mad Dog are no inapt expression—

> "The dog, to gain some private end,
> Went mad, and bit the man."

One had fancied it to be one of the good results of the new Science of History, as taught by Comte and others, that, however one might differ from their total view of the Science and think it incomplete — however some sentimental souls might object to a theory of human affairs which made all to consist in an evolution of elements purely terrestrial, and might cling to some form of the dear old hypothesis which supposed that there might be comings and goings between the visible sphere and a world of the metaphysical, touches terrestrially incalculable and wrenches terrestrially unaccountable of the human will, whisperings of unearthly voices to solitary hearts, or, at least, (should there be absolute necessity for making the language of the hypothesis still purely physical,) blasts cosmical and influences sidereal, acting prodigiously on the human nerve, but defying investigation—yet the "dog-going-mad-for-private-ends" theory of social changes had been banished and disgraced out of all minds of culture. One had fancied that, if one might no longer talk legitimately of *revolution* in human affairs, but only of *evolution*, yet in this word "evolution" it was implied that every variation of the life or thought of a community from moment to moment was an organic process of the whole being of the community down to its last minim and tittle; that every social change was a necessary heaving-forward of the whole community, prompted by a feeling of new needs and uses irreconcileable with its late conditions; and, consequently, that, though the historian, in describing such movements, must, by the very necessity of his craft, regard the social life as lodged chiefly in certain central organs, and make much of the mechanical arrangements and conflicts of parties, yet it would be at his peril if he failed to indicate, through these, the complexity of underlying causes and connexions. One had fancied all this; and, now, to find Mr. Buckle, of all men, among the old stagers!

To refute Mr. Buckle's assertion fully, on the more palpable ground of its inconsistency with actual Scottish history, would require a sketch, step by step, after him, of the process and manner of the Scottish Reformation. This is, of course, impossible here; but should the reader desire to see *some* account of this portion of Scottish history, with which he may compare Mr. Buckle's, I may refer him to that with which Robertson introduces his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and James VI.* I mention this sketch, not because it seems to me to be up to the level of the subject, but because it is easy to be had, and because, Robertson being a man whose views were rather low-pitched, it is yielding a positive advantage to Mr. Buckle to adduce *his* narrative for the purpose of comparison. I believe that the reader of Mr. Buckle's volume who shall turn from it to those pages of Robertson will be somewhat surprised. He will be surprised, in the first place, to find how like Mr. Buckle's essay—which, from Mr. Buckle's manner, and his immense array of authorities, one might suppose to be a perfectly original condensation of Scottish history, an extraction, for the first time, of its very oil and quintessence, by the application of high scientific pressure to whole tons of materials—how like this

essay is to a mere dilution of Robertson, slightly thickened by additional references. He will find in Robertson an exposition of the antagonism of the Crown and the nobles, as a standing fact in Scottish history from the time of Robert Bruce to that of James V., and a farther exposition how this last-named king, in prosecution of the policy of his ancestors, allied himself to the Church. He will find, also, a distinct appreciation of the share of the nobles in furthering the Reformation, and of the extent to which they were actuated therein by class-antipathy and greed for the Church-lands. But, with all this, Robertson could not, like Mr. Buckle, resolve the Reformation into any mere result of such agencies. He even apologizes for dwelling so much upon them, on the ground that a view of "the political motives alone" which influenced the Scottish Reformers might have some value in obviating a special misconception; and, if he does not do full justice to "religious considerations," he by no means omits them. To his narrative, accordingly, we may refer as really more scientific than Mr. Buckle's, as well as more interesting, and as calculated to supply at least a mild corrective of Mr. Buckle's inadequate views. For ourselves, we can but present a handful of facts and allusions tending to suggest what might be argued at large —that Mr. Buckle's assertion respecting the Scottish Reformation is not a true one, and that the common belief, which regards it as having been rather a popular and democratic movement, at least in comparison with the Reformation in England, is, on the whole, more accurate.

There were Wycliffites or Lollards in Scotland in the fifteenth century; a Hussite preacher or two from Bohemia had also found his way thither; and, on the whole, there was in Scotland, prior to the great Continental revolt of Luther, some amount of that predisposition to a rupture with the Papacy which existed in most northern countries as a compound of such express anticipations of Luther's doctrine by his minor forerunners, and of the disgust of the secular common sense with the abuses of the old Church-system, so plentifully evidenced everywhere in jests and satires. When time was ripe, therefore, the Reformation which Luther proclaimed, and which involved all the Teutonic countries, involved Scotland among them. It did so by very much the ordinary process. One youthful Scot, of noble birth, named Patrick Hamilton, having gone abroad for his education, and become acquainted with Luther and Melancthon, returned to his native land, preached their opinions, and was burnt at the stake for doing so (1527), crying out, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this realm?" with other such-like commonplaces of martyrs when the fire scorches them, and the language of advanced science is not to be expected from them. His death, the story goes, "made great "impression upon the people, and moved "many to inquire into the truth of the "articles for which he suffered;" and in a short time there sprang up in different parts of Scotland a largish number of persons marked as more or less of the Reforming belief. These the clergy had to burn, hang, imprison, or drive into exile in England or on the Continent. Not a few of them were priests or friars who had come round to the new faith very much as Luther himself had done. Others were "gentlemen" or "lairds;" and others belonged to the commonalty. Surely it is not inconsistent with the known laws of human nature that the reasonings of such persons with themselves, their preachings, and their example, should be causes of some efficacy in bringing about a moral and intellectual change in the community that contained them. When we hear also that the influence of the contemporary English Reformation was felt in Scotland, that it "raised in all "the people a curiosity of searching "into religious matters," and that, "partly by reading, partly by brotherly "conference, which was very much "practised to the comfort of many, but "chiefly by merchants and mariners, "especially those of Dundee and Leith, "who, frequenting other countries,

"heard the true doctrine taught and the "vanity of the Popish religion exposed, "the knowledge of God did wonderfully "increase within the realm," we may, of course, if we like, turn up our noses at the phrases "true doctrine" and "knowledge of God;" but, if we substitute the phrases "Reformed doctrine" and "Anti-Papal sentiment," we need not reject the statement as incredible. At all events, the fact is that, before the death of James V. in 1542, and chiefly through such personal and popular agencies, the Reformed faith had made considerable way in Scotland, principally among the commonalty and the classes immediately above them. Among the converts not yet of public note was John Knox, himself a man of the people. Here and there a noble might be well-affected towards Protestantism, and that seriously and disinterestedly—for surely a noble might be touched by argument as well as another man. Nor can there be any doubt that among the nobles, as a body, then struggling more desperately than ever against the coalition of the King and the Church, there was a large amount of good-will to the new movement, manifesting itself in such ways that Cardinal Beaton and the prelates could charge the bulk of the order as being heretical as well as disloyal. Very far, however, from an adequate representation even of the superficial mechanics of Scottish society at the close of the reign of James V., when the Reformation was first making way there, is Mr. Buckle's resolution of it all into "a combination of parties in a country "where, there being no middle class, "the people counted for nothing." Nay, even after the death of James V., when circumstances were such as to give free scope to the new opinions, and to enable the aristocracy to resume much of their lost authority, we find them in no haste to break with the Papacy. They divided themselves, indeed, into two parties,—an English party, acting in the interest of the scheme of Henry VIII. for a marriage of the infant Queen of the Scots with his son Edward, and a consequent union of Scotland with England, which would necessarily have been ecclesiastical as well as political; and a French party, tending rather to an alliance with France. But, though this division involved the religious question—though the Regent Arran, who was kept in his place by the English party, was for the time an avowed Reformer, and some of the most prominent men of the party, who had been recently prisoners in England, had also adopted the Reformed faith, and though the other party made common cause with Cardinal Beaton, the late minister of James, but who had been ousted from power and imprisoned—yet the division was by no means a mere polarization of opposed religious elements. Nor, such as it was, did it last long. In consequence of the high-handed method of Henry VIII. in urging his scheme, the English party melted away; the whole country relapsed into a patriotic and anti-English fit; the Regent apostatized and came to an agreement with his rival, Beaton; the Reformation lost for a time the support which it had in the state of parties, and had to depend again on "metaphysical aid," on individual energies, on the pulsations of the popular heart. There ensued another period of persecution, during which new martyrs were brought to the stake, including the famous Wishart (1545). Referring to Scotland at this time, and even for five years later, Robertson could speak of the Reformation as having still gained credit "chiefly among persons in the lower "and middle rank of life." Nay, Knox himself, looking back upon those days from a time when his work was nearer its consummation, could talk in such language as this before an audience that knew whether he spoke truth or not:—"When we were a few number in "comparison of our enemies, when we "had neither earl nor lord (a few ex-"cepted) to comfort us, we called upon "our God; we took *Him* for our pro-"tector, defence, and only refuge. "Among us was heard no bragging of "multitude, of our strength, nor policy; "we did only sob to God to have respect

"to the equity of our cause and to the "cruel pursuit of the tyranniful enemy." After the assassination of Beaton, in 1546, it is true, the time did come in Scotland—first during the continued regency of Arran till 1554, and then during the regency of the Queen-mother, Mary of Guise, from that date onwards —when the Reformation made strong its political connexions. Out of the medley of interests one after another attached itself to this as the progressive cause; this and that noble either threw his weight into it for the first time, or came back to it reassured; and so it devolved on a politico-religious league of nobles and other men of note, styling themselves "the Lords and Brethren of the Congregation," and opposing the Queen-mother and her French troops, to finish the business by a bout of negotiation and of civil war, to cut the connexion between Scotland and the Papacy, and to tumble down the already undermined edifice of the Romish system and worship within the land. In this, however, there took place only what must take place anywhere when a similar revolution has to be effected, and what took place largely enough in the Germanic empire, where the Reformation originated, and in other countries where it spread. I believe also that Scotland presented, even in this stage of the revolution, almost an exceptional instance of the overpowering effect of individual exertions by men of the spiritual order, and of the dispersed popular energy, upon the general conduct of the movement. There were the resolute preachers—the Roughs, the Willocks, the Methvens and others—keeping the doctrines alive for which Hamilton and Wishart had died, and shaping them into the form which nobles and lairds had to accept as their creed, and did accept more or less earnestly; and, above all, from 1555, when Knox returned from his first exile of eight years, there was *his* vehement spirit, which never feared the face of man, leading, advising, rousing, standing unabashed amid lords and earls, and swaying them right and left. Once again, indeed, Knox left his native land for a time, as too hot to hold him, and, pursued by a sentence of interdict and outlawry, settled as a pastor in Geneva. Even in exile, however, he continued to be a power among his countrymen; and, in the "Appellation" which he sent over, in 1558, "from the cruel and most unjust sentence pronounced against him by the false Bishops and Clergy of Scotland," we see that *he* at least did not consider the Reformation a matter only of aristocratic concern. After appealing to "the "Queen-Regent, estates, and nobility, "as the chief heads for this present of "the realm," and requiring of them that, "in public preaching" he might again "have place among them at large "to utter his mind," he addresses a special appeal to the same effect to "the Commonalty" as such. "Neither would "I," he there says, "that you should "esteem the reformation and care of "religion less to appertain to you "because you are not kings, rulers, "judges, nobles, nor in authority. Be- "loved brethren, you are God's creatures, "created and formed in His image and "similitude, for whose redemption the "most precious blood of the only- "beloved Son of God was shed, to "whom He has commanded His gospel "and glad tidings to be preached, and "for whom He has prepared the "heavenly inheritance, so that you do "not obstinately refuse, and disdainfully "contemn the means which He has "appointed to obtain the same—namely, "His blessed gospel, which he now "offers you to the end that ye may be "saved. For the gospel and glad tidings "of the Kingdom, truly preached, is "the power of God to the salvation of "every believer; which to credit and "receive, you, the Commonalty, are not "less addebted than your rulers and "princes are—for, albeit God hath put "and ordained distinction and difference "betwixt the King and subjects, be- "twixt the rulers and the common "people, in the government and ad- "ministration of civil policies, yet in "the hope of the life to come He has "made all equal." Nor, when Knox

finally returned in 1559, were these words forgotten. He stood by the commonalty then, and they stood by him. In sermon and in counsel he spoke his mind to "my lord Duke, his grace, with his friends"—*i. e.* to Arran, now Duke of Chatelherault, who had come over once more to head the Reforming side, and to the aristocratic following who had come with him—in language which conveyed but a sorry impression of their real worth to a cause which had made its first progress without them, and of which he prophesied that, "whatever should become of the mortal carcases" of himself and others, it would, "in "despite of Sathan, prevail in the realm "of Scotland." And so, in the last triumph of that cause, the commonalty did contribute, if only by those iconoclastic tumults which then, as now, formed the only mode of expression open to a commonalty as such, and which, in this case, were so violent that he had to check them.

So completely in the teeth of all prior accounts of the Scottish Reformation is Mr. Buckle's assertion respecting it that what the old Presbyterian historians of Scotland always guard against is an accusation exactly the reverse. "Adversaries would have it believed," says the old Presbyterian historian, Stevenson, in his introduction to his *History of the Church and State of Scotland*, "that this "Reformation was tumultuary and effec- "tuated by the dregs of the people, "without any lawful call; but, granting, "for the sake of argument, that the "populace were the great, or, let us "suppose, the only instruments of the "Reformation, that had been their glory, "not their shame. For, when the "safety of the whole is in danger, "nature teacheth," &c. In short, the poor old gentleman goes on to argue that the commonalty had right and reason to do as they did; and then he adds, with all his industry, out of the peerage-book and baronage-book of Scotland, such a list of earls, lords, lesser barons and gentlemen, notable partisans of the Reformation, as might, he thinks, prove that the movement was not wholly plebeian. Had he foreseen the advent of Mr. Buckle as an interpreter of Scottish history, he might have saved himself, the trouble.

Whatever was the historical process of the Scottish Reformation, its character and its effects, as an achieved fact, were singularly democratic. I do not know how it is, but very few Englishmen seem to be aware of the immense, the almost preponderant, share of power and influence assigned to the popular or lay element in the constitution of the Kirk of Scotland. The Kirk of Scotland, as Knox designed it, and as it has always been, except in intervals of compulsory change to Episcopacy, never was an organization of clergymen only, but of clergymen and representative laymen. Take the *First Book of Discipline*, prepared by Knox and his associates as a standard for the rule and government of the new Kirk, and what do you find? That, with the exception of certain leading clergymen, who were to act as superintendents of districts or provinces —but who were carefully discriminated from the bishops of the old system—all the clergy were to be equal as ministers of parishes and congregations; that "it "appertaineth to the people and to every "singular congregation to elect their "minister;" that this right of every several congregation "to have their "votes and suffrages in the election of "ministers" must be carefully conserved, and that, in order to its due exercise, if it should chance that, by the neglect of a congregation to elect a minister for themselves, it should devolve on the superintendent and his council to name one for them, then the person so named should appear and expound before the congregation, that they might judge of him, and accept or reject him. Moreover, in every parish or congregation there was to be, besides the minister, a certain number, varying with circumstances, of laymen, styled "elders and deacons," selected once a year from the parishioners or congregation by the minister and the people between them, as "men of best knowledge of God's Word and cleanest life." These

were to be ecclesiastical office-bearers along with the minister, forming a kind of court with him for transacting the church-business of the parish, but also assisting him in the work of reading, teaching, and religious admonition. Nay more, these laymen, the parish-assessors of the minister, were also to have a right of vigilance over him. They were to "take heed to his life, manners, diligence, and study;" "if he be worthy "of admonition they must admonish "him; of correction, they must correct "him; and, if he be worthy of depo- "sition, they, with consent of the "Kirk and Superintendent, may depose "him,"—the manner of process in this extreme case being indicated, and the faithfulness of the elders and deacons to their general duty of vigilance farther secured by their obligation once a year to report to the superintendent of the conduct of their minister and even of his family. Although these ordinances of Knox and his associates for the government of the Kirk which they had founded fell into abeyance in this exact form, they remained as a tradition; and, when the Kirk was fully formed, not only was the parity of the clergy among themselves more stringently secured by the abolition of the Superintendents, but a more regular organization was given also to that systematic conjunction of the lay-element with the clerical, in the entire working and procedure of the Kirk, which Knox had prescribed. The Kirk-session, or local ecclesiastical court in every parish, still consisted of the minister and several lay-elders; the Presbytery, or ecclesiastical court for each cluster of contiguous parishes, consisted also of lay-elders along with the ministers; the Synod, or ecclesiastical court for a large province or district of country, actually contained a preponderance of lay-elders; and the General Assembly, or national ecclesiastical Parliament, consisted of deputies from the Presbyteries, both lay and clerical, though here with an excess of the clerical. Recollecting all this, one is surely entitled to say that the Reformation in Scotland, whatever it may have been in its origin, was hugely democratic in its issue. Mr. Buckle's assertion is that the people of Scotland have been perhaps the most priest-ridden people on the face of the earth. Should he ever do his work over again, I would advise him to try a somewhat different assertion, and say that, of all clergies on the face of the earth, the clergy of Scotland have been and are the most people-ridden. The assertion might be able to rest itself in a deeper show of facts, and much more might be made of it as a key to the past history and the present intellectual state of Scotland.

I do not yet make the assertion myself. That part of my task where it would be necessary to explain in what sense it might be made, is yet to come. I am moving on to a point where I shall be able to express a good deal of agreement with Mr. Buckle. But between that point and the point which even now I have reached there intervenes still a tract over which I have to accuse him, as hitherto, of historical misrepresentation, of most meagre philosophy in some essential matters, of unjust vilification of men whose bones have long been under the earth in many a Scottish moor, hill-side, and kirkyard, but whose souls, though tongueless to answer him, yet live in us and about us. This kind of criticism is not to my taste. I hope I am one of those who, in literature, have come to the conclusion that it is best, in most cases, never to mind what is done, as one thinks, wrongly by others, but only to do as well as one can oneself. I know also that this writing about the peculiarities of a country which one may be supposed to care for personally more than enough, is apt to nauseate if long continued. But there are cases in which direct opposition is necessary; and the English, loving their own country and its fair fame, are too generous a people to resent even a little excess of speech in their hearing in defence of another, if only the defence shall seem to be called for and to be not uncandidly undertaken.

IN PRAISE OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Of dear old things, what one is dearer than a dear old granny?

Not that the subject of my praise need wait till she be downright old to merit it. You, yourself, good reader, have sometimes seen, as I have, and with the same admiration of her still winsome beauty, a young grandmother.

Pink bud and fragrant flower and pale-gold fruit, upon one lemon-bough, in an Italian summer, group not among the green leaves in more complete and yet suggestive harmony than do the sweet faces of three generations—the baby girl's, her girlish mother's, and the mother's of the girl-wife—among the nestling greeneries of an English home. Not that I forbid my reader's imagination or his memory to cross Tweed northwards, or the Bristol Channel towards the west. I do not lay embargo upon any ship of thought or fancy, adventuring beyond the four seas of Great Britain, to seek for such a group among the *tableaux-vivants* of the world. Painted where it may be by Nature's hand, the picture has a special and a constant charm. But the fresh hues, the cool tones, the delicate play of lights and shadows, which are wanted for its perfection, are found most often under our own moist and fitful skies. Where the fierce kisses of the sunbeam bring out even the pale juice of the lemon in gold upon its rugged skin, granny's cheek tans and wrinkles early and deep. It will only show in startling contrast against the young mother's and her new-born child's. I do not forget what attractions such contrast has for an artistic eye. And, in themselves, the features of the Southern grand-dame, grooved, lapped, and folded, and burnt bistre-brown, will often have a weird magnificence. Maybe, no more than seventy summers have wrought the texture and colour of face, neck, and arms, to what we see them; yet, in looking on her, we seem to feel that centuries are long, more vividly than when we gaze upon the sun-stained marble ruins among which her sheep browse, or upon the ribbed rind of the cork-tree, under whose shade she spins. She has strange eyes, by times—not bleared nor dim, but glowing, in their undiscerned depth, as if with stored heats of all those bygone summers. "Old" is not the word for her. She is antiquity alive. Do you not recognize her? Joab fetched her from Tekoah, because she was "a wise woman." That turbulent soldier-son of Zeruiah felt that a craftier physiognomist than he should scan the angry countenance of David for traces of relenting over Absalom. Those lank arms, desperate, locked Polyxene to those dried breasts; those elf locks, ashen grey, shook at impassible Ulysses, who would lead the maiden to the place of blood! Blood! Ay, those crooked, almost palsied, fingers were dyed red in it, when the false Thracian, that had done her boy to death, fell into her vengeful trap.

Her gait totters not under its load of years—pride steadies it—as she leads the line of women towards the enemy's camp. Let others—Roman matrons, too, his own Volumnia with them—weep and tremble for the fear of him whom they would bend; it is otherwise with Veturia, his own mother. True,

> "That, like an eagle in a dovecote, *he*
> Fluttered their Volscians in Corioli;"

But the eaglet was of her own brood, and her own breast had hatched his bravery. *She* was no dove, that his stern eye should flutter *her*. How grand the story reads in Livy! Coriolanus would kiss her withered cheek: "Hold "off! Will an enemy's lips touch it, or "a son's? Am I captive or mother in "this tent? Had I never known birth-"pang, Rome had never known disaster! "Sonless, I had died a freewoman in a "free fatherland!"

Ah, thou little Marcius, with thy

father's bold eyes—clinging to Volumnia's gown, yet half-inclined to go toy with the weapons hanging on the tent-pole—open those bold eyes wide upon thy grandmother! Thou shalt not hereafter persuade the citizens of Rome, it may be, to do full justice, and to consecrate their chapel of commemoration "Fortunæ Anili," rather than "Fortunæ Muliebri," as its dedication runs. Yet none in Rome shall dare to sneer at an "old woman" in thy hearing when thou art grown a man. "Fortunæ Muliebri," "To the Luck of Ladies;" it was, perhaps, something that Roman ædiles found heart of grace to write up even that!

All very good in its way, and wholesome castigation, I doubt not, for citizens of Livian Rome; yet I maintain that, in full honesty, the legend on the shrine should have been made to run "Fortunæ Anili,"—"To the luck of Ladies-dowager."

No, my dear madam! Excuse me; though I am a married man, as you justly say, and "might know better." His mother, not his wife, saved Rome. Volumnia would have let him kiss away her tears, reserving to herself the right of a curtain lecture, when the tent curtain should have dropped upon the deputation, though the tent itself should still have stood pitched in enmity against the gate of Rome. Depend upon it, now that she was once more with Coriolanus, she would cling to him outside Rome or in. But Veturia's frown! the striking of the Volscian camp alone could chase its thundercloud away. "Fortunæ Anili" would have told the truth exactly—"Sacred to the luck of Ladies-dowager." I doubt if ever, spite of Coriolanus, those pagan ancients rose to the right appreciation of grannies. Small wonder, if Horace fail to sing their praise, to give them "*suas laudes*;" but I can hardly pardon Cicero.

The pagan rhymester of graceful or disgraceful revelries might well ignore the "*sua laus*" of womanhood, which withers not with age. When only lees are left in emptied amphoræ, when rose-garlands lie leafless on trampled moss-banks, when barbiton-strings are cracked, and the notes of the girlish voice that trilled to them, then all is over with the toy that he calls woman. Haghood sets in at once, as the dark Italian night falls suddenly, without a gloaming, upon the roseate sky. Forthwith, out of her love-grot, Pyrrha comes, a crook-backed Canidia, to grope among graves and ruins for other charms than those she lost but now. Long centuries of Christendom must pass, to leaven all the lump of human thought and feeling, before a Bacchanalian bard can set a chaste love-ditty to the piping of a granny's treble, and breathe a tenderness that "Thracian Chloe's" passion knew not, into the crooning of "Auld Jean" by her ingle—

> "John Anderson, my jo, John,
> When we were first acquent,
> Your locks were like the raven,
> Your bonnie brow was brent;
> But now your brow is bald, John,
> Your locks are like the snaw;
> But blessings on your frosty pow,
> John Anderson, my jo.
>
> John Anderson, my jo, John,
> We clamb the hill thegither;
> And mony a cantie day, John,
> We've had wi' ane anither.
> Now we maun totter down, John,
> But hand in hand we'll go;
> And sleep thegither at the foot,
> John Anderson, my jo."

Well, I forgive the little blear-eyed sipper of Mæcenas's best Falernian. Let him sing rustic joys in couplets of town polish, lolling on purple cushions, at the most *recherché* dinner-table in Rome. He never was the man to glorify grannies; no, not he. But how shall I pardon Marcus Tullius Cicero?

It was but yesterday that I took up again, with fresh delight, his essay "On Old Age." How comely are his grey-beards, who discourse thereon in good rough Roman language, shaped off by rule of the new-learnt Greek rhetoric! What excellent company are those veterans of well-fought fields! Nestors of debate in a senate still worthy of its name; reverend oracles of the grave college of augurs! Had their talk taken us nowhither with them save into camp, or parliament, or college, we might never have missed what we do miss at

once upon its taking us into their own homes, within or without the city walls. Homes, indeed! what manner of homes be they which women guide not?

"Four stalwart sons, five daughters, "a numerous household, a crowd of "clients," are shown us grouped around the venerable figure of Appius, old and blind. But why is his Appia missing? Why sits she not among them, locking her faithful hand in that of her partner in life's pilgrimage?

"In that house," writes the essayist, "antique manners and ancestral disci- "pline live in vigour." Why, then, is *she* not there, whose long surviving grace toned down the crudeness of those old-world fashions? the matron whose unfailing tenderness redeemed the harshness of that stern old mastery? Why make no mention of her—not even in one regretful word—if she *be* gone down first into the realm of Hades?

It ill beseems even a reverend augur, uttering oracular sentences in his old age, thus to forget her who, doubtless, in the ancient Roman, as in the ancient happy Hebrew household, "opened her "mouth with wisdom, and in whose "tongue was the law of kindness." But if, in his superior conceit of male philosophy, he will pass her by when discussing in the portico, how can he do so, guiltless, when, in the pantry, he will prattle of household—nay, let me write it down at once, of house-wifely cares?

"What more blessed," asks the Roman greybeard, "than the delight which "even old age finds ever young in the "laughing plenty wherewith the farming "life is full? kindly purveyor, as it is, "for men's tables, and for the altars of "the gods. The good-man's cellar is "full, full his oil-jars, full his larder, "choke full of pork, of lamb, of kid, of "chicken, milk, and cheese, and honey."

Ah, gude-man! how forget the gude-wife so, the douce and sonsie gude-wife, at whose girdle the keys of all those homely treasuries clanked ever their best music! We lose patience, don't we, reader, with the thankless dotard, the maundering old "gaffer" that has forgotten "granny?"

I will be bold to say that there were fine old dowagers in Rome no less than dear old grannies at the Campanian farm, from whom these philosophizing elderly gentlemen of Tully's might have learned as lively lessons touching the cheerful, sweet, and noble bearing of Old Age as any they could spell out of a doubtful line from Ennius, or out of a garbled Greek text from Pythagoras. His treatise is an exhortation to the full as much as an essay; it relies, therefore, very much upon example. Now, since humanity is twin, and since the snows of age whiten twin head-crowns, the woman's and the man's, it follows that this teacher by examples suffers the loss of half when he restricts himself to one sex in selecting them. Moreover, the loss is greater when reckoned not by number only, but by weight. And I venture to think not only that he might have found old ladies by the score to cite as patterns of resignation to the troubles of increasing age, but that in them he would have found examples of such resignation heartier and more entire than in persons of his own sex.

"Men carp at old age," says he, "under four heads of reproach." And then he meets each one in turn with counter considerations. "It bars us off from "business. True, but not from all. We "old men have our place and work yet in "the world. And, specially, we have it "in the guidance and training of youthful "minds. Some say, but they say wrong- "fully, that 'tis the special grievance of "the old to know that they are them- "selves a grievance to all others. A "grievance? nay; but a joy. For wise "elders, and their worthy youngers, find "in each other a mutual delight."

But when I, that pen these lines, would call on memory to confirm this truth by actual experience, the figure that will fill my mind's eye is never other than a noble widowed Lady's. Bowed slightly by the weight of years, how grand was yet the stateliness of her aged form! Its very motion truly told how ten thousand courtesies, worthily paid her by the great and good, had laid up with her a very wealth of courtesies to

dispense. And he to whom she paid one from that store felt humbled, yet uplifted, all in one. Long knowledge of the world had not impaired the guilelessness enthroned upon that aged brow, whose very wrinkles thought, not craft, had evidently pencilled. Not even the film forming on those aged eyes could hide from any that looked into them the truth, and depth, and generous nobility of the great soul, which was still looking out through their darkening windows. And for its tenderness—he must have been indeed poor reader of the human countenance who should have failed to read it in the sweetness of the smile which played around those gracious aged lips. Children, and children's children, friends, acquaintances, dependents, how had a common love, a common gratitude, a common veneration for her, twined one same golden thread into so many strands of so many differing lives!

Ah, me! When that one aged heart-beat ceased utterly, how many were the warm hearts that felt a bitter chill! How many warm hearts quicken even now their beating at any mention of that one so dear and venerable name!

When Cicero vaunts, as he does, the charm of his aged patrician's conversation, of course I can pick no quarrel with the boast in itself, but I never will allow to his talkative old gentleman the monopoly of its possession. Very pleasing and very fruitful, I grant, it is to parley with some yet hale and vigorous doer of the deeds done in our fathers' days, and in the old time before them. Yet, for all that, commend me to the talk of a shrewd, sensible, well-educated old gentlewoman. She cannot quote, indeed, the *quorum ego pars magna fui*, and, so far, the having actual speech of her wants the life-like interest, the power of realization by contact, which may pertain to conversation with her ancient lord. But "lookers-on see most of the game," and keenest observation in the bygone time has laid up most matter for after-reminiscences. Ten to one she can give you a truer measure of the men that moved in life's amphitheatre than her husband can, for she saw them more nearly life-sized all along—not looming so big, for good or evil, as they did to him through the mists of party prejudice. She will colour their portraits, too, more naturally, neither cooling them down with such blue tints of envy, nor warming them up with such crimsons of indignation. I speak of male portraits. It misgives me whether the limning of female contemporaries might be quite so fair. Yet, what right have I to make deliberately such an insinuation? Women certainly have their own rivalries with women—it may be uncertain whether they be not fiercer than between men and men—but it is scarcely questionable that they are less lasting. A noble lord may carry on, across the woolsack, till he is well past eighty, his life-long duel with some noble antagonistic lord, with whom he first fell out in the playing-fields at Eton, more than half a century agone. Rivals for queenship of beauty contend but in brief campaigns. Blush-roses will scarcely bloom through one long summer. Rivals for queenship of fashion also struggle for a capricious prize, which the laws of the tilting-ground will not allow one same winner to hold long in hand. The change from active to passive life comes earlier and more inevitably to women than to men; and most of them accept with greater frankness and with less reserve the enforced neutrality it brings. This genuine acceptance of their own position is one of the secrets which enable old ladies to win and keep, as old gentlemen can rarely do, the shy confidence of their youngers. Neither lads nor lasses fear any bitterness of personal jealousy in granny's criticisms on the ground-plan and elevation of such castles in the air as it may please those sanguine architects to submit to her maturer judgment. The rule holds sometimes in "head," sometimes in "heart" affairs. I doubt whether in either it would hold on application to "male-grannies"—if the word may pass.

Unless it be presumptuous to hint advice to those from whom it is wiser, most times, to take it, I would here set down

that even mothers might not do amiss to take a leaf occasionally from granny's book in dealing with the "great girls" in the family. She too, doubtless, once rode her hobby, conventional, educational, or other. Mamma remembers it, its jerking paces and queer capers, and discomfiting effects, by times, on the temper of the young lady that must keep step therewith. Let her bethink herself that, as granny then was, she now herself is; and let her contrast granny's past habit with the present. She has dismounted hobby-nag long since, and put him into memory's stables. She has less fussiness, more readiness to make allowance, a larger trustfulness, grown of experience in your own case, dear mamma, whose girlish waywardness has ripened into such mellowness of noble womanhood:—she has, perhaps, a more patient fulness of calm hope. These may account for the force of her so gentle influence over your growing daughters. These might—if ever needed—supply correctives, as sweet as powerful, to your own all-eager—I will not write too eager—anxiety to guide and govern.

But I have been straggling from my Cicero. His second point is, that men thoughtlessly complain, "Old age brings failing health." He answers the complaint, as before, by example rather than by argument; he points to specimens of green old age, and then to others of old men making a manful stand against infirmities and pains of bodily decay. I meet him on this ground with confidence. I match his centenarian, Appius Claudius, with my Catherine Fitzgerald, that fine old Countess-dowager of Desmond, whom even the ribald rhymester allows to have

"Lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died of a fall from a cherry-tree, then;
My!—What a frisky old girl!"

But the rhymester robs her of five-and-thirty winters and summers even so. Death took her in her hundred and forty-fifth year, just five years after travelling all the way from county Clare to London town, to demand of King Jamie that he should right certain wrongs done her jointure in those disjointed Irish days. But cancel individuals on either side, as you would equivalents in working an equation. Put the question in a class sense, as between "gaffer and gammer," and, for all your stern hook-nosed Roman elder may be pupil to Stoics from Athens, he may well feel a freshman's bashfulness in presence of any aged matron, "mistress of arts," by virtue of maternity, in that academy of endurance wherein no man of them all matriculates. Stoics, forsooth! What very Cynic dare to sneer at "a pack of old women," if he will call them so, when once the talk has turned upon the power to smile off one's own countenance the sad lines which privation traces and pain etches in?

"Then," says the essayist, "this is the "third flout which is put on old age, "'that it will rob us of delights.'"

His own retort is somewhat Irish—"Thank Heaven, it will; and, what is more, it won't." This, however, is morally coherent, if not logically. There be delights and delights. It was something that their philosophies taught these grey pagans to be thankful for escape from some of those that their hot youth had known. Well were it now for many, who can plead no "benefit of paganry," could they too know that there be some delights whence, at whatever cost, escape is cheap.

It is a special glory of true womanhood—one that true manhood should be as proud to claim—that, such toils never having tangled it, no need exists for help of time or circumstance to burst them. I therefore pass by vicious pleasures, to assert that disentanglement from frivolous joys seems easier and more complete with elderly ladies than with their coeval gentlemen. Do you doubt it, reader? Count up upon your fingers the score of all those ancient fribbles you may chance to know, and see to which sex the majority belongs. Let social "special-constables" be sworn in to make—upon a day whose date they shall be sworn likewise to keep secret—a sudden swoop upon all fashionable promenades, all archery grounds, all

picnic fields, all ball-rooms, and the like resorts. They shall not apprehend one old coquette for every ten old dandies. Dear me! I was a dancing-man myself once, and in crowded sets have trodden on many a grandfather's toes, not on a single grandmother's, that I can call to mind. Though I must own, in honesty, how my fine old Countess of Desmond's chronicler sets forth that "historians confidently assert she had passed "her hundredth year before she left off "dancing and mixing in the gayest circles." Chroniclers have a terrible turn for gossip. Very likely 'twas but an occasional "saraband" in which her ladyship indulged, on some such rare solemnity as the presentation of some fair great-grand-daughter *débutante* at the Vice-regal court. People will exaggerate. Granny is not often caught at untimely diversions. And, be it noted, that her standing up in brocade and point-lace at Christmas-time, to lead off "Sir Roger de Coverly," shall not be debited against, but credited to her, as a condescending act of festive inauguration, and a symbolical linking of old-world joys with new. I do but skim by card-tables, not as reproving the good old lady's stately rubber at seasons, but as remarking how wisely chary, now-a-days, is granny of her own harmless recreation, lest the third generation misinterpret her to sanction sitting at green baize tables, to their harm. Cicero's old men ask, however, for "*talos et tesseras*," "draughts and backgammon." Granny, therefore, has classical warrant for sitting down to these.

But space begins to fail me; my pen-point, also, shrinks, even from kindliest pleasantry, when it must touch the last topic of the philosophical old essayist.

"Remaineth a fourth cause, which "seemeth most to keep in anguish and "foreboding this age of ours—death's "approach!"

Ah, noble-hearted elders of the twilight hours before the day-dawn that "brought life and immortality to light!" Who reads, unmoved, your reasonings? What brave, ingenious, almost desperate, arguments were yours, to rob death of its sting, and to deny the grave a final victory! Not therefore in despite of you, but yet in humble, thankful, exultation, consistent with the tenderest sympathy, we contrast with your gropings after it our dear old granny's grasp of Life Eternal.

We will go see her die. Not under fretted roof of a patrician palace, but where the smoky rafters of a cottar's home bend close over the death-bed. By that bed-side is a three-legged table, no Delphic tripod, yet upon it lies a source of inspiration no pythonissa knew. A dog's-eared book, a battered pair of spectacles left in to mark the page, on which is stamped a story, which, "to the Greeks, was foolishness." It is a Book of Covenants, Old and New. This dying "grandmother Loïs" has known their Scriptures "from a child," and studied them with an "unfeigned faith." She has read in their clauses a title to "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled," such as philosophers and sages have often longed in vain to read on any scroll of truthful warrant.

How calm she faces death! "Mother Eunice" and the bairns that "greet for grannie" are shamed almost out of their tears. What great emotion shakes her? Some quiver of dread, thrilling her at last? Nay; for she scorns the propping pillows now, to sit upright as Deborah, beneath her palm-tree, judging Israel, by Bethel, in Mount Ephraim. See! she stretches out the wrinkled hands to bless two generations of her own offspring kneeling by. Then she clasps them, and the dim eyes look up; but the worn frame falls back.

"Gone!" cries Mother Eunice.

"Grannie! grannie!" sob the little ones.

Gone! where "there is neither male nor female," where both are found "equal with the angels, being the chil-"dren of the Resurrection."

R. S. C. C.

AN APPLE-GATHERING.

I PLUCKED pink blossoms from mine apple-tree,
And wore them all that evening in my hair;
Then, in due season, when I went to see,
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass,
As I had come, I went the selfsame track;
My neighbours mocked me while they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Lilias smiled in trudging by;
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky;
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full;
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
A voice talked with her thro' the shadows cool
More sweet to me than song.

Ah! Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
I counted rosiest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk,
Laughing and listening in this very lane:
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbours pass me, ones and twos
And groups: the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened; but I loitered; while the dews
Fell fast, I loitered still.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

TO MR. COBDEN AND OTHER PUBLIC MEN IN SEARCH OF WORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS,"
"TOM BROWN AT OXFORD," ETC.

MR. COBDEN has been complaining of late that there are no great questions stirring in England into which a public man of any calibre can throw himself. Since the triumph of free trade, all politics have been getting mean and flat, till there is no party question left worth fighting for. The peace agitation was a failure; people wouldn't answer the whip. The would-be reform agitation doesn't seem likely to turn out much better. What can a statesman find to do?

It is not Mr. Cobden alone who takes this view of home-politics. One hears a good deal of the same kind from men very different from him in all respects. The difficulty of finding some line worth taking, some subject which will really lay hold of them, in politics, seems to weigh down many of our younger public men. And really, when one comes to think over the questions which have chiefly occupied Parliament of late, one cannot help acknowledging that they have some excuse for carrying on their

representative duties in a listless and perfunctory manner, or dropping down into mere partisans. When Church-rates, the Galway Contract, or the claims and grievances of the reformed borough of Wakefield, or such so-called privileges of Parliament as have been debated this session, are the home questions on which they are invited by their leaders to fix their attention and expend their energies, one cannot wonder at the spread of a belief amongst public men that they are fallen on a day of little things. Such a belief with ambitious men must end in a compromise with themselves, and a quiet falling in to the Indian-file of their own party, which course they reasonably enough hope will bring them at last, as leaders drop off, to the front places. Those who are not ambitious will turn their attention to other matters—to literature, to farming, to sporting—satisfied that the country is fairly prosperous, and is likely to go on reasonably well without any active help from them.

I am now speaking specially of home politics. In foreign and colonial affairs, the struggle of the continental nations for freedom, the crisis in Turkey, the great cause which is being tried in America, the future of India and Australia, are big enough and serious enough matters to satisfy any man, and are, no doubt, intimately connected with the well-being and well-doing of England. But we can only treat them as onlookers; and for one Englishman who has the bent or the opportunity for studying or taking any action in these matters, there are a hundred who would apply themselves to home questions. Foreign questions, however great, do not deeply move us as a nation. It would be well if they moved us more deeply; but there is the simple fact—they do not.

And so politics are getting for many of us less and less interesting every day. We Englishmen, the most intensely political, take us all through, of any nation on the face of the earth, are wearying of Parliamentary debates, and actually, at times, find ourselves almost questioning whether that august assembly is not a much over-rated institution. I have no doubts on the point myself, and believe that the House of Commons has a good stroke of work yet to do in the world. But, to go back to the point from which we started: Is it true that there is no great home-question which is forcing itself up, and asking to be solved in our time, and proving itself more and more inexorable every day—a question which cannot any longer be put aside, but must be met with all the wisdom we are masters of?

If we insist on looking through Parliamentary or press spectacles, we may answer, No, and congratulate ourselves that there is nothing to be done at home but to keep the Volunteers up to the mark, to go on steadily with a little tinkering at education and law-reform, and then to enjoy and make the most of the wonderful accumulation of intellectual and physical wealth which is piling itself up on every side of us. In order to do this as it should be done, we must enter into the spirit of self-jubilation which meets us so often in the leading journals: we must be able to thank God that we are not as other nations, even as these Italians or Americans, and, looking serenely and condescendingly out of our remarkable little islands, to sing:—

> "On safety's rock I sits and sees
> The shipwreck of mine enemies."

But, even limiting ourselves thus, we shall not wholly succeed in keeping out a sort of uncomfortable consciousness that there is a screw loose down somewhere below the water-line. Even persons in office will allude to something not quite right down below, in a parenthetical kind of way; as for instance—Mr. Lowe, in his speech on education (July 11), when he says, "I really think "that the schoolmaster should be taught "some political economy in these days "of strikes, so that the person who is "looked up to next to the clergyman in "his village should be able to give some "sensible opinion on those melancholy "contests about wages." The very para-

graphs in our daily and weekly oracles, which have been, for months, week after week, telling us "that all the great builders' workshops will be full of first-rate men by Saturday night next at latest"—"that the lazy demagogues who have been working on simple men for their own selfish purposes are losing the confidence of their constituents"—will not let us quite enjoy the good of all our labour which we take under the sun all the days of our life. And, if we will use our own eyes and ears, we shall certainly not get easier.

I have somehow rushed clean into the middle of my subject before I meant to do so. But it is better as it is: and I will now ask Mr. Cobden (at least I would if I had the chance), and I do ask every man who reads this, whether this open state of war—almost chronic now—between the employers of labour and the men, is not a big-enough question for every English statesman and every English man to spend his whole force upon. It is of no use trying to shut our eyes any longer. We have shirked facing this difficulty too long already, and, as usual, it has only been getting worse to meet. There is no set of words which makes us more angry and impatient than "strike," "trades'-union," and their kindred. The ideas they call up are simply annoying. Have we not heard enough of them? Shall we never have done with these miserable squabbles?

No, most assuredly never, until some *just* method of settlement has been found—until we have not only found, but are resolutely holding on to and following the thread which is to lead us out of the labyrinth. Jonah, in old times, when he was set to a work for which he had no stomach, turned away from it, and tried to get out of going through with it, just as men and nations have been doing ever since—as we are now doing by this strike question. He found it all no good at last, and went to Nineveh and did his work. And so all men and nations must do. As to us English of this day, the hook will be put in our noses, and the bridle in our lips, and we shall be brought round, and up, again and again, to this "strike question," and "relations of capital and labour," till we have fairly taken off our coats, and set to work upon it in real earnest.

We have here, then, in the heart of England, and spreading away into remote districts, a civil war raging—a civil war as certainly as there is now civil war in the United States, though, thank God, the weapons are not the same. This is the first fact which we should do well to get thoroughly worked into our understandings. The second important fact is, that this war is getting every year, ay, every day, more determined, more wide-spread, more dangerous. I can remember the time, not many years back, when it was in its guerilla stage. Then strikes were almost always local matters, fought out in a short time, in a small ring. Now a strike in London, Lancashire, Yorkshire, or elsewhere, is felt over the whole kingdom, and in the colonies. The masters are organized, and the men are organized, and those organizations are ever extending and perfecting themselves. The whole of the masters in some trades are in union; several of the men's unions have branches in almost every great town of the United Kingdom, and in Australia and Canada. And these two great hosts under arms are here, at our doors, amongst ourselves—always in the quiet districts keenly watching one another; always in action at some point.

Mr. Cobden is a thorough-going peace man. Surely he might find full exercise for all his powers of making peace here. And he is perhaps in all the kingdom the man who could do most in this way. He has the unbounded confidence of the masters, and he has been a master himself, so that he must thoroughly know their side of the case. He is a master no longer, so that he has no present material interests involved; and he would be more likely than any other man of his weight with the masters to be accepted by the men as an umpire. But there is room for fifty such men as Mr. Cobden. Every one

of us may have a chance of doing something; at any rate every one of us should take the trouble for himself to get at something like the rights of the case. No man with the least pretension to statesmanship can neglect it any longer. Of that I am very sure. Yet so little is done or thought about the matter yet, that, whilst the war is actually raging round us who live in London, the masons and the bricklayers are on strike, and I believe that not one man in one thousand really knows what they are fighting for.

Before trying to answer this question myself, I must just call the reader's attention for a few moments to the contemplation of an eminently popular philanthropic association.

If we may judge by the annual printed reports which our innumerable societies of one kind or another for the regeneration of the world put forth, there is no one of the younger of them more vigorous in these days than the "Early Closing Association." In the report for 1861 there is a list of donations and subscriptions since 1852 of twenty-seven pages in length; and yet it boldly acknowledges a debt of 500*l.*, and appeals for special subscriptions to liquidate the same. Its patrons are three well-known noblemen, and four bishops. The names of its vice-presidents (many of them those of well-known men who would certainly disagree amongst themselves on most questions) fill two long columns. There are no less than twenty-one eminent physicians and surgeons on its medical staff. What their duties may be cannot be gathered from the report; but we have a right to assume that from a sanitary point of view they approve the objects of the Association. The great ladies of London have given in their adhesion to its principles. Four duchesses, thirteen marchionesses, forty-three countesses, ten viscountesses, and other ladies, titled and untitled, so numerous that motives of economy prevent the Association from publishing the list, have publicly and voluntarily pledged themselves to abstain from shopping after two o'clock on Saturdays. The Association lays about on all sides, holds crowded meetings of fashionable folk, of West End tradesmen, City tradesmen, and of tradesmen in all parts of the suburbs; appeals confidently to the press and the pulpit for help, and gets it; is all things to all men, and works indiscriminately with Sabbatarians, Volunteers, Peace Society men, Christian young men, and many who would, I fear, scarcely claim that name. In short, as above stated, it is a most vigorous and prosperous society, and one of those whose principles and objects have been almost universally accepted and commended.

Those objects, as stated on the first page of the report in large type, are—

I. The abridgment of the hours of labour in all departments of industrial life, where necessary, especially on Saturday nights.

II. The adoption of a Saturday half-holiday, where practicable.

III. The early payment of wages.

IV. The rescue of shopkeepers and their assistants from the drudgery of Sunday trading.

The objects of this fashionable and popular association are just those of another association, the doings of which are at present much in men's mouths, but which is neither fashionable nor popular. The committee of this latter association sits daily at the Sun, in Mason Street—a queer little thoroughfare, running out of the Westminster Road, at the back of Astley's Amphitheatre. There are no ladies in this association, or lords either; nor does the name of a single bishop, or other great person, appear anywhere in connexion with it, or with the committee which represents it and sits in Mason Street—except, by the way, that of the Duke of Buccleugh; and he, far from approving or helping forward the views of the association, is bent on quite another course. The association, in short, is the Society of Masons of the United Kingdom, who are working an early closing movement in their way—in doing which, according to their lights, they have disagreed, amongst others, with

the master-builder who has contracted to build the Duke's splendid new house overlooking the Thames; and the Duke is said to have declared, without attempting to hear both sides, that he will support his builder, and wait ten years sooner than he should yield. It is to be hoped the men will make allowances for dukes, and return good for evil by building his house as soon as the present dispute is over.

But, to return to the two associations having this common object, why is it that, wherever one goes, one finds the one applauded and the other condemned in the middle and upper classes?

It is true that we have run into great extravagances in the line of societies for the improvement of all mankind except ourselves, and have thus got into the way of liking to help people, and being somewhat jealous of their attempts to help themselves. But there is enough of English feeling amongst us still to make us like, in a general way, to see independent men standing up for their own rights, if they don't interfere with our interests. Here is a body of men doing this resolutely, quietly, legally (for, be it remembered, there has not been a single case of assault or intimidation since the men went out). We approve, and are ourselves advocating, the principles on which their claims are founded; and yet all the high-class journals, with the exception of the *Spectator* and the *Daily News*, speak of them and their cause with monstrous bitterness and unfairness, and nine out of ten accept their statements without inquiry.

But what claim are these masons, who are fighting the battle for the whole of the building trades, putting forward, which is not included in the "objects" of the Early Closing Association? The present single point in issue is, whether the old and universal custom of a fixed working day of ten hours shall be retained or not. The ten hours' day is from 6 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.—out of which the men get one hour and a half for meals. The circuit within which they work is six miles from St. Paul's; so that many of them have to walk four and five miles to their work and home again, thus making their "day" away from home fourteen or fifteen hours. They find this already too much, and they say that, under the hour system which the masters are trying to force on them, (besides losing positive advantages in the shape of extra pay and privileges, which are serious enough, but beside the simple question) they will be driven to work even longer hours, whenever it suits the master's convenience. They may be mistaken; but, assuming them to be so, is or is not this day's work enough for a man? If it is, why are the men not to be supported? Take the masters' own statements. They say that they will not try to make their men work longer under the hour system, and that their only object in the change was one of conciliation. They have wholly failed in their object of conciliation; so, if they do not really mean to work longer time under the hour system, they can gain nothing by insisting on the change. All other questions are virtually compromised, for the present at any rate. They only embitter the struggle by prolonging it.

They would probably answer, "Yes; "we might give up the hour system, if "we thought it would end the dispute; "but the men have not really given up "their claim for a nine hours' day in- "stead of ten hours for the old wages." I believe that the men have *bonâ fide* given up that claim for the present; but, suppose they have not, what then? The claim is in exact accordance with the public feeling of the country. The country is quite ready to pay for it in the building trades (as it has done without grumbling in many others); why should the masters be so anxious to protect us? It is not easy to see, unless indeed it be, as the men say, that they have already discounted our readiness, and have been charging larger prices for brickwork, &c., without sharing the rise with their workmen.

But there is another way of accounting for the masters' resolution. They may be really meaning to break down

the trades' unions, as they have of late been exhorted to do in the *Times* and other journals. And this I take to be their real meaning; and the fear of trades' unions, which have been always held up as a bugbear to us, has, in fact, turned away all the sympathy of the public from the men's side.

As to breaking up trades' unions, we may as well save ourselves the trouble of talking and thinking about it. The thing cannot be done. They are spread all over the kingdom. They are the strongest organized bodies amongst us. They include and faithfully represent a large majority in numbers of the largest class of the community. As a rule, the best workmen and best men in every trade belong to them; and, of the minority of good men who do not, you will find almost all—even those who have quarrelled with them—admitting that they do good, and are absolutely necessary to the independence of the men in the present state of things.

But, if trades' unions cannot be broken up, cannot they be improved? Surely. They are improving themselves, and that rapidly; but they are by no means what they should be yet. How can we help them?

Teach the schoolmasters political economy, says Mr. Lowe. By all means. It is just one of the things which schoolmasters and pupils need most. But, what political economy will you teach? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who shall instruct our schoolmasters, and, through them, our working people? Shall we set those who believe themselves most able to teach—the professors of the pure gospel of free trade—to the work? The few real truths which they have brought out are already fully acknowledged by their proposed pupils; and, on the deep questions which these feel and know to affect their own daily lives, and not to have been solved in any even approximately satisfactory manner, what sort of teaching are they likely to get from this quarter?

They will be told probably first of all that their unions are wrong in principle. They see and know that these unions have supported them and theirs in sickness and sorrow, have enabled them to maintain their independence against the pressure of masters and foremen. They will be told that the unions must ruin every trade in which they are strong. They see and know that in every trade where there are no unions, or where the unions have been broken down and are feeble (*e.g.* agricultural labour, the slop-tailors in the East of London, the Northampton shoemakers, &c. &c.), there wages are the lowest, and the work-people in the greatest misery. Very probably masters may have a different tale to tell in these same trades. Moses and Son may make large fortunes in them, but the men somehow obstinately refuse to be thankful on this account.

They will be told probably that, when wages fall in a trade, the evil cures itself, for the workmen will leave it. They see and know that, instead of this result, the actual fact is that here in England when wages fall, men do not and cannot leave their trades, but have to bring in their women and children to help to earn the old wage—with what result let the neighbourhood of the Minories and Spitalfields say.

They will be warned against improvidence, against marrying, and so glutting the labour-market by over-production of what it is the fashion to call "hands." They will point at their masters, and ask whether *they* are not over-producing in every direction, shouldering one another at every turn, and recklessly glutting every market which opens to them. They will maintain that, at any rate, there is more to be said for marriage than for hasting to get rich by unwise means. They will tell their would-be teachers to apply this doctrine first at home.

They will be told that it is contrary to the doctrine of free trade that they should try to limit the number of apprentices. They will answer that they are doing no more than their betters in the learned professions, and that it does not lie in the mouths of those who warn them against glutting the labour-market in another way to urge against them this attempt of theirs to limit the supply.

They will be told that "buy cheap and sell dear" is the eternal law of trade. They will answer that they have suffered too much already under it to believe in it, and will cry out for a "just price," a "*fair* day's wages for a *fair* day's work." This has been their war-cry as long as I can remember, and a nobler one it would be not easy to suggest to them.

They will be told that an enlightened selfishness in each individual works the good of all. They will answer that they have never found it so in their line of life, and don't want to have that doctrine get into their unions.

In short, not to go on multiplying instances, the accepted political economy —that "law of the State's household," which sets before itself the accumulation of capital as its highest result—is a law which for them leads to bankruptcy, and they will not listen to its professors. But I know that they are not only ready, but most anxious, for teaching on the matters which Political Economy should deal with if it were true to its name. If any reader doubts this, I can only ask him to attend some of their trades' meetings, or to buy and read a number or two of the few papers which really represent them, such as *The Workman*, price 1*d.*, published at 335, Strand; or, better still, to get some of their trade reports and circulars and study them. There is a prospectus of a trade journal at present circulating amongst the working classes which will show in a few words what subjects are really occupying them. The name of this journal is to be, *Weekly Wages, the Organ of Associated Labour.* The prospectus sets out shortly the want felt by the working classes of a newspaper to represent them truly. "Fair-play," it states, "is "all that labour needs, and all that was "ever demanded for it; and the new "journal—projected by working men, "conducted and written by working "men—will endeavour to place this "fact beyond controversy.

"It will discuss rates of wages—rises "and reductions of wages—strikes— "lock-outs—the hours of labour—nine- "hours' movements — the health of "working men—the education of work- "ing men—trades usages—the character "of working men—what they want and "what they don't want—passing words "to their friends and their enemies— "hints to apprentices—and explanations "to employers.

"For the wars of political faction, or "the personal strife of party, it will care "little and say less.

"Secretaries of trade societies, who "have useful matters to report, will be "able to show to the various trades "through the columns of a trade journal "what has been done by each society in "every town; what is doing—and what "might be done—for the general ad- "vantage.

"At present, when trade disputes "arise, men and societies know too little "of each other's doings, and, losing the "help which could be had if the trade "were known and understood, are dis- "heartened by unmerited failure. This "fighting in the dark is the Inkerman "of labour, where victory is rare, and "often costs more than it is worth.

"Lastly: the new journal will keep "a sharp eye on that latest proof of "working-class capacity and enterprise "—co-operation. It will watch and aid "the great experiment to bring labour "and capital together, and will do what "it can to induce money and work to "make a wedding of it. It will not "seek to prolong a war with capital; "the day of such a weak impolicy is "past. It will aim to enter into an "alliance with it."

These are not wild words, but very serious and sober words. There is nothing in them of violence, or bluster, or blind hatred to other classes, or desire to divide other people's goods, or any of the weaknesses often attributed to the class from which they come by those who fear without knowing anything about it. They let us pretty much into the confidence of the men by whom and for whom they were written. I hope to return to some of the topics which are mentioned in this prospectus.

REMINISCENCE.

The south wind wars against the cold
With spears of silver rain;
The trickling mountain-steeps have rolled
Their garments on the plain.

With thousand thousand violet eyes
Awakening earth surveys
The long unwonted light that lies
On all the woodland ways,

And blithe the chanting waters haste
And sparkle to the deep;
But what, O earth! repays the waste
And ravage of thy sleep?

'Twas morning; from the chill dead sky
Faint gleams of lustre broke,
Like last gold leaves hung tremblingly
Upon a haggard oak.

Like ghosts by tombs, the willows white
Stood weeping by the yew;
Her dark and pinching mantle tight
The moody cypress drew.

There, bowed between the gravestone flat
And column-crowning urn,
We loth and lingering gave thee that
Thou never wilt return.

Then prophesy with blade and bud
The blossom and the grain;
Recall thy singer to the wood,
And bid him build again;

Thou canst not charm us to forget
The captive of thy mould,
Or pay us with a violet
For aught thou hast in hold.

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GOOD AND EVIL: AN ESSAY.

BY DR. FELIX EBERTY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU, AUTHOR OF "THE STARS AND THE EARTH."[1]

IN TWO PAPERS:—PAPER THE FIRST.

THERE are two separate classes of information fitted to engage our attention and call into exercise and occupy our mental faculties. The one of these consists in the communication of facts formerly unknown, such as are adapted to fill up a region of the intellect and imagination which had been lying vacant and blank like a sheet of paper, and is at length to be replenished for the first time with an amount of substantive knowledge. Of this nature are all the discoveries or inventions in the department of the empirical sciences; for, if a new planet be discovered, or some traveller give information concerning the character and state of hitherto untravelled parts of the globe, and describe unknown varieties of plants, minerals, and animals, we open our mind to receive his intelligence, because we could not previously have any idea of things of the existence of which we were wholly unaware. The communications of such an authority find in our mind an unoccupied space, ready to be stored with images and ideas with which every hearer was entirely unacquainted. All the facts in chemistry, natural philosophy and medicine, are of this kind. The first reports of Daguerre's pictures, of the electro-magnetic telegraph, of the wonderful operation of chloroform, produced the same effect upon our minds as the accounts we receive of new discoveries among the islands of the ocean. We take delight in learning something totally new to us, so new that we could have had no idea before that such things could be.

Quite different is the effect of another kind of intellectual communications. For there are certain provinces within our mind, and certain regions of understanding, which no man, who is not quite destitute of thought and feeling, can let remain unfilled and void, waiting for some stranger to give him the solution of the questions comprised therein; but our human nature compels us to render an answer to those questions in our own minds, with such measure of complete-

[1] Some of our readers may remember an ingenious and eloquent little treatise which appeared in an English form some years ago (Baillière, London), under the title of "The Stars and the Earth: Thoughts on Space, Time, and Eternity;" the effect of which was to show how, by an original treatment of certain physical conceptions furnished us by Sidereal Astronomy, some metaphysical notions of a high and abstruse character might be made familiar and interesting to the popular understanding. The author of that treatise, Dr. Felix Eberty, of the University of Breslau, having placed at our disposal this other Essay of his, of which the first portion appears in the present number, we have much pleasure in presenting it to our readers. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of the speculation, it is sure to attract, by the novel trains of thought which it suggests, those who have any taste for such philosophical discussions.—*Editor.*

ness or deficiency as our acuteness or education may enable us to do. Such questions, I mean, as relate to the nature and destination of mankind, to the innate qualities of the human head and heart, and all those questions in general which concern the most intimate and essential attributes of humanity. In those regions we cannot remain quiet and unconcerned until some stranger comes to instruct us; but we must look for some answer ourselves to fill up those regions of our understanding which we cannot leave without any spiritual nourishment. For those intellectual exigencies are quite as urgent as the necessity of keeping alive our bodily existence by taking breath and food. Can anybody, for instance, feel indifferent concerning the question of the immortality of our soul? Can we wait for the solution of that problem as quietly as we waited until the question of the North-west passage was settled by M'Clure? Or, if we are told that till now philosophy has not been able to give a clear definition of beauty, we do not wait for some æsthetic revelation to give us the solution of this problem; but we give our judgment on beauty and ugliness freely, and, undisturbed by scholastic controversies, as well as we may.

There is some further difference between the manners in which we receive those various kinds of instruction. In the natural sciences we acknowledge the authority of those who have excelled in these matters, and few of us will venture to doubt what Humboldt, Arago and Gauss assume to be within the limits of geography, astronomy and mathematics; and, if some discovery is made by a person of less celebrity, we perhaps wait for the consent of one of those eminent heroes of science, and in the meantime we forbear to judge in such a case. But our modesty is not the same in that other order of philosophical researches, where the ideas of virtue, friendship and beauty, are to be defined. Here no earthly authority is able to set us at ease; but we seek for information by our own understanding, and no man will think so poorly of his own mental faculties as not to try to form a judgment for himself even in those questions which have been the problems of the most eminent ancient and modern philosophers. Aristotle, Kant and Hegel are great men; but, with all respect for their wisdom, we are bold enough to look ourselves into the business. This seeming contradiction is to be explained by two reasons. First, the empirical sciences derive their improvement from experiments, and every new and rational experiment marks an improvement. The profoundest thinker and the most learned physician could never by meditation alone have discovered that the powder of Peruvian bark cures the intermitting fever, and experience alone could teach us that iodine is less able to resist the influence of light than any other earthly substance. And so every subsequent chemist is wiser by the experience of his predecessors; and he alone who has a perfect knowledge of this whole series of experiments is able to give a judgment in the questioned cases. Such as are neither professional men nor scholars in that branch must take it for granted that the indicated cause is correct if the foretold effect takes place. Quite different is the nature of other philosophical questions. Whether our soul is immortal, and whether after death we shall be able to remember our former life is not to be proved by experience, nor by experiments, nor will any science derived from experience and experiments be able to dispel our doubts concerning these momentous questions. Therefore, as Lord Macaulay says in his Essay upon Ranke's *History of the Popes*: "As respects natural religion—revelation being for the "present altogether out of the question "—it is not easy to see that a philoso- "pher of the present day is more favour- "ably situated than Thales or Simonides. "As to the great question, what becomes "of man after death, we do not see that "a highly-educated European, left to his "unassisted reason, is more likely to be "in the right than a Blackfoot-Indian."

There is, nevertheless, one point in which the modern philosopher is more

favourably situated than the ancient—that is the possibility of avoiding some of those evident errors and prejudices by which his predecessors have been led astray. The knowledge of these errors is no other thing than the history of philosophy.

These introductory words will bring us to that point from which the attention can be best directed to the following conversation. I make use of the word conversation on purpose, because to converse is the essential form under which philosophical notions must be communicated. Philosophy will not teach facts or experiences, nor any material knowledge; philosophy is more an art than a science—it is the art of thinking correctly. An art cannot be acquired by verbal instruction, but all lessons can only serve as an instigation for the proper activity of the young artist. In the same manner philosophy can but show the way how a man may regulate his thoughts agreeably to the precepts of logic and metaphysics. Therefore it is not a series of facts, but only of suggestions, which I undertake to offer to my readers; and I should not have written in vain, if I succeeded in inducing a reflecting mind to look a little nearer into some of the most interesting provinces of the philosophy of ethics.

The notions of good and evil, therefore, shall be the subject of this conversation—good and evil in that sense in which they are synonymous with morality and immorality. Every one knows what is good and what evil; nay, he must know it. Government requires it, for government punishes the evil and sometimes rewards the good; the community requires it, for it honours good men and despises bad ones; the family requires it—so much so, that fathers and mothers are sovereign judges of the good and evil in their children. These pretensions would be absurd, if one could not reasonably presume that everybody must know what is good and what is evil. But beween knowing and knowing there is a vast difference. One may well know what is an oak-tree or a chestnut-tree, and all of us are able to say what species of tree it is if we look at one of them; but, if we are interrogated in general for the definition of a tree, there are many of us who would be at a loss how to answer such a question, and they would refer us to the botanist, who is the professional man in these matters. Nevertheless, we should not have been able to know that these plants which we pointed out as oak-trees and chestnut-trees were trees, if we had not harboured in our minds some general notion of a tree, if we had not got somehow an indistinct idea about the definition of a tree. Thus it is with good and evil. We all admit that gratitude is a good thing, while thieving is an evil thing; but where are we to look for that general notion of good or evil which imparts to each of these actions its specific character? As to the botanic definition of a tree, nobody needs to be ashamed of acknowledging that he never cared for troubling his mind about the essential characteristics of a tree; but certainly no one can be found who will be ready to confess that he had never been occupied with the thought what good and evil in reality are. For the good is the real element of our life, wherein we breathe and move and live; and it cannot be doubted, but every one of us possesses certain rules and principles according to which he forms his judgment upon every human action, though perhaps he never knew exactly himself that this was the case.

It being the problem of this whole disquisition to discover a correct definition of good and evil, it appears that we cannot give such a definition in the beginning, but that this must be the end and the final conclusion of the whole conversation. Nevertheless, so much may be stated already, that good and evil, synonymous with moral and immoral, are human notions. Moral or immoral stones do not exist, nor are plants and beasts good or evil, or moral and immoral; and, if such expressions occur, they are meant in a figurative or poetical sense. The sky, sun, and stars have nothing to do with morality and immorality, and the proverb says that sunshine and rain are poured out in-

discriminately upon good and bad men. Mankind alone on earth is good or bad; and that is so true, and is to be taken in so strict a sense, that with the extinction of mankind the notions of good and bad would simultaneously cease from the earth. Man alone, or, to set it down more strictly still, man's actions alone are good and bad; or, rather, not the actions, but the will and the intention which made a man act thus. A human action, if we do not look out for the intention and feeling of the author of this action, is neither good nor bad; but such an action is a mere fact, it is an occurrence which cannot be said to be good or bad. It is not hard to prove this assertion. It was said before that gratitude is good; but it is only the grateful intention which is good, it is the craving of the soul to render good for good. The action by which we show our kindness is, as an action alone, neither good nor bad; for, if a man takes his old father and mother into his house to sustain them by the labour of his hands, and deprives himself for their sakes of his own comforts, he acts out of gratitude and thankfulness only in as much as he does so by impulse of that feeling which makes him wish to reward those persons who, from the day when he came into the world, did for him all they could to promote his welfare and happiness, regardless of their own interest and their own pleasure. If, on the other side, his good behaviour towards his parents sprang from the desire of gaining a good reputation, or from vanity and pride, so that he would not have fulfilled his obligations if he could have secured for himself the renown of a virtuous man by other means, then we shall naturally cease to praise his behaviour, and to call him a good man and a good son; we should, on the contrary, despise him, and call him a hypocrite, who endeavoured to mislead the judgment of his fellow-men by assuming the appearance of a disposition which was not his own.

This example will suffice to put it out of dispute that good and bad may in reality only be attributed to the motives of human actions, and that these expressions—well understood if used synonymously with moral and immoral—are not applicable to any other thing on earth. It is true that we speak of good and evil, or good and bad, in many other instances. So we say that light, and heat, and humidity are good for vegetables—that is to say, they further their growth and thriving; or, if we speak of a good and an evil influence, of good tools and good materials, and if we call that wind ill which blows nobody good, then we have in all these cases made use of the expressions of good and evil in such a signification as has nothing to do with our present undertaking, having merely in view that good and evil which is the same as moral and immoral, and which, as we have demonstrated, cannot be applied but to the motives of human actions.

To return to our starting point, we remarked that every body who cares about being good grounds his judgment of good and evil on certain principles. These principles are not the same with all men. Three distinct manners of viewing these questions may be discerned. Man either plainly and artlessly follows his inward feeling and the unsophisticated voice of his conscience; or he every moment knows himself to be one and intimately connected with his God, and he endeavours to fulfil the Divine commandments, such as he has received them by revelation and instruction. Thus he acts from love to God, and from obedience to His behests. But men of a third class endeavour to investigate the laws of human nature, and to find out the principles which will guide them on the path of virtue and morality. They follow that truth which their intellect has shown them to be truth; and love of truth alone is the the guide who points out to them the way through life, because they do not acknowledge any higher precepts than those which result from their philosophical investigation. They have adopted for a device the words of that ancient writer who said, "Aristotle and Plato "are my friends, but truth is a better "friend than both." All these different

ways lead almost to the same end. The first class of men, who follow the voice of their conscience alone, without troubling themselves much with thinking and reasoning, do well; but they certainly will feel no necessity to inquire into the nature of good and evil. To such the words of Goethe are addressed—"To "him who does not think are given gratis "the mighty results of science." And such a man will scarcely be inclined to accompany us further in search after the true notion of good and evil, and so we may take leave of him. The second was the pious and God-living man; he also has the answer ready, when questioned, what is good and evil. Good is what is in the Scriptures, and evil what is contrary to them; so he does not want either any instruction from philosophy, and theology alone will be able to furnish him with such further explanations as he may feel the need of. But the third class of men, who are bold enough to seek for themselves their way through the mazes of life, under the guidance of their own rational understanding, —let us see whether they will be able to gain the point at which they aim, or if their understanding will be found insufficient for steering their boat through the waves and winds of human life.

As the science which treats of the rational principles of human action is called ethics, we are well entitled to call that man an ethical man, who, by conforming to the precepts of ethics, undertakes to embody the principles of that science in his own life. Such an one is quite as conscious as any of his fellow-travellers through life, of his being a creature of God Almighty, and of his being dependent upon God's will in all and in everything. And yet this consciousness of dependence is of another kind than that of the pious and religious man, who feels himself like a child of God; whose paternal hand leads him on every step of his earthly pilgrimage; who sends him affliction and adversities to try and to better him; and who causes him to prosper, and gives him success in his undertakings, to fortify his soul and to give him courage to proceed. On the other hand, that man whom we called ethical is more inclined to consider himself as a grown-up son of his heavenly father, without forgetting for a moment that he owes all his faculties and the whole of his existence to God as a gift; but he endeavours to make use of that gift, not as a child, but as an independent man—like a son whom his father sends out on a voyage, in a well-built ship, with a rich cargo, and with all supplies and instruments to secure a happy passage for him. Such a navigator would be a very bad man, and a thankless son, if he forgot that everything in his possession was given him by his father, and that without his help he would be perfectly unable to thrive in life; but the voyage itself, and the steering and directing of the ship is given into his own hand, and there is no possibility of consulting his father and benefactor in any emergency occurring on the way, but he must look out for himself, and confide in his own skill and strength. History shows us such characters more than once. The ancient world looked upon Cato as an example of such a hero of independent morality, and in modern times we may proclaim the philosopher Fichte as a fitting counterpart of the ancient hero.

If we contemplate the images of these three different kinds of men, who all have the intention to do right, and to be good men—viz., the pious man; the man who, without much thinking, does follow the instincts of his nature; and, last, the ethical man—it cannot be doubted but the loveliest picture, and that which will please us most, will be that of the religious man. But the subject of our essay being to find out the philosophical notion of good and evil, we must part with him, and direct our attention to the ethical man, to wander with him in those cooler regions which are under the government of understanding and rationality. Through that domain the ethical man will be our most fitting guide. But, it being my wish to leave no doubt whatever about the manner in which I look at these three different classes of morally-acting persons, we may be permitted to illustrate our

meaning by a simile taken out of another sphere of ideas.

It is known that every euphony—for instance, the chord of three sounds—is produced by touching three strings, whose length is determined by a strict mathematical proportion. If a string of a certain length sounds C, then another string of the same thickness, but of double length, will sound C also, but an octave deeper; five quarters of the original length sounds E, and three halves give G. Struck together, these three strings, therefore, will give us the accord of C major. Now, it is apparent that the beautiful harmony of such a chord is quite as intensely felt by a man conscious of this proportion of the strings as by one who is not; but the theorist is able to calculate beforehand what must be the proportion of strings which shall sound well together. Now, these first principles of musical theory may be applied to the whole compass of the science of harmony; and Euler, the celebrated mathematician, had made himself master of this theory in such a degree, that he affirmed his ability to construct, by mere calculation, a fuga on every given musical theme. Graun, famous as composer of the Oratorio of the Death of Christ, would not believe that such a thing was possible; and both Euler and Graun agreed to lay a wager as to whether such a piece of music could be calculated by the theorist. The result was, that on the fixed day the mathematician and the composer produced each a fuga on the chosen theme. Both works were perfectly correct, and corresponding to the rules of counter-point; but the difference was this, that Graun's music was at the same time in the highest degree melodious and interesting, while the work of Euler was stiff and cold, and unable to awake any musical enjoyment in the hearers. Was it, therefore, quite worthless? As a work of art it certainly possessed scarcely any value; but, for the study of science, and for him who made himself master of the theory of composition, there was, perhaps, more to be learned by a perfect understanding of the manner in which Euler had performed his task, than by the delight of hearing a beautiful composition of a famous artist. If we compare these three persons—Euler, Graun, and an impartial amateur, who, perhaps, was chosen as arbiter between the betters—and if we contemplate the manner in which these three persons executed the art of music, and enjoyed the productions of this art, we then shall have a fitting counterpart to the different manner in which we saw the three different kinds of men behave toward the theory of morality, or of good and evil. The highly-gifted genius of Graun would correspond to the pious and religious, for his work came out of the depths of his soul and his heart; the musical amateur would be compared to him who, without much troubling himself about speculating, acts as his moral inclination leads him; and the theorist would then resemble him whom we called the ethical m n.

This example will be sufficient to repel the error of those who may be inclined to opine, that in our estimation the fulfilment of moral commandments is more praiseworthy if it is the result of speculation and of philosophy, than if a man, by his piety alone, is induced to follow the precepts of ethics and of religion; but, our problem being to define the strictest notion of good and evil, we shall come more easily to our point by the way on which philosophy leads us.

In order to gain a point from which to start, we will take it for granted that good is the rule according to which a man must regulate his actions, and that evil is the contrary thereof. In this sentence, the notion of good is in no manner defined, because there is nothing stipulated about the precepts which that rule may imply, so that it is our task to make out the substance and the meaning of such a rule for human actions; but, if good is the rule for human actions, we must begin by stating what human actions are, and that leads us to the question, What may be the notion of humanity and mankind itself? What is man? Here, again, we cannot rest satisfied with our facility of pronouncing that a being whom we see, and who

comes forward to meet us, is a human being, although even that is not always so easy as it appears; for there is a gradation, an ascending scale, in which every kind of earthly creature is preceded by a lower one, and followed by a higher one, beginning from stones and metals, and ending in that most perfect of all creatures, man. The transitions from one class to another are in no way abrupt; and there are species of corals, for instance, which render it difficult for the observer to decide whether he sees a stone, a plant, or an animal. Man is separated from his fellow-creatures in a more perceptible manner than all others, in the same manner as he is endowed with greater prerogatives than the rest of the creation. Nevertheless, there exist human beings, persecuted by men, who render it difficult to acknowledge them as human beings at all; for there is a gradation downwards, from the soundness of a perfect human individual, through the manifold disorders of mind and body, through imbecility and cretinism; and, lower still, down to creatures whose vital energy shows itself in no other thing but in the process of alimentation and digestion, and even that in an imperfect degree. In one of the infirmaries of Paris, at Bicètre I think, there is a strictly and systematically arranged museum of such unfortunate creatures, ascending from the lowest degree of imbecility upwards to those who are almost healthy. It is apparent that for us who, in this disquisition, move within the regions of morality and immorality, many of these creatures cannot be regarded as beings to whom the rules of morality may be applied; and it was therefore not needless to show that the question, "What is a man?" is not to be called a useless subtlety. But, independently of those medical and physiological difficulties attached to a correct definition of mankind, we may learn from the widely-differing sentences of the philosophers of different ages that it is not easy to give such a definition. Let us try to solve this riddle without puzzling ourselves by the contradictory sentences of others.

Inasmuch as earthly things are discussed, we are perfectly entitled to regard this planet of ours as a whole, viz., as an entire Being composed of organs, of which every one has a function of its own, serviceable to the existence of the Entire. From this point of view we must be aware that the different classes of creatures perform their tasks in several different modes. The simplest beings, the stones and metals, seem, by their very weight and gravitation, to fulfil their destination either in solitary repose or by a massy assemblage, without a distinct form or movement. They want no second being for their existence, and they undergo no change till after hundreds or thousands of years by the decomposing power of the elements, and not till then they enter into affinity and cohesion with organic productions. One step higher in the above-mentioned scale we meet the crystals geometrically formed, and gradually we arrive at the region of plants, passing through the intermediate ambiguous organisations between the mineral and the plant. Among the plants we perceive that the greatest number grow single, so that every individual plant produces from and by itself flowers, fruits, and new individuals of the same kind. But we also know a great number of plants which can be propagated only by two—the female blossom being fructified by a male one. This existence in pairs is the rule in the world of animals, and no animal isolated from all other individuals of his species can develop all his innate forces and faculties. Many live together in swarms, herds, and shoals; partly in multitudes assembled to no evident purpose—for instance, the ephemerides and gnats; partly in crowds, united for the performance of some common task, as bees, ants, beavers, and many others. This work of theirs will be completed within the space of some seasons, and every new generation recommences the same work. The bees of Homer gathered the same honey and built the same cells as now-a-days.

But of all earthly creatures there is none that fulfils its destination in greater or closer association than men.

The task they have to perform cannot be accomplished, either by one single man or by an association of single men, nor even by one or several human generations; but humanity in general—that is, the totality of all men who lived, and who live now, and who are to live afterwards—has the vocation to build up that one vast and everlasting edifice whose foundation was laid by Adam, the first of men, and whose completion even the last of all men shall not live to see, because its dimensions are as endless as eternity. This community of labour is so immediately and so deeply founded in human nature from its beginning, that an isolated, and at the same time perfect, man cannot be conceived. We should certainly proclaim that man alone to be a perfect man, whose corporeal and mental faculties were all developed and worked out to the utmost of their perfectibility; but this is a claim almost contradictory to the nature of the single individual, for, if we suppose a man totally and perfectly isolated from all other individuals of his species, such a man could not even be a rational being, but at the utmost could be proclaimed to be a being endowed with the possibility of attaining rationality. A rational being must necessarily be able to have thoughts. Thoughts cannot be formed without a language; for without words it is not only impossible to utter thoughts and to communicate them, but even to think at all. Feelings only and sensations may be had and uttered without articulated words—such feelings and sensations as we may attribute to unthinking animals. But for thoughts the word is quite the same as the body is for the soul; and the human mind is quite as unable to have thoughts or to utter them without words, as the soul of an individual can manifest itself through words and actions without a corporeal body. Now, words and language cannot exist without the pre-existence of a manifold conversation and co-operation of different men; and one isolated rational man, therefore, without any previous communication with other men, is the product of a mere abstraction, contradictory to human nature and to the results of experience.

If, therefore, man requires contact with other individuals of his species in order to become a rational being, and not only such a being as is endowed with the possibility of acquiring reason, how much more does he require such a contact if his other talents and faculties shall be developed to perfection! If, for instance, a man has talents for some art or handicraft, he not only requires a teacher to instruct him—because, without such instruction, he will never come farther than to coarse experiments and unskilful results—but he requires further the help of all those trades and professions which prepare the materials to which he is to give an artistical shape. History, which, in its endless variety, offers us examples for all and everything, has preserved for us accounts of unhappy little children who, by some accident, have been separated in their infancy from the company of all other men, and who, notwithstanding, have been preserved by a coincidence of favourable circumstances. They were discovered in a state of perfect degeneration, more resembling beasts than human beings, climbing upon trees in the wood, and unable to utter articulate sounds, nay, inaccessible to all efforts for taming and educating them. If, on the other hand, we look at Robinson Crusoe, who, on his deserted island, creates and rules a little state, being at once the only master and subject of it in his own person, that does not contradict our proposition, for Robinson Crusoe had carried with him to his island the results of European civilization—that is, intrinsically, the assistance of millions of men by whose efforts and co-operation alone civilization can be realized. An isolated human individual as such, apart from all other human beings, can only be a fit subject for the physiologist or the anatomist. The metaphysician may contemplate one single man only in such a manner as the natural philosopher contemplates a single bee. This little insect, as an individual, would be perfectly unintel-

ligible to him, for all its qualities and faculties and the whole structure of his little body are such as that in beehives alone they can be developed and made use of. No single bee alone is able to build a cell, or to gather wax and honey; it wounds beasts and men, and rushes with its sting on the defenceless drone. Such an isolated bee is an unemployed, cruel, bloodthirsty little thing; whereas, on the contrary, the republic of a beehive, with its constitutional queen, shows us a community representing all that is order, industry, and conviviality; but, to learn this, we must not dwell upon the contemplation of the individual, but we must rise up to the survey of the whole; otherwise, we never shall understand in how much the individual forms an organical part of the entire. We are in general not accustomed to look at mankind as at one great and organized whole, and to conceive that all human individuals are blended together into such a whole, not only in an abstract and metaphysical sense, but in a very material and almost physiological sense. It may, therefore, be expedient to look a little nearer at this proposition.

It has often been repeated that man is of a social disposition; but we are used to understand this statement as if he were endowed with such friendly and good-natured dispositions as lead him to seek for the society of others, and to be useful to his fellow men, and not to continue single and anchoretical; and this propensity is mentioned as something worthy of praise and acknowledgment. But we must repeat it with all possible emphasis, that this sociality of man is by no means something voluntary or spontaneous, but that an irresistible necessity compels us to be social; and that, therefore, such a sociality is neither a subject of praise nor of vituperation, but must be understood as an innate and integral part and parcel of humanity itself. By what means it has been effected that men should be so inseparably connected one with all others, and what kind of instinct has compelled them from the beginning to live in families, in communities, and in states—that is a mystery which our Almighty Creator has reserved for Himself to know, as well as He alone knows what instigation compels the bees to help one another when they build their cells. This mystery is alluded to in more than one tradition of ancient mythology. Some of my readers will know what Plato relates in his "Symposium" about the giants who undertook to take Olympus by storm. In the beginning, so the story goes, men were not framed as they are now-a-days, but the first created of them were almost of a cylindrical form. On a round body they carried four arms and four legs, and a double head crowned the whole. These creatures were strong and mighty; like huge cylinders they rolled on their eight limbs, and their strength and fierceness were such, that the gods and goddesses began to think themselves no longer secure on their Olympus. Therefore, Jove, to master them, was obliged to cut in two every one of those monsters, so that each half had only one head and two legs and arms. From that time they were weaker, and no more to be feared by the gods; but the separated halves were possessed with an unquenchable desire of reuniting themselves with their other halves, and, whenever two such met who had formerly been united, they rushed together again in a mutual embrace. Far bolder interpretations of such ancient legends have been undertaken than that which I now propose, viz. that it alludes to the mystic unity of mankind; but, if we would make such a myth correspond to the notion given by us in the preceding lines, we would remodel it almost in the following manner. In the beginning, earth had produced only one single rational being, which was master and king of all nature, animate and inanimate. This being had millions of heads, and many millions of arms and legs, and every one of these heads invented some other art or science, and the arms executed what had been invented by the heads, and the limbs had divided the whole of the work, so that some tilled the ground and pro-

duced the aliments, and others worked out the raw produce, and others besides transferred mountains and piled up stones to roof over and to shelter the giant body, and there was no power able to resist him in the execution of his projects. This many-limbed Briareus, Lord of the Earth, must, of course, prove a very self-sufficient being. Since he could fulfil all his desires and satisfy all his passions without any help, he never thought of God, but perhaps took himself for the Sovereign Master of the World. In order to humble him and to make him conscious of his dependent state, God dashed him to pieces, and dissevered his huge body into an infinite number of separate beings, scattering them over the surface of the earth. These new inhabitants of the soil had lost their unity of action, their volition being no more directed by that common head which had ruled the movements of the former body. So they erred severally at random, without aim and direction; but they were stirred by a vague remembrance of, and yearning for, their former state, which forced them to help each other consciously and unconsciously, and to minister to each other, so that they might lord it over the earth with a variety of government, though they were single and isolated.

Thus we have symbolized our notion of the organic unity of mankind, because we are anxious to impress our readers with this idea as forcibly as possible. For it is difficult for us to consider ourselves as children, the begotten of this our earth, because we move freely upon it, and are not rooted in its depths as the plants are; yet, though we can wander on the surface of the earth, we are unable to sever the soles of our feet from the ground, and, if we try to elevate ourselves never so little above the surface, we are soon reminded by gravitation of our connexion with our mother earth. But, though our organic union with the earth is in every moment proved by gravitation, no such manifest force of nature exists to make us feel that organic union with our fellow-men which we endeavoured to illustrate. How hard is it for us to be ever aware of this, our close connexion with all other men—so close, that the very existence of every one of us is rooted in the existence of all others, and that none of us could be even so much as a man without the others! Rather than think ourselves connected with and dependent upon every other man, we like to consider ourselves free and independent, owing to our innate and permanent notion of personal freedom. But, in spite of this freedom of our will, it appears that the varied occupations of mankind are, by disposal of a higher order, so distributed among the individuals that no one can be quite idle and unemployed upon earth. The English are proud of their discovery of the division of labour; but nature had made such a discovery long before them, for there is no division of labour more perfect than that which we may observe in mankind in general. As often as things are to be produced for the use of all, and such as we require for our daily existence, there are millions of men ready to produce such necessary articles; and if, on the other hand, the achievement of such works is required as are to be done only once in a century, or a longer space of time, because the enjoyment and the understanding thereof is sufficient to occupy the human race for a long period, in such a case there appear on earth, at long intervals, some happily-gifted heroes of art and science, or of war and politics, to perform those imposing tasks, shedding their light through vast periods of history. Nay, if we look more accurately into the matter, we are entitled to say that not two men on earth are doing quite the same thing. The furrow drawn into the soil by one labourer is almost as different from that drawn by another, as the handwriting of one man is distinguishable from other handwritings; and a well-skilled farmer will mark the difference, quite in the same manner as the writing-master is able to tell whether or not two letters are written by the same person. And a thousand times more varied than those furrows

and characters are the thoughts and sensations of men; and the different mental faculties must show their influence upon the deeds and actions of individuals, so that not two human actions can be quite equal to each other, in the same manner as not two leaves of a tree can be found perfectly alike. It may, perhaps, be difficult, in the daily and trivial occurrences of life, to show that even there the individuals do not act as mere indifferent unities among other unities of the same species, but that every one of them is a particular and essential organical part of mankind, and that what he does cannot be done in the same way by any other man living.

In those things which appear to us more important because we are not on that sublime height from which all things, great and small, would appear to us of equal magnitude, it is easier to explain how entirely each individual nature has a character of its own, and is necessary in its own place.

It will not be disputed that such productions cannot be brought forth by proxy, and that if Schiller had not written his *Wallenstein*, or Shakespeare his *Hamlet*, no other man on earth would have composed these poems with the same words, or the same disposition of action. Now, an eminent poetical production operates on the thoughts and sentiments of the hearers and readers, and not seldom awakes in their minds resolutions fraught with influence on their future way of thinking and acting. All such consequences would not have taken place if the poetical or rhetorical work in question had not been brought to light; and so the mental disposition and the improvement of thousands would have undergone an alteration, had not this one individual poet or artist presented us with his work. In the same manner, though on a smaller scale, every one of us is working and operating within his narrow compass, coming in contact with the spheres of others, and altering their course. Those mutual influences may be compared to what the astronomers call perturbations of the course of planets, every one of which influences and alters at every moment the course of all other planets, and is influenced reciprocally by them. We call these perturbations, not because the real course of the planet is perturbed, or brought into disorder, but because an alteration is perceived in that course in which the astronomer would prefer to see the planet going, because then his calculations might follow the star with less difficulty. In this manner the course of every man's life disturbs the career of all others, and though, perhaps, in most cases, these perturbations are so small and imperceptible that they escape our human observation, yet they undoubtedly exist, and the good done by one of us benefits whole generations, as surely as the evil done by one proves an evil for all others. It is interesting to attend to this division of labour among men in those spheres in which it may more easily be observed. So in the looms of art and science, the thread broken long since is newly tied and woven into warp and woof after the lapse of many centuries, when it is least expected. A small manual of mathematics, now intelligible for a fifth form boy, is the joint result of the investigations of Euclid, Archimedes, Newton, Lagendre, and Gauss; and a boy's hand may pluck the noblest fruits of the genius of the loftiest minds. Thus each one works into the hands of the other, and so we perceive the unity of all who seem to wander in separate walks, every one by himself, apparently unmindful of the others, whereas truly all of them are as many branches of the great tree of humanity, springing from the same root, from the hidden depths of eternity. So floats the blossom of that poetical waterflower, seemingly unconnected and free on the liquid level, and floating meets her sister-blossom, and nobody but an experienced botanist knows that they are rooted closely side by side in the bottom of the lake.

"AUTUMNA."

A BOLD brunette she is, radiant with mirth,
Who comes a-tripping over corn-fields cropped;
Fruits, flowers, and full ears, from her garland dropped,
Carpet her feet along the gladdened earth;

For round her brow glitters a careless crown
Of bronzèd oak, and apple-leaves, and vine;
And russet-nuts and country berries twine
About her gleaming shoulders and loose gown.

Like grape at vintage, when its ripe blood glows,
Glows so her sweet cheek, summer-touched but fair,
And like grape-tendrils, all her wealth of hair,
Gold on a ground of brown, nods as she goes;

Grapes too, a-spirt, her brimming fingers bear,
A dainty wine-press, pouring wet and warm
The crimson river over wrist and arm,
And on her lips—adding no crimson there!

Ah! golden autumn hours—fly not so fast!
Let the glad Lady long with us delay;
The sunset makes the sun so wished-for,—stay!
Of three fair sisters—loveliest and the last!

But after laughter ever follows grief,
And Pleasure's sunshine makes the shadow Pain;
Even now begins the dreary time again,
The first dull patter of the first dead leaf.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

ROMSOE CHURCH: A LEGEND FROM THE BALTIC.

BY PRINCE FREDERICK OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

THE following story has already been twice referred to in the publications of this country. It was mentioned for the first time in the *Casket*, a periodical printed some twenty or thirty years ago at Glasgow; and it has also lately been again brought into notice by Mr. Horace Marryat, in his recent book upon Denmark. The first of these accounts but few readers may have seen; the second is so unsatisfactory and even inaccurate, that it may be well to narrate this curious story in its true and traditional form, as it is told in the nurseries of its native country, and thereby handed down from one generation to another. There may be some hazard in doing so in these days of enlightened criticism, when many people are more inclined to be sceptics than believers; yet even to them the legend may not be altogether without interest, as it furnishes an illustration of a most

contested mode of recording the events of the past,—namely, oral tradition, such as is still the habit in some few places in the north, although with more southern nations it has long been out of practice.

Toward the middle of the last century, the peaceful inhabitants of the parish of Romsoe, a secluded rural community on the shores of the Ise-Fiord, in the north-western part of the island of Seeland, were equally perplexed and alarmed by the sudden appearance of a large ship off their unfrequented coast, which for several days kept cruising about the neighbourhood. As the majority of the inhabitants about Romsoe consisted of a sea-faring population, the old sailors and fishermen were not long in finding out that the mysterious stranger was a foreign man-of-war; but they were entirely at a loss how to account for her presence, as Denmark was at that time at peace with all the world. After sundry consultations they went, according to custom, to their much respected pastor, a venerable old man, and begged of him to offer up prayers for their safety and preservation from any calamities that might possibly arise in consequence of this extraordinary phenomenon; for as such they could not help considering the strange apparition. It was not a long time, however, before those simple minds recovered their wonted equanimity; and most of them had ceased even to speculate about this event, when, in the middle of one of the following nights, the good pastor was roused from his quiet slumbers by repeated knocks at the door of his house. On first getting up he thought that it was merely some message from one of his parishioners for him to come and baptize a newly-born child, or to administer the last consolations to some dying person; but he was utterly confounded when, on getting to the door, he perceived three strangers—an officer in uniform, accompanied by two marine soldiers, armed with loaded muskets. His heart failed him sadly; but, before he could recover from his surprise, the officer advanced, and, holding a written document in his hand, accosted him in good Danish, though with an unmistakably foreign accent. "My orders are," said he in a firm but courteous voice, "to conduct you instantly to your church, there to wed a couple, who are expecting your arrival. You must allow yourself to be led blindfolded by my men without hesitation or resistance, under the most solemn promise of eternal secresy. If you object in the slightest degree to any of these conditions, I am commanded to shoot you on the spot."

There was no help but to obey; so the old man returned to his room, to finish dressing, and at the same time to tell his wife not to mind his absence. He then resigned himself into the hands of the strangers, by whom he was blindfolded and led to the church, which is situated in a lonely spot, at some distance from the village, not far from the shore, and surrounded by a little cemetery, planted with shrubs and trees.

They led him away in silence; and the bandage was not removed from his eyes until he actually stood in the church, where he was still more bewildered by a strange scene. The whole place was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with people, but of a far different aspect from its habitual peaceful congregation—for they seemed nearly all to be warriors. The pews and the nave were filled with foreign marine soldiers and sailors, all in green uniform and fully armed, as if on parade or prepared for battle. In front of the altar stood the bridal couple, surrounded by a number of officers. The bridegroom had all the marks of a high-bred man. He wore a richer uniform than the rest, had a star upon his breast, and seemed a young though sullen-looking man. The bride was a lovely lady with a rich dress, and she had an angelic countenance; but her beauty could not hide a sad expression and deadly pallor.

Such was the sight that dazzled the good parson's eyes when he stood in the church. After he had been introduced

to the bridal pair, the officer who had conducted him thither, and who acted throughout as interpreter,—for they all spoke a foreign, and to him unintelligible, language,—commanded him in the name of the bridegroom to take a solemn oath upon the Bible of unconditional compliance and eternal secresy with regard to what was to be done, and what he might see upon the occasion. Although this proceeding was most irregular, there was no help for it but to obey. So the old clergyman swore tremblingly to what they exacted from him. After this he was made to solemnize the marriage—when there was produced a very elegant sort of certificate, such as is used for royal persons, which he himself, the bridegroom and bride, and their witnesses, signed in due form, instead of writing their names in the register of the church, as is the usage upon ordinary occasions.

Hereupon he was again blindfolded, and hurried back to his house by the same men who had brought him to the place, and there left with the injunction not to stir until the next morning.

He was, however, too much excited to remain quiet; so he told his wife that he had only come back to fetch something which he had previously forgotten, and then, in spite of his fears, crept out of doors again, and returned on a bye-road to the neighbourhood of the church, where he concealed himself unobserved behind the stone wall of the cemetery, among some bushes. From this hiding-place he could see that the mysterious congregation had not yet left the place. The lights were still burning, and the people seemed to him occupied in chanting a kind of strange, but very solemn and melodious hymn; when, all of a sudden, he was startled by the report of a single shot fired within the building, and followed by one single piercing shriek. Then all was still; the lights were extinguished; and, some time after, he perceived that a silent procession began to move from the church towards the neighbouring seashore. But he was too frightened to see or remember more, and returned home by the same road he had last come by, as soon as it was safe for him to move.

On the following morning he, as a matter of course, immediately repaired to the church, in order to discover, if possible, a clue to this strange event, and to try and find out something about the tragedy which he suspected to have been enacted whilst he was listening from his hiding-place to what appeared to be, and could have been, nothing else than a most sinister deed. But, on a first inspection, every trace of the scene of the preceding night seemed to him to have as utterly vanished as if the whole had been a mere dream. Without wishing or daring to violate his involuntary oath, he could not, however, resist the temptation of availing himself of the aid of his sexton, an old and trustworthy man, who, besides his communal office, had for many years held the position of a confidential servant to the good pastor. From this circumstance there had sprung up between them a sort of intimacy by no means uncommon in such cases. To this man he therefore threw out all sorts of vague hints of his suspecting that something might have happened of late in or about the church, and that he considered it part of their official duties to make, in all quietness and secresy, such searches on the spot, as would show whether these suspicions had any real foundation or not. They, consequently, went together to the church, and, after having prudently locked the doors from within, renewed in common the hitherto fruitless examination of the place. They went into every corner, and looked at everything, until they grew tired, and were on the point of giving up all hopes of finding any traces that might lead them to discover something, when the sexton suddenly perceived that one of the great flagstones in front of the altar, which covered the opening into one of the ancient family vaults under the church, had recently been moved. The good parson was seized with violent alarm, fearing to find his worst suspicions confirmed; and his friend soon

participated, though as yet but vaguely, in his misgivings. By means of the tools which were used in digging the graves, and are usually kept in a remote corner of rural churches, as well as by dint of perseverance, the two succeeded at last, though not without much toil, in removing the heavy stone from its place. On descending into the vault, they were startled to find a perfectly new coffin, of plain wood, without any plate, or other indication upon it, to show whose remains it might contain. This induced them carefully to open it; and there lay the great lady, beautiful in death, as she had been during her lifetime, with her nuptial veil for a winding-sheet. In her left breast there was a gun-shot wound, the bullet of which must have passed right through her heart. The good pastor cried with awe and sorrow, for he thought of her pale and mournful look when he united her "until death" with the sullen bridegroom. The sexton was dumb-struck at first; but, upon seeing that his master knew more about it, he pressed him until the story came out. Then they closed the coffin again, and replaced the large stone over the vault; and the clergyman made the sexton swear, before they left the church, that he would never, unless authorized by him, reveal the awful story.

In the meantime the foreign man-of-war had vanished before the next morning without a trace. The secret was most conscientiously kept by the two men; and nobody else in the place even so much as suspected what had happened during that dark night, and who had then been added to the silent inmates of Romsoe Church vault.

Some time after this, perhaps some years—for the epoch is not stated—the old clergyman became ill, and felt that his last hour was approaching. He was a really good man, and might have died in peace, if it had not been for the dreadful secret which was weighing heavily upon his conscience. By his oath of office each clergyman in Denmark is bound conscientiously to enter all such transactions as are connected with baptisms, marriages, and burials, and what else belongs to the offices of the church, in the parish registers, in order that these records may, as the occasion requires, serve as legal evidence. For this reason, and because of the oath of secresy which he had been frightened into swearing, he was sorely perplexed; until at last he could not bear it any longer. So he made his wife promise him also to keep the secret; whereupon he dictated the story to her, which she wrote into the church register. This statement he signed himself; and, on account of its extraordinary nature, he made his wife and the sexton also put their signatures to it as witnesses. He then pasted the leaves of the book upon which the story was entered carefully together, in order that no one might see it, at all events, before his death.

When, after the decease of the old clergyman, a new incumbent was appointed to the parish of Romsoe, and he came to look at the records of the church, his attention was, of course, attracted by these leaves, which had been pasted together with such evident care. But, as it was part of his duty to be acquainted with their contents, he did not hesitate to separate them; and there he found, to his no small surprise, the above extraordinary story, formally written down and attested, so that it left no room for doubting its truth. As this event seemed to him equally strange and important, he wrote at once an official letter to his bishop, who forwarded it to the minister of Public Instruction in Copenhagen. By way of acknowledgment of this letter, he is said to have received a somewhat severe reply, rebuking him for such an excess of official zeal, and at the same time ordering him to send the register itself immediately to the capital. Some weeks afterwards, the records of Romsoe parish were returned to their proper place; but the leaves containing this story had been cut out. There the matter, as far as tradition is concerned, ends. Since then the rumour has been prevalent, that the strange ship was a Russian man-of-war, which brought a Russian

prince to that secluded place, there secretly to be married to a princess of Gottorp, for political purposes. The object of this seems to have been, on the part of the bridegroom, to become united to this lady, apparently against her will, and then, after having secured for himself the advantages arising out of such a union, to get rid of his unhappy bride at the very moment when the fact of the marriage had been formally established.

Such is the story of Romsoe Church, as told by the people themselves. No one in the country doubts its truth; yet no one has been able to ascertain the particulars of the tragic event. It remains, therefore, for future historians to explain who the bridegroom and bride really were, why they were married in so mysterious a manner, and what were the dark objects for which the beautiful lady of the story was murdered in such an extraordinary and revolting manner.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLES'S RETREAT UPON LONDON.

Passing out of the park, Charles set down his burden at the door of a small farm-house at the further end of the village, and knocked. For some time he stood waiting for an answer, and heard no sound save the cows and horses moving about in the warm straw-yard. The beasts were in their home. No terrible new morrow for them! He was without in the street; his home irrevocable miles behind him; still not a thought of flinching or turning back. He knocked again.

The door was unbarred. An old man looked out, and recognised him with wild astonishment.

"Mr. Charles! Good lord-a-mercy! My dear tender heart, what be doing out at this time a-night? With his portmantle, too, and his carpet bag! Come in, my dear soul, come in. An, so pale and wild! Why, you'm overlooked, Master Charles."

"No, Master Lee, I ain't overlooked. At least not that I know of——"

The old man shook his head, and reserved his opinion.

"——But I want your gig to go into Stonnington."

"To-night?"

"Ay, to-night. The coach goes at eight in the morning; I want to be there before that."

"Why do'ee start so soon? They'll be all abed in the Chichester Arms."

"I know. I shall get into the stable. I don't know where I shall get. I must go. There is trouble at the Hall."

"Ay! ay! I thought as much, and you'm going away into the world?"

"Yes."

The old man said "Ay! ay!" again, and turned to go upstairs. Then he held his candle over his head, and looked at Charles; and then went upstairs muttering to himself.

Presently was aroused from sleep a young Devonshire giant, half Hercules, half Antinoüs, who lumbered down the stairs, and into the room, and made his obeisance to Charles with an air of wonder in his great sleepy black eyes, and departed to get the gig.

Of course his first point was Ranford. He got there in the afternoon. He had in his mind at this time, he thinks (for he does not remember it all very distinctly), the idea of going to Australia. He had an idea, too, of being eminently practical and business-like; and so he did a thing which may appear to be trifling, but which turned out in the end immensely important—one cannot say

how much so. He asked for Lord Ascot instead of Lady Ascot.

Lord Ascot was in the library. Charles was shown in to him. He was sitting before the fire, reading a novel. He looked very worn and anxious, and jumped up nervously when Charles was announced. He dropped his book on the floor, and came forward to him, holding out his right hand.

"Charles," he said, "you will forgive me any participation in this. I swear to you——"

Charles thought that by some means the news of what had happened at Ravenshoe had come before him, and that Lord Ascot knew all about Father Mackworth's discovery. Lord Ascot was thinking about Adelaide's flight; so they were at cross purposes.

"Dear Lord Ascot," said Charles, "how could I think of blaming you, my kind old friend?"

"It is devilish gentlemanly of you to speak so, Charles," said Lord Ascot. "I am worn to death about that horse, Haphazard, and other things; and this has finished me. I have been reading a novel to distract my mind. I must win the Derby, you know; by Gad, I must."

"Whom have you got, Lord Ascot?"

"Wells."

"You couldn't do better, I suppose?"

"I suppose not. You don't know—I'd rather not talk any more about it, Charles."

"Lord Ascot, this is, as you may well guess, the last time I shall ever see you. I want you to do me a favour."

"I will do it, my dear Charles, with the greatest pleasure. Any reparation——"

"Hush, my lord! I only want a certificate. Will you read this which I have written in pencil, and, if you conscientiously can, copy it in your own hand, and sign it. Also, if I send to you as a reference, will you confirm it?"

Lord Ascot read what Charles had written, and said—

"Yes, certainly. You are going to change your name, then?"

"I must bear that name, now; I am going abroad."

Lord Ascot wrote—

"The undermentioned Charles Horton I have known ever since he was a boy. His character is beyond praise in every way. He is a singularly bold and dexterous rider, and is thoroughly up to the management of horses.

"Ascot."

"You have improved upon my text, Lord Ascot," said Charles. "It is like your kindheartedness. The mouse may offer to help the lion, my lord; and, although the lion may know how little likely it is that he should require help, yet he may take it as a sign of good will on the part of the poor mouse. Now, good-bye, my lord; I must see Lady Ascot, and then be off."

Lord Ascot wished him kindly good-bye, and took up his novel again. Charles went alone up to Lady Ascot's room.

He knocked at the door, and received no answer; so he went in. Lady Ascot was there, although she had not answered him. She was sitting upright by the fire, staring at the door, with her hands folded on her lap. A fine brave-looking old lady at all times, but just now, Charles thought, with that sweet look of pity showing itself principally about the corners of the gentle old mouth, more noble-looking than ever!

"May I come in, Lady Ascot?" said Charles.

"My dearest own boy! You must come in and sit down. You must be very quiet over it. Try not to make me a scene, my dear. I am not strong enough. It has shaken me so terribly. I heard you had come, and were with Ascot. And I have been trembling in every limb. Not from terror so much of you in your anger as because my conscience is not clear. I may have hidden things from you, Charles, which you ought to have known." And Lady Ascot began crying silently.

Charles felt the blood going from his cheeks to his heart. His interview with Lord Ascot had made him suspect something further was wrong than what he knew of, and his suspicions were getting stronger every moment. He sat

down quite quietly, looking at Lady Ascot, and spoke not one word. Lady Ascot, wiping her eyes, went on; and Charles's heart began to beat with a dull heavy pulsation, like the feet of those who carry a coffin.

"I ought to have told you of what had been going on between them before she went to old Lady Hainault. I ought to have told you of what went on before Lord Hainault was married. I can never forgive myself, Charles. You may upbraid me, and I will sit here and make not one excuse. But I must say that I never for one moment thought that she was anything more than light-headed. I,—oh Lord! I never dreamt it would have come to this."

"Are you speaking of Adelaide, Lady Ascot?" said Charles.

"Of course I am," she said, almost peevishly. "If I had ever——"

"Lady Ascot," said Charles, quietly, "you are evidently speaking of something of which I have not heard. What has Adelaide done?"

The old lady clasped her hands above her head. "Oh, weary, weary day! And I thought he had heard it all, and that the blow was broken. The cowards! they have left it to a poor old woman to tell him at last."

"Dear Lady Ascot, you evidently have not heard of what a terrible fate has befallen me. I am a ruined man, and I am very patient. I had one hope left in the world, and I fear you are going to cut it away from me. I am very quiet, and will make no scene; only tell me what has happened."

"Adelaide!—be proud, Charles, be angry, furious—you Ravenshoes can!—be a man, but don't look like that. Adelaide, dead to honour and good fame, has gone off with Welter!"

Charles walked towards the door.

"That is enough. Please let me go. I can't stand any more at present. You have been very kind to me and to her, and I thank and bless you for it. The son of a bastard blesses you for it. Let me go—let me go."

Lady Ascot had stepped actively to the door, and had laid one hand on the door, and one on his breast. "You shall not go," she said, "till you have told me what you mean."

"How? I cannot stand any more at present."

"What do you mean by being the son of a bastard?"

"I am the son of James, Mr. Ravenshoe's keeper. He was the illegitimate son of Mr. Petre Ravenshoe."

"Who told you this?" said Lady Ascot.

"Cuthbert."

"How did he know it?"

Charles told her all.

"So the priest has found that out, eh?" said Lady Ascot. "It seems true;" and, as she said so, she moved back from the door. "Go to your old bedroom, Charles. It will always be ready for you while this house is a house; and come down to me presently. Where is Lord Saltire?"

"At Lord Segur's."

Charles went out of the room, and out of the house, and was seen no more. Lady Ascot sat down by the fire again.

"The one blow has softened the other," she said. "I will never keep another secret after this. It was for Alicia's sake and for Petre's that I did it, and now see what has become of it. I shall send for Lord Saltire. The boy must have his rights, and shall, too."

So the brave old woman sat down and wrote to Lord Saltire. We shall see what she wrote to him in the proper place. Not now. She sat calmly and methodically writing, with her kind old face wreathing into a smile as she went on. And Charles, the madman, left the house, and posted off to London, only intent on seeking to lose himself among the sordid crowd, so that no man he had ever called a friend should set eyes on him again.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHARLES DETERMINES TO ALTER HIS WAY OF DRESSING HIMSELF.

Charles Ravenshoe had committed suicide—committed suicide as delibe-

rately as any maddened wretch had done that day in all the wide miserable world. He knew it well, and was determined to go on with it. He had not hung himself, or drowned himself, but he had committed deliberate suicide, and he knew — knew well — that his obstinacy would carry him through to the end.

What is suicide nine cases out of ten? Any one can tell you. It is the act of a mad, proud coward, who flies, by his own deed, not from humiliation or disgrace, but, as he fancies, from feeling the consequences of them—who flies to unknown, doubtful evils, sooner than bear positive, present, undoubted ones. All this had Charles done, buoying him up with this excuse and that excuse, and fancying that he was behaving, the cur, like Bayard, or Lieutenant Willoughby—a greater than Bayard—all the time.

The above is, word for word, Charles's idea of the matter himself, put in the third person for form's sake. I don't agree with all he says about himself. I don't deny that he did a very foolish thing, but I incline to believe that there was something noble and self-reliant in his doing it. Think a moment. He had only two courses open to him—the one (I put it coarsely) to eat humble pie, to go back to Cuthbert and Mackworth and accept their offers; the other to do as he had done—to go alone into the world, and stand by himself. He did the latter, as we shall see. He could not face Ravenshoe, or any connected with it, again. It had been proved that he was an unwilling impostor, of base, low blood, and his sister—ah, one more pang, poor heart—his sister Ellen, what was she?

Little doubt—little doubt! Better for both of them if they had never been born! He was going to London, and, perhaps, might meet her there! All the vice and misery of the country got thrown into that cesspool! When anything had got too foul for the pure country air, men said, Away with it; throw it into the great dunghill, and let it rot there! Was he not going there himself? It was fit she should be there before him! They would meet for certain!

How would they meet? Would she be in silks and satins, or in rags? flaunting in her carriage, or shivering in an archway? What matter? was not shame the heritage of the "lower orders"? The pleasures of the rich must be ministered to by the "lower orders," or what was the use of money or rank? He was one of them now! He must learn his lesson; learn to cringe and whine like the rest of them! It would be hard, but it must be learnt! The dogs rose against it sometimes, but it never paid!

The devil was pretty busy with poor Charles in his despair, you see. This was all he had left after three and twenty years of careless idleness and luxury. His creed had been, "I am a Ravenshoe," and lo! one morning, he was a Ravenshoe no longer. A poor crow, that had been fancying himself an eagle! A crow! by heavens, he thought he was not even that! A nonentity, turned into the world to find his own value! What were honour, honesty, virtue to him? Why, nothing—words! He must truckle and pander for his living! Why not go back and truckle to Father Mackworth? There was time yet!

No!

Why not? Was it pride only? We have no right to say what it was. If it was only pride, it was better than nothing. Better to have that straw only to cling to, than to be all alone in the great sea with nothing! We have seen that he has done nothing good, with circumstances all in his favour; let us see if he can in any way hold his own, with circumstances all against him.

"America?" he thought once. "They are all gentlemen there. If I could only find her, and tear her jewels off, we would go there together. But she must be found—she must be found. I will never leave England till she goes with me. We shall be brought together. We shall see one another. I love her as I never loved her before. What a sweet, gentle little love she was! My

darling! And, when I have kissed her, I never dreamed she was my sister. My pretty love! Ellen, Ellen, I am coming to you. Where are you, my love?"

He was alone, in a railway carriage, leaning out to catch the fresh wind, as he said this. He said it once again, this time aloud. "Where are you, my sister?"

Where was she? Could he have only seen! *We* may be allowed to see, though *he* could not. Come forward into the great Babylon with me, while he is speeding on towards it; we will rejoin him in an instant.

In a small luxuriously furnished hall, there stands a beautiful woman, dressed modestly in the garb of a servant. She is standing with her arms folded, and a cold, stern, curious look on her face. She is looking towards the hall door, which is held open by a footman. She is waiting for some one who is coming in; and two travellers enter, a man and a woman. She goes up to the woman, and says, quietly, "I bid you welcome, madam." Who are these people? Is that waiting-woman Ellen? and these travellers, are they Lord Welter and Adelaide? Let us get back to poor Charles; better be with him than here!

We must follow him closely. We must see why, in his despair, he took the extraordinary resolution that he did. Not that I shall take any particular pains to follow the exact process of his mind in arriving at his determination. If the story has hitherto been told well, it will appear nothing extraordinary, and, if otherwise, an intelligent reader would very soon detect any attempt at bolstering up ill-told facts by elaborate, soul-analyzing theories.

He could have wished the train would have run on for ever; but he was aroused by the lights growing thicker and more brilliant, and he felt that they were nearing London, and that the time for action was come.

The great plunge was taken, and he was alone in the cold street—alone, save for the man who carried his baggage. He stood, for a moment or so, confused with the rush of carriages of all sorts which were taking the people from the train, till he was aroused by the man asking him where he was to go to.

Charles said, without thinking, "The Warwick Hotel," and thither they went. For a moment he regretted that he had said so, but the next moment he said, aloud, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

The man turned round, and begged his pardon. Charles did not answer him; and the man went on, wondering what sort of young gentleman he had got hold of.

The good landlord was glad to see him. Would he have dinner?—a bit of fish and a lamb chop, for instance? Then it suddenly struck Charles that he was hungry—ravenous. He laughed aloud at the idea; and the landlord laughed too, and rubbed his hands. Should it be whiting or smelts now? he asked.

"Anything," said Charles, "so long as you feed me quick. And give me wine, will you, of some sort; I want to drink. Give me sherry, will you? And I say, let me taste some now, and then I can see if I like it. I am very particular about my wine, you must know."

In a few minutes a waiter brought in a glass of wine, and waited to know how Charles liked it. He told the man he could go, and he would tell him at dinner-time. When the man was gone, he looked at the wine with a smile. Then he took it up, and poured it into the coal-scuttle.

"Not yet," he said, "not yet! I'll try something else before I try to drink my troubles away." And then he plunged into the *Times*.

He had no sooner convinced himself that Lord Aberdeen was tampering with the honour of the country by not declaring war, than he found himself profoundly considering what had caused that great Statesman to elope with Adelaide, and whether, in case of a Russian war, Lady Ascot would possibly convict Father Mackworth of having caused it. Then Lady Ascot came into the room with a large bottle of medicine and a Testament, announcing that she

was going to attend a sick gun-boat. And then, just as he began to see that he was getting sleepy, to sleep he went, fast as a top.

Half an hour's sleep restored him, and dinner made things look different. "After all," he said, as he sipped his wine, "here is only the world on the one side and I on the other. I am utterly reckless, and can sink no further. I will get all the pleasure out of life that I can, honestly; for I am an honest man still, and mean to be. I love you, Madame Adelaide, and you have used me worse than a hound, and made me desperate. If he marries you, I will come forward some day, and disgrace you. If you had only waited till you knew everything, I could have forgiven you. I'll get a place as a footman, and talk about you in the servants' hall. All London shall know you were engaged to me."

"Poor dear, pretty Adelaide; as if I would ever hurt a hair of your head, my sweet love! Silly——"

The landlord came in. There was most excellent company in the smoking-room. Would he condescend to join them?

Company and tobacco! Charles would certainly join them; so he had his wine carried in.

There was a fat gentleman, with a snub nose, who was a Conservative. There was a tall gentleman, with a long nose, who was Liberal. There was a short gentleman, with no particular kind of nose, who was Radical. There was a handsome gentleman, with big whiskers, who was commercial; and there was a gentleman with bandy legs, who was horsy.

I strongly object to using a slang adjective, if any other can be got to supply its place; but by doing so one avoids a periphrasis, and prevents spoiling one's period. Thus I know of no predicate for a gentleman with a particular sort of hair, complexion, dress, whiskers, and legs, except the one I have used above, and so it must stand.

As Providence would have it, Charles sat down between the landlord and the horsy man, away from the others. He smoked his cigar, and listened to the conversation.

The Conservative gentleman coalesced with the Liberal gentleman on the subject of Lord Aberdeen's having sold the country to the Russians; the Radical gentleman also came over to them on that subject; and for a time the opposition seemed to hold an overwhelming majority, and to be merely allowing Aberdeen's Government to hold place longer, that they might commit themselves deeper. In fact, things seemed to be going all one way, as is often the case in coalition cabinets just before a grand crash, when the Radical gentleman caused a violent split in the cabinet by saying that the whole complication had been brought about by the machinations of the aristocracy—which assertion caused the Conservative gentleman to retort in unmeasured language; and then the Liberal gentleman, trying to trim, found himself distrusted and despised by both parties. Charles listened to them, amused for the time to hear them quoting, quite unconsciously, whole sentences out of their respective leading papers, and then was distracted by the horsy man saying to him,—

"Darn politics. What horse will win the Derby, sir?"

"Haphazard," said Charles, promptly. This, please to remember, was Lord Ascot's horse, which we have seen before.

The landlord immediately drew closer up.

The horsy man looked at Charles, and said, "H'm; and what has made my lord scratch him for the Two Thousand, sir?"

And so on. We have something to do with Haphazard's winning the Derby, as we shall see; and we have still more to do with the result of Charles's conversation with the "horsy man." But we have certainly nothing to do with a wordy discussion of the various horses which stood well for the great race (wicked, lovely darlings, how many souls of heroes have they sent to Hades!) and so we will spare the reader. The conclusion of their conversation was the only important part of it.

Charles said to the horsy man on the stairs, "Now you know everything. I am penniless, friendless, and nameless. Can you put me in the way of earning my living honestly?"

And he said, "I can, and I will. This gentleman is a fast man, but he is rich. You'll have your own way. May be, you'll see some queer things, but what odds?"

"None to me," said Charles; "I can always leave him."

"And go back to your friends, like a wise young gentleman, eh?" said the other, kindly.

"I am not a gentleman," said Charles. "I told you so before. I am a gamekeeper's son; I swear to you I am. I have been petted and pampered till I look like one, but I am not."

"You are a deuced good imitation," said the other. "Good night; come to me at nine, mind."

At this time Lady Ascot had despatched her letter to Lord Saltire, and had asked for Charles. The groom of the chambers said that Mr. Ravenshoe had left the house immediately after his interview with her ladyship, three hours before.

She started up. "Gone!—Whither?"

"To Twyford, my lady."

"Send after him, you idiot! Send the grooms after him on all my lord's horses. Send a lad on Haphazard, and let him race the train to London. Send the police! He has stolen my purse with ten thousand gold guineas in it!—I swear he has. Have him bound hand and foot, and bring him back, on your life. If you stay there I will kill you!"

The violent old animal nature, dammed up so long by creeds and formulas, had broken out at last. The decorous Lady Ascot was transformed in one instant into a terrible, grey-headed, magnificent old Alecto, hurling her awful words abroad in a sharp, snarling voice, that made the hair of him that heard it to creep upon his head. The man fled, and shut Lady Ascot in alone.

She walked across the room, and beat her withered old hands against the wall. "Oh, miserable, wicked old woman!" she cried aloud. "How surely have your sins found you out! After concealing a crime for so many years, to find the judgment fall on such an innocent and beloved head! Alicia, Alicia, I did this for your sake. Charles, Charles, come back to the old woman before she dies, and tell her you forgive her."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES'S NEW TOP-BOOTS.

Charles had always been passionately fond of horses, and of riding. He was a consummate horseman, and was so perfectly accomplished in everything relating to horses, that I really believe that in time he might actually have risen to the dizzy height of being stud-groom to a great gentleman or nobleman. He had been brought up in a great horse-riding house, and had actually gained so much experience, and had so much to say on matters of this kind, that once, at Oxford, a promising young nobleman cast, so to speak, an adverse opinion of Charles's into Simmonds's own face. Mr. Simmonds looked round on the offender mildly and compassionately, and said, "If any undergraduate *could* know, my lord, that undergraduate's name would be Ravenshoe of Paul's. But he is young, my lord. And, in consequence, ignorant." His lordship didn't say anything after that.

I have kept this fact in the background rather, hitherto, because it has not been of any great consequence. It becomes of some consequence now, for the first time. I enlarged a little on Charles being a rowing man, because rowing and training had, for good or for evil, a certain effect on his character. (Whether for good or for evil, you must determine for yourselves.) And I now mention the fact of his being a consummate horseman, because a considerable part of the incidents which follow arise from the fact.

Don't think for one moment that you

are going to be bored by stable talk. You will have simply none of it. It only amounts to this—that Charles, being fond of horses, took up with a certain line of life, and in that line of life met with certain adventures which have made his history worth relating.

When he met the "horsy" man next morning, he was not dressed like a gentleman. In his store he had some old clothes, which he used to wear at Ravenshoe, in the merry old days when he would be up with daylight to exercise the horses on the moor—cord trousers, and so on, which, being now old and worn, made him look uncommonly like a groom out of place. And what contributed to the delusion was, that for the first time in his life he wore no shirt collar, but allowed his blue-spotted neckcloth to border on his honest red face, without one single quarter of an inch of linen. And, if it ever pleases your lordship's noble excellence to look like a blackguard for any reason, allow me to recommend you to wear a dark necktie and no collar. Your success will be beyond your utmost hopes.

Charles met his new friend in the bar, and touched his hat to him. His friend laughed, and said, that would do, but asked how long he thought he could keep that sort of thing going. Charles said, as long as was necessary; and they went out together.

They walked as far as a street leading out of one of the largest and best squares, and stopped at the door of a handsome shop. Charles knew enough of London to surmise that the first floor was let to a man of some wealth; and he was right.

The door was opened, and his friend was shown up stairs, while he was told to wait in the hall. Now Charles began to perceive, with considerable amusement, that he was acting a part—that he was playing, so to speak, at being something other than what he really was, and that he was perhaps overdoing it. In this house, which yesterday he would have entered as an equal, he was now playing at being a servant! It was immensely amusing. He wiped his shoes very clean, and sat down on a bench in the hall, with his hat between his knees, as he had seen grooms do. It is no use wondering; one never finds out anything by that. But I do wonder, nevertheless, whether Charles, had he only known in what relation the master of that house stood to himself, would or would not have set the house on fire, or cut its owner's throat. When he did find out, he did neither the one thing nor the other; but he had been a good deal tamed by that time.

Presently a servant came down, and, eyeing Charles curiously as a prospective fellow-servant, told him civilly to walk up stairs.

He went up. The room was one of a handsome suite, and overlooked the street. Charles saw at a glance that it was the room of a great dandy. A dandy, if not of the first water, most assuredly high up in the second! Two things only jarred on his eye in his hurried glance round the room. There was too much bric-a-brac, and too many flowers. "I wonder if he is a gentleman," thought Charley. His friend of the night before was standing in a respectful attitude, leaning on the back of a chair, and Charles looked round for the master of the house, eagerly. He had to cast his eyes downward to see him, for he was lying back on an easy chair, half hidden by the breakfast table.

There he was—Charles's master; the man who was going to buy him. Charles cast one intensely eager glance at him, and was satisfied. "He will do at a pinch," said he to himself.

There were a great many handsome and splendid things in that room, but the owner of them was by far the handsomest and most splendid thing there.

He was a young man, with very pale and delicate features, and a singularly amiable cast of face, who wore a moustache, with the long whiskers which were just then coming into fashion; and he was dressed in a splendid uniform of blue, gold, and scarlet, for he had been

on duty that morning, and had just come in. His sabre was cast on the floor before him, and his shako was on the table. As Charles looked at him he passed his hand over his hair. There was one ring on it, but *such* a ring! "That's a high-bred hand enough," said Charles to himself. "And he hasn't got too much jewellery on him. I wonder who he is?"

"This is the young man, sir," said Charles's new friend.

Lieutenant Hornby was looking at Charles, and, after a pause, said—

"I take him on your recommendation, Sloane. I have no doubt he will do. He seems a good fellow. You are a good fellow, ain't you?" he continued, addressing Charles personally, with that happy graceful insolence which is the peculiar property of prosperous and entirely amiable young men, and which charms one in spite of oneself.

Charles replied, "I am quarrelsome sometimes among my equals, but I am always good-tempered among horses."

"That will do very well. You may punch the other two lads' heads as much as you like. They don't mind me; perhaps they may you. You will be over them. You will have the management of everything. You will have unlimited opportunities of robbing and plundering me, with an entire absence of all chance of detection. But you won't do it. It isn't your line, I saw at once. Let me look at your hand."

Charles gave him the great ribbed paw, which served him in that capacity. And Hornby said—

"Ha! Gentleman's hand. No business of mine. Don't wear that ring, will you? A groom mustn't wear such rings as that. Any character?"

Charles showed him the letter Lord Ascot had written.

"Lord Ascot, eh? I know Lord Welter, slightly."

"The deuce you do," thought Charles.

"Were you in Lord Ascot's stables?"

"No, sir. I am the son of Squire Ravenshoe's game-keeper. The Ravenshoes and my Lord Ascot's family are connected by marriage. Ravenshoe is in the west country, sir. Lord Ascot knows me by repute, sir, and has a good opinion of me."

"It is perfectly satisfactory. Sloane, will you put him in the way of his duties. Make the other lads understand that he is master, will you? You may go."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DIOGENES ON THE WHEELBARROW.

Lieutenant Hornby's horses were kept in a mews round the corner. His other servant was out; and so, a day or two after this, Charles found himself sitting on a wheelbarrow, in the sun, with nothing to do. So this was his new life, was it? What was it like? Not so very strange, after all. It had become monstrous familiar in three days. Had Charles been able to think seriously just now, he might have wondered where he would have found himself after a year of it, if he found it become so natural in so few days. But Charles could not think seriously just now; a great moral laziness had come over him, and he was beginning already to stand at corners and chew straws like any other in his rank of life. He grew very fond, too, of watching trifles; and so he sat on his barrow and watched them now.

A jackdaw was in the middle of the empty yard; he was collecting sticks and straws, or, to be more correct, was picking them up and comparing their merits, the last-found stick or straw being always preferred to the others. His attention was aroused by seeing his mistress come out to hang up some clothes. He waited till she was stretching up on tiptoe to get the line over a post, and then gave her two or three smart digs on the heels. Having accomplished this feat, he came across the yard and took notice of Charles; after which he went to sleep.

The mews itself, as I said, was very quiet, with a smell of stable, subdued by a fresh scent of sprinkled water; but at the upper end it joined a street leading from Belgrave-square towards the Park,

which was by no means quiet, and which smelt of geraniums and heliotropes. Carriage after carriage went blazing past the end of the mews, along this street, like figures across the disk of a magic lanthorn. Some had scarlet breeches, and some blue; and there were pink bonnets, and yellow bonnets, and Magenta bonnets; and Charles sat on the wheelbarrow by the dunghill, and looked at it all, perfectly contented.

A stray dog lounged in out of the street. It was a cur dog—that any one might see. It was a dog which had bit its rope and run away, for the rope was round its neck now; and it was a thirsty dog, for it went up to the pump and licked the stones. Charles went and pumped for it, and it drank. Then, evidently considering that Charles, by his act of good nature, had acquired authority over its person, and having tried to do without a master already, and having found it wouldn't do, it sat down beside Charles and declined to proceed any further.

There was a public-house at the corner of the mews, where it joined the street; and on the other side of the street you could see one house, No. 16. The footman of No. 16 was in the area, looking through the railings. A thirsty man came to the public-house on horseback, and drank a pot of beer at a draught, turning the pot upside down. It was too much for the footman, who disappeared.

Next came a butcher with a tray of meat, who turned into the area of No. 16, and left the gate open. After him came a blind man, led by a dog. The dog, instead of going straight on, turned down the area steps after the butcher. The blind man thought he was going round the corner. Charles saw what would happen; but, before he had time to cry out, the blind man had plunged headlong down the area steps and disappeared, while from the bottom, as from the pit, arose the curses of the butcher.

Charles and others assisted the blind man up, gave him some beer, and set him on his way. Charles watched him. After he had gone a little way, he began striking spitefully at where he thought his dog was, with his stick. The dog was evidently used to this amusement, and dexterously avoided the blows. Finding vertical blows of no avail, the blind man tried horizontal ones, and caught an old gentleman across the shins, making him drop his umbrella and catch up his leg. The blind man promptly asked an alms from him, and, not getting one, turned the corner; and Charles saw him no more.

The hot street and, beyond, the square, the dusty lilacs and laburnums, and the crimson hawthorns! What a day for a bathe! outside the gentle surf, with the sunny headlands right and left, and the moor sleeping quietly in the afternoon sunlight, and Lundy, like a faint blue cloud on the Atlantic horizon, and the old house——He was away at Ravenshoe on a May afternoon.

They say poets are never sane; but are they ever mad? Never. Even old Cowper saved himself from actual madness by using his imagination. Charles was no poet; but he was a good day-dreamer, and so now, instead of maddening himself in his squalid brick prison, he was away in the old bay, bathing and fishing, and wandering up the old stream, breast high among king-fern under the shadowy oaks.

Bricks and mortar, carriages and footmen, wheelbarrows and dunghills, all came back in one moment, and settled on his outward senses with a jar. For there was a rattle of horse's feet on the stones, and the clank of a sabre, and Lieutenant Hornby, of the 41st (Prince Arthur's Own) Light Dragoons, came branking into the yard, with two hundred pounds' worth of trappings on him, looking out for his servant. He was certainly a splendid fellow, and Charles looked at him with a certain kind of pride, as on something that he had a share in.

"Come round to the front door, Horton, and take my horse up to the barracks." (The Queen had been to the station that morning, and his guard was over.)

Charles walked beside him round into Grosvenor-place. He could not avoid

stealing a glance up at the magnificent apparition beside him ; and, as he did so, he met a pair of kind grey eyes looking down on him.

"You mustn't sit and mope there, Horton," said the lieutenant ; "it never does to mope. I know it is infernally hard to help it, and of course you can't associate with servants, and that sort of thing, at first ; but you will get used to it. If you think I don't know you are a gentleman, you are mistaken. I don't know who you are, and shall not try to find out. I'll lend you books or anything of that sort ; but you mustn't brood over it. I can't stand seeing my fellows wretched, more especially a fellow like you."

If it had been to save his life, Charles couldn't say a word. He looked up at the lieutenant and nodded his head. The lieutenant understood him well enough, and said to himself,

"Poor fellow!"

So there arose between these two a feeling which lightened Charles's servitude, and which before the end came had grown into a liking. Charles's vengeance was not for Hornby, for the injury did not come from him. His vengeance was reserved for another, and we shall see how he took it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A GLIMPSE OF SOME OLD FRIENDS.

Hitherto I have been able to follow Charles right on without leaving him for one instant ; now, however, that he is reduced to sitting on a wheelbarrow in a stable-yard, we must see a little less of him. He is, of course, our principal object ; but he has removed himself from the immediate sphere of all our other acquaintances, and so we must look up some of them, and see how far they, though absent, are acting on his destiny—nay, we must look up every one of them sooner or later, for there is not one who is not in some way concerned in his adventures past and future.

By reason of her age, her sex, and her rank, my Lady Ascot claims our attention first. We left the dear old woman in a terrible taking, on finding that Charles had suddenly left the house and disappeared. Her wrath gave way to tears, and her tears to memory. Bitterly she blamed herself now for what seemed, years ago, such a harmless deceit. It was not too late. Charles might be found ; would come back, surely—would come back to his poor old aunt! He would never—hush! it won't do to think of that!

Lady Ascot thought of a brilliant plan, and put it into immediate execution. She communicated with Mr. Scotland Yard, the eminent ex-detective officer, forwarding a close description of him, and a request that he might be found, alive or dead, immediately. Her efforts were crowned with immediate and unlooked-for success. In a week's time the detective had discovered, not one Charles Ravenshoe, but three, from which her ladyship might take her choice. But the worst of it was that neither of the three was Charles Ravenshoe. There was a remarkable point of similarity between Charles and them, certainly ; and that point was, that they were all three young gentlemen under a cloud, and had all three dark hair and prominent features. Here the similarity ended.

The first of the cases placed so promptly before her ladyship by Inspector Yard presented some startling features of similarity with that of Charles. The young gentleman was from the West of England, had been at college somewhere, had been extravagant ("God bless him, poor dear! when lived a Ravenshoe that wasn't?" thought Lady Ascot), had been crossed in love, the inspector believed (Lady Ascot thought she had got her fish), and was now in the Coldbath Fields Prison, doing two years' hard labour for swindling, of which two months were yet to run. The inspector would let her ladyship know the day of his release.

This could not be Charles : and the next young gentleman offered to her

notice was a worse shot than the other. He also was dark-haired; but here at once all resemblance ceased. This one had started in life with an ensigncy in the line. He had embezzled the mess-funds, had been to California, had enlisted, deserted, and sold his kit, been a billiard-marker, had come into some property, had spent it, had enlisted again, had been imprisoned for a year and discharged — here Lady Ascot would read no more, but laid down the letter, saying, "Pish!"

But the inspector's cup was not yet full. The unhappy man was acting from uncertain information, he says. He affirmed, throughout all the long and acrimonious discussion which followed, that his only instructions were to find a young gentleman with dark hair and a hook nose. If this be the case, he may possibly be excused for catching a curly-headed little Jew of sixteen, who was drinking himself to death in a public-house off Regent Street, and producing him as Charles Ravenshoe. His name was found out, and he had stolen some money from his father and gone to the races. This was so utterly the wrong article, that Lady Ascot wrote a violent letter to the inspector, of such an extreme character, that he replied by informing her ladyship that he had sent her letter to his lawyer. A very pretty quarrel followed, which I have barely time to describe.

No tidings of Charles! He had hidden himself too effectually. So the old woman wept and watched—watched for her darling who came not, and for the ruin that she saw settling down upon her house like a dark cloud, that grew evermore darker.

And little Mary had packed up her boxes and passed out of the old house, with the hard, bitter world before her. Father Mackworth had met her in the hall, and had shaken hands with her in silence. He loved her, in his way, so much, that he cared not to say anything. Cuthbert was outside, waiting to hand her to her carriage. When she was seated he said, "I shall write to you, Mary, for I can't say all I would." And then he opened the door and kissed her affectionately; then the carriage went on, and, before they entered the wood, she had a glimpse of the grey old house, and Cuthbert on the steps before the porch, bareheaded, waving his hand; then they were among the trees, and she had seen the last of him for ever; then she buried her face in her hands, and knew, for the first time, perhaps, how well she had loved him.

She was going, as we know, to be nursery-governess to the orphan children of Lord Hainault's brother. She went straight to London to assume her charge. It was very late when she got to Paddington. One of Lord Hainault's carriages was waiting for her, and she was whirled through "the season" to Grosvenor Square. Then she had to walk alone into the great lighted hall, with the servants standing right and left, and looking at nothing, as well-bred servants are bound to do. She wished for a moment that the poor little governess had been allowed to come in a cab.

The groom of the chambers informed her that her ladyship had gone out, and would not be home till late; that his lordship was dressing; and that dinner was ready in Miss Corby's room whenever she pleased.

So she went up. She did not eat much dinner; the steward's-room boy in attendance had his foolish heart moved to pity by seeing how poor an appetite she had, when he thought what *he* could have done in that line too.

Presently she asked the lad where was the nursery. The second door to the right. When all was quiet she opened her door, and thought she would go and see the children asleep. At that moment the nursery-door opened, and a tall, handsome, quiet-looking man came out. It was Lord Hainault; she had seen him before.

"I like this," said she, as she drew back. "It was kind of him to go and see his brother's children before he went out;" and so she went into the nursery

An old nurse was sitting by the fire sewing. The two elder children were asleep; but the youngest, an audacious young sinner of three, had refused to do anything of the kind until the cat came to bed with him. The nursery cat being at that time out a-walking on the leads, the nursemaid had been despatched to borrow one from the kitchen. At this state of affairs Mary entered. The nurse rose and curtsied, and the rebel clambered on her knee, and took her into his confidence. He told her that that day, while walking in the square, he had seen a chimney-sweep; that he had called to Gus and Flora to come and look; that Gus had been in time and seen him go round the corner, but that Flora had come too late, and cried, and so Gus had lent her his hoop and she had left off, &c. &c. After a time he requested to be allowed to say his prayers to her; to which the nurse objected, on the theological ground that he had said them twice already that evening, which was once more than was usually allowed. Soon after this the little head lay heavy on Mary's arm, and the little hand loosed its hold on hers, and the child was asleep.

She left the nursery with a thankful heart; but, nevertheless, she cried herself to sleep. "I wonder, shall I like Lady Hainault; Charles used to. But she is very proud, I believe. I cannot remember much of her.—How those carriages growl and roll, almost like the sea, and dear old Ravenshoe." Then, after a time, she slept.

There was a light in her eyes, not of dawn, which woke her. A tall, handsome woman, in silk and jewels, who came and knelt beside her and kissed her, said that, now her old home was broken up, she must make one there, and be a sister to her, and many other kind words of the same sort. It was Lady Hainault (the long Burton girl, as Madam Adelaide called her) come home from her last party; and in such kind keeping I think we may leave little Mary for the present.

To be continued.

THE LAW OF BODE; OR, GAPS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM FILLED UP.

A SKETCH FROM RECENT ASTRONOMICAL HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR KELLAND.

Let us go back in fancy to the time when the clang of the church-bells and the shouts of the populace announced the coming in of a new year, and that year the first of our present century. It is, indeed, a time of great excitement. With the old century have gone down to the grave half the governments of Europe; and men are straining their eyes on the dawn of the new year to pierce through the dark curtain into something brighter and better beyond. The revolutionary torrent has swept away the old landmarks of civilization, monarchical and moral. The accustomed greeting, "A happy new year!" comes now with fearful significancy—for who can say what shall follow?

From the feverish excitement of the streets it is refreshing to enter the solitary chamber of the astronomer. In the observatory of Palermo, all unconscious of the bustle without, we find the astronomer Piazzi. He, too, is watching for the new year. But not idly watching! He is casting a nativity. His eye is steadily fixed on some unknown object in the heavens; and a flush comes over his cheek as he dreams—hopes, perhaps, —that he shall enter on it as a fair possession, that his name shall live in it for ever. His hope is realised. The object on which he is intent is a new planet—the planet Ceres—seen now for the first time, the star of the new century, the harbinger of union and completion. Happy horoscope!

We must be more particular in describing this event. Let me begin by remarking that the human mind is more

adapted for seeking, than for selecting objects of search—more a workman than a projector. And so it has happened that many fields of knowledge have lain fallow for years, simply because the popular voice had proclaimed the soil exhausted. A little more than a century ago, a distinguished natural philosopher pronounced the mechanical sciences complete. Every corner of his limited field had been explored; and he never dreamt that there were fertile districts beyond, and still beyond, which the next generation should enter on with as much facility as the generation past had entered on their allotted work-field. Happily there have been permitted a few phantoms of the imagination, which, dancing like *ignes fatui* before the eyes of searchers after truth, have led them through the mazes of certain branches of science. Still, as they advanced, the object of their search ever eluded their grasp, and they have at length rested from their labours, not like the worthies who followed dainty Ariel,

"i' the filthy mantled pool up to the chins,"

but in some green meadow, better than the goal they sought. Of this kind of phantoms are—the Philosopher's Stone, which helped chemistry into life; the Quadrature of the Circle, which kept geometry in motion; and the law known as "Bode's law," to which astronomy is largely indebted. To this law I am about to direct your attention.

Milton, speaking of the mystical dance of the planets, said that—

"In their motions, harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted ——."

He spake but as others thought. He gave poetic utterance to the prevalent idea of the mutual dependence of the planetary motions. That some harmonious relation should exist amongst the distances of the planets from the sun, must have occurred to the minds of astronomers as soon as these distances came to be tolerably well ascertained. But, try as they might to discover the relation, little harmony resulted from their trials. Even that strange and wonderful dreamer, Kepler, "the legislator of the heavens," with his piles of pyramids and circles, could evolve no law, save on one condition—that a planet should exist between Mars and Jupiter. Others tried their hands in other ways; but there always came out the same condition—a missing planet to be restored. The simplest law, and that which obtained the firmest hold of the German mind, is that known as the law of Bode, enunciated about a century ago. It is not necessary to express the law fully; it will suffice to say that it requires that the distances between two consecutive planets (Mercury excepted) should go on doubling as you recede from the sun. Thus the distance of Mars from the Earth is double the distance of the Earth from Venus. The law, be it observed, had nothing whatever to rest on. It was the merest figment. But, like an uneasy dream, it haunted the minds of astronomers; and when, in 1781, Uranus appeared in the distant regions of space, fulfilling that law, (Uranus is, indeed, almost accurately, twice as far from Saturn as Saturn is from Jupiter), it was hopeless to expect men to shake off the impression of its truth. Accordingly we find Baron Zåch, in the Berlin Almanack for 1789, gravely setting down the elements of the planet between Mars and Jupiter which the law required, as if such a planet really existed, and had been observed. He asserted that its distance from the sun is 268 millions of miles, and its periodic time $4\frac{3}{4}$ years. The law of Bode was indeed but a dream; yet, like the vision of Daniel, it changed the countenance of the dreamers. Accordingly, in 1800, a conference was held in Lilienthal, in which it was resolved by the astronomers present to form themselves into an association to search for the supposed planet. Letters were posted to the different observers throughout Europe, inviting their co-operation. A letter was actually on its way to Piazzi, the astronomer at Palermo; but, before he had received it, or had become acquainted with the proceedings of the

association, the planet had been found by him, on the 1st of January, 1801, the first day of the present century. The event seems to mark the century as one in which the old paths would be retrodden, and be found to abound in riches unseen to the ages which had passed over them.

But how about the dream? Strange to say, unlike the vision of the morning and the evening rehearsed in Babylon—which was true, but none understood it—this vision yielded realities through the interpretation of a figment of the imagination. The distance of Ceres from Jupiter was to a nicety double its distance from Mars; and the periodic time round the sun, which Baron Zach had predicted to be $4\frac{3}{4}$ years, turned out to be actually upwards of $4\frac{1}{2}$. But the planet was very small; so small and so ill-shaped as hardly to deserve the name of a planet. It seemed like a huge fragment of rock, struck off from some larger globe. This fact induced Olbers to conjecture that it was only the portion of a planet which had burst from some internal explosion. He expected that, if search were made, other similar fragments would be picked up; and he had himself the good fortune to discover one on the 28th of March, 1802, and a third on the 29th of March, 1807. Meantime a fourth had been discovered by Harding. And now occurs one of those remarkable blanks which present themselves in the annals of every branch of scientific discovery. The wise and gracious Disposer of Events seems to mete out to each generation its proper limit of success, that future ages may have a store reserved for the exercise of their faculties. The history of the steam-engine, the history of optics, equally with that of astronomy, exhibit stations of unaccountable arrestment. A restraining hand seems to hide, with the thinnest veil, bright objects from the eyes of searchers. Not a single addition was made to the catalogue of these little planets—asteroids, as they are called—from March, 1807, to December, 1845—$38\frac{1}{2}$ years. It was not because they were not sought for that they were not found. On the contrary, the look-out had been most careful. Olbers states, that from 1801 to 1816 he had examined the part of the heavens where the other asteroids had been discovered, with such strict scrutiny and unfailing regularity, that he was quite certain no new planets had passed. On the 6th December, 1845, Professor Hencke had the good fortune to find a fifth asteroid, naming it Astræa; and now, in 1861, seventeen years later, the number has been increased by sixty-two more. No less than eight were discovered in one year, 1857, and we may reasonably expect four or five annually. We owe this abundant crop of planets to the excellence of the German star-maps, and to the new mode of observation, which consists in constantly comparing a district of the heavens with its map. The difficulty is now no longer to find planets, but to find names for them. The English discoverer, Hind, names one of his Victoria, and the French discoverer, Goldschmidt, names one of his Eugenia. The Pantheon is exhausted—very nearly at least, only a muse or two being left; and Urania is weeping because men will persist in desecrating the skies by raising mortals to them.

There is little to add about the asteroids, and that little of no great importance. The interest which attaches to their discovery is all expressed when we say that they were wanted and looked for. I will pass on then to another case of anticipation of a still higher class.

I have spoken of the empirical law of Bode as a dream; but it was not the only dream which haunted the waking hours of the German mind during the latter half of the last century. There was another dream equally unsubstantial, and almost equally fruitful. Kant, the great metaphysician, had confidently asserted that there would be found at least one planet beyond Saturn; and his reason was this—that, as nature does not operate abruptly, she must have filled up the interval between the planets and the comets with some intermediate bodies. The reason may be good or bad; it is certain that men were on the

look-out. Twenty years after the prediction is uttered, Uranus enters on the stage, filling up some portion of the gap. The German metaphysician is right: the planet has appeared in obedience to the prediction. But it has done more. It has appeared at a distance from Saturn only a little more than double the distance of the latter from Jupiter—just what the law of Bode required. The German dreamer is right, too.

Twenty years, save one, pass away, concluding the century, and Ceres appears, as we have explained, filling up the gap between Mars and Jupiter. Here are two facts—enough, in good sooth, says the German mind. On these I can build a theory that shall span the heavens. The law of nature is a law of continuity, argues Kant. The law of planetary distance is a law of duplication, argues Bode. Facts have borne out both arguments. Accordingly, when Ceres ushered in the present century, she was received throughout Germany as a long-expected stranger, and in many quarters as the harbinger of another and another planet. We have seen how Dr. Olbers took up the matter, and with what triumphant success. But astronomers did not limit themselves to the space between Mars and Jupiter. They saw in the dim distance a chain of bodies stretching away from Uranus to the dog-star. They even went further. They gave to the remote imaginary planet next in succession in the vast abyss "a local habitation and a name." In Jacobi's pocket-book for 1802 we read thus—"Ophion, the next planet beyond "Uranus, is 780 millions of (German) "miles distant from the sun, and has an "orbit of 250 years. It is not yet dis-"covered."

Twice twenty years pass on. The heavens have been swept in every likely direction, but without result. Expectation has long since gone to rest. But now there begins to be experienced a tremor on the outskirts of our system, an unsteadiness in the march of the remotest planet, which seems to indicate the existence of a body beyond his orbit, dogging his path and disturbing the serenity of his movements. Some astronomers thought the law of gravitation at fault, but the wisest men reverted to the now almost forgotten notion of an outer planet. Amongst these was the illustrious Bessel. Speculations like the following began to find favour. Mädler, in 1841, writes—"Had we possessed "very exact Saturnian observations [prior "to 1781], extended over a long series "of years, it might have been possible "to have discovered Uranus theoretically "by analytical combinations before Her-"schel found it (by telescopic observa-"tion);" and he adds, applying this conclusion to Uranus, "We approach a "planet acting upon and disturbing it; "yes, we may express the hope that "analysis will, some time or other, "solemnize this, her highest triumph—"making discoveries with her mind's "eye in regions where our actual sight "has failed to penetrate."

This is the language of a visionary—a dreamer; but a dreamer of a very different cast from those we have already been speaking of. The dreams of the astronomer of Dorpat, and such as he, were like those of that strange deaf dreamer Kitto, who, when in the lowest depths of poverty, and the most pitiable state of helplessness, saw himself in a dream risen in station, and surrounded by books and manuscripts all his own; while into those ears where earthly sounds could find no access an angel whispered words which, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, caused the vision to start up into a reality. These were, in truth, no dreams. Sparks from the anvil of time's workshop fell hot and hissing on the souls of astronomers. A student, young and unknown, sits in his lonely rooms in St. John's College, Cambridge. It is vacation-time, but vacation-time finds *him* hard at work. And, as he works, a spark reaches his soul, and kindles within him the desire to be, like Columbus, the discoverer of a world. The drift thrown upon Uranus from the dark ocean tells him that there is life beyond; and he longs to set out on a voyage of discovery. But his longings cannot yet be satisfied; so he writes in his journal

of the 3d of July, 1841—"Formed a "design of investigating, as soon as pos- "sible after taking my degree, the irre- "gularities in the motion of Uranus, in "order to find whether they may be "attributed to the action of an undis- "covered planet beyond it, and, if pos- "sible, to determine the elements of its "orbit, which would probably lead to "its discovery." Good resolutions often come to nought; but this was more than a good resolution—it was a great resolution. And great resolutions are the forerunners of great deeds. They belong to great minds. The servants of Naaman knew their master when they said, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?" And so this young man acts upon his great resolve, and consecrates some of the best years of his life—the years which others in his circumstances would have devoted to the acquisition of a little of this world's good—to a patient search after the disturbing agent which is at work on the remotest planet of our system. And the work is done. The planet is found. But here again occurs one of those remarkable conjunctions with which the history of science abounds. Whilst Mr. Adams is quietly pursuing his calculations at Cambridge, another man is occupied with a similar work in Paris. And the results are almost coincident. Adams had caught the planet—it was in his net; but, from the want of an accurate star-map, there required some little time for its identification. The process was going on surely and steadily; but it was incomplete, when Leverrier stepped in and bore off the prize.

Of course you will conclude that astronomers so distinguished as Adams and Leverrier gave no heed to an empirical law like that of Bode, which had not even the semblance of a basis to stand on. You are wrong. Both astronomers tacked that law to their preliminary hypotheses. They used it just as a statesman would use rumours of a French invasion. They don't believe a word of it, but there can be no harm in employing it in the construction of a nation of sharpshooters!

As an episode to this curious history, it remains to be added that M. Leverrier, having succeeded so wonderfully in detecting a planet situated beyond the outer borders of the known system, naturally set to work to try his hand on the space lying between Mercury and the sun. The result was that, on the 2d of January, 1860, he announced that the irregularities traceable in the motion of Mercury would be made to disappear if a planet of the size of Mercury, and situated at half his distance from the sun—or, better still, if a group of planets like those which we have spoken of, lying between Mars and Jupiter—should be found. But in the dazzling proximity of the sun it was no easy matter to look for such bodies. They might exist, and their places might be pretty well determined, as was the place of Neptune; but what eagle-eye should pierce through the rays of the sun? Whilst men were debating this question a rumour arose that the thing had already been done. A medical practitioner residing in the provinces of France had been addicted to astronomy from his infancy, and for twenty years had been ruminating on the law of Bode; and, being led, by studying that law, to believe the possibility of the existence of a planet between Mercury and the sun, he had argued that, if there is such a planet, he must often cross the sun's disk. Accordingly, whenever his professional duties allowed him leisure during the day, he set himself on the watch. On the 26th of March, 1859, he observed the passage of the body he had been looking for. This circumstance is made known to Leverrier soon after the publication of the memoir referred to. He hastens down to the country, and marches up to the doctor's residence. The worthy man, whose name is Lescarbault, submits to the astronomer's cross-examination. He demands the record of the observations, and it is found covered with grease and laudanum, performing the part of marker in the *Connaissance des Temps*. He asks for the rough drafts of the calculations which have led M. Lescarbault to the conclusion that the planet's distance is half

that of Mercury. "The rough drafts!" exclaims the doctor. "Paper is rather scarce with us. I am a joiner as well as a doctor. I calculate in my workshop, and I write upon the boards; and, when I wish to use them in new calculations, I plane off the old ones."

I have only to add that M. Leverrier considers the observation trustworthy; and, if it is (but that remains to be proved), the law of Bode has played a conspicuous part in filling up the centre and both extremities of our system. Like the fabled giant of Goethe, the law of Bode is a creation the strength of of which lies in its shadow, which bears men on its unreal shoulders, and carries them safely over the dark waters.

SONG OF THE DEW TO A DYING GIRL.

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

UNDER the starlight, under the moon,
We hang on the flowers through nights of June;
We glisten in peace through the tender blades,
And we freshen the sleep of the warm green glades.

But the purple blooms into mystic grey,
And the snow-haired mountain dreams of day;
Some throstle awakes in the copse's hush,
And a star trickles through the morning blush.

O never so fair the teeming glade!
The breeze it may shake us from bloom to blade;
But never so bright, so joyous we,
As we flash little suns all tremulously.

And we would not leave your sweet flower-cell,
We have lain in tranced with a subtle spell;
But the day steals through, and we own his power;
We were but fays of the cool dark hour.

Our orbs, how fleeting and slight soe'er,
Will image but One 'neath the golden air;
We were born from the heaven when He withdrew;
Then, glimmering, hoped for Him all night through.

In a haze, love-blended, of yore we lay,
Held softly within the deeps of day;
But, when He sank from our widowed sphere,
We fell to a severed coldness here.

In glory arisen, as erst He waned
Each peaceful drop in a heart unstained
Enshrines Him, yet dwindles away the while
In the warmth of His own absorbing smile.

Into the morning, into the blue,
As in the gloaming time we grew;
He draws us afaint in His genial rays,
Who kindled our thrills of rainbow praise;
We melt to lie near Him, a golden haze—
Farewell! 'tis the morning, the summer of blue!

MR. BUCKLE'S DOCTRINE AS TO THE SCOTCH AND THEIR HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART III.—SCOTLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

After giving his account of the Reformation in Scotland, and propounding his theory of the nature and causes of that movement, Mr. Buckle continues his sketch of Scottish ecclesiastical history as far as the Revolution of 1688–9. In the events of these hundred and thirty years he finds also a thin sort of unity, consisting in a modification of that problem of three bodies, in terms of which he had represented all prior Scottish history as capable of being expressed. He does not say this directly himself. Indeed, as soon as he has got a little way clear of the Reformation, his problem of three bodies seems rather to desert him; and, though we still hear of king, nobles, and clergy, and are called upon to contemplate, as before, their mutual attractions and repulsions, there has somehow bounced up in the meantime a vast, black fourth body, the people, of whom it seems to be necessary to take account more and more, and whose relations to the king, nobles, and clergy have suddenly become such that the movement which we were taught so expressly to regard as aristocratic in its origin assumes, under our eyes, a decidedly democratic prolongation. In other words, after passing the immediate fact of the Reformation, Mr. Buckle does come round very considerably to the more ordinary view, which represents the course of the Reformed Kirk of Scotland as an extraordinary development of democratic spirit and principle. I believe that there is a historical inconsistency, which he would find it difficult to get over, between his acquiescence in this account of the course and tendency of the Reformed Kirk after its establishment, and his preceding account of the manner in which it came to be established. Mr. Buckle, however, has a way of letting himself over the apparent inconsistency. It is as follows:—

Although the Reformation was the act of the nobles, triumphing over the old clergy and the crown, it was no sooner effected than they found themselves face to face with a Frankenstein of their own raising, in the shape of the new Protestant preachers, who had gone with them so far. These black-coated gentry, appearing in the field after the battle was over, had their own views as to the division of the spoil, and somewhat astonished the barons and lairds by saying so. In Mr. Buckle's own words, "Immediately the revolution was com-" pleted, the nobles and the preachers " began to quarrel about the wealth of " the Church. The nobles, thinking that " they ought to have it, took it into their " own hands. Thereupon the Protestant " preachers said that the nobles were " instigated by the devil." The nobles, we are left to imagine, only clung the harder to what they had seized, and told the preachers to go to the personage named. They did not go quite so far; but they did the next most vehement thing in the circumstances; they went to—the people. "The clergy," says Mr. Buckle, "finding themselves despised by " the governing class, united themselves " heartily with the people, and advocated " democratic principles. In 1574 Mel-" ville became their leader. Under his " auspices that great struggle began " which never stopped until, sixty years " later, it produced the rebellion against " Charles I." This struggle, he goes on to explain, assumed at once the form of a contest whether Presbyterianism or Episcopacy should be the system of the Reformed Kirk. The preachers and the people fought frantically for Presbyterianism; but the nobles upheld Episco-

pacy, "because they loved inequality for "the same reasons which made the clergy "love equality." Ere long that shambling Scotch Solomon, King James, grew up to be of age enough to show his own leanings to prelacy, and to associate himself with the nobles in its behalf. A sad time he consequently had of it with the Melvilles, the Blacks, the Welshes, and the rest of the Presbyterian clergy. They were incessantly round him, clutching him by the throat every time he made an attempt to appoint a bishop, and thundering in his ears from the pulpit and in the closet such democratic language about the relative rights and duties of kings and subjects as no other sovereign on earth had then to listen to, and as even now, if reverend gentlemen ventured on it with reference to Queen Victoria, might lead to prosecutions for treason. A happy day it was for James when he turned his back on Edinburgh, and set out, in his thirty-seventh year, to take possession of the English throne. Then, from his safe distance, and with his new power at his back, he paid off his tormentors. Mr. Buckle briefly relates how, when once on the throne of England, he succeeded in setting up Episcopacy, with some of its accompaniments, in Scotland. With equal brevity he tells of the attempt of his successor, the melancholy king of the narrow forehead, to force even a more rigid Episcopacy upon Scotland; and how the Scotch people, rising in rebellion, not only shattered Episcopacy and restored Presbytery within their own land, but also gave the signal for the great Puritan Revolution which brought Charles to the block and made England a commonwealth. Then, overleaping the Cromwell period, he glances at the condition of Scotland after the Restoration, when, first under Charles II. and then under James II., there was the fearful retaliation of those prelatic persecutions under which Scotland bled and groaned, till at length the Revolution re-established the Kirk on a definite basis, and the weary land had rest in its self-selected bed of Calvinism, Kirk-sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies.

Except that in Mr. Buckle's summary of this portion of Scottish history, as in his summaries of the preceding portions, we miss that profound originality which we had been led to expect from so much preliminary flourish about what real history ought to be—except that, here again, like the Irishman, we find the scientific sedan-chair in which we had been offered a lift, no such mighty invention after all—I do not know that, at first sight, much fault would be found with it. There are scores of summaries of the same series of events in our language quite as scientific, and a good deal more lively; but Mr. Buckle's may answer very well for ordinary English purposes. On a closer and deeper examination, however, some drawbacks would require to be made before giving it even this recommendation.

As I have already said, there is too violent a break of continuity between his prior account of the Scottish Reformation as a purely aristocratic achievement, and the account he now gives of the early history of the reformed Kirk as a democratic movement of clergy and people against the nobles. Without again appealing to philosophical considerations of human nature tending to show that the case could not have been quite as Mr. Buckle represents it—that his theory of the post-Reformation history of Scotland, as consisting only in the clergy going mad for private ends and biting the people, is rationally as imperfect as his theory of the pre-Reformation history, as consisting only in the nobles going mad for private ends and biting the clergy—we might appeal to the records of what actually did happen. There did, as Mr. Buckle states, arise differences between the nobles and the reformed preachers immediately after the Reformation as to the appropriation of the revenues of the old Church. Had John Knox had his way with these revenues, there would have been such a provision for learning, and for other high purposes of civilization in Scotland, over and above the immediate provision for the new clergy, as few lands under the sun have hitherto seen. He

had, among other things, a splendid scheme of national education, which included, first—a School in every parish, where every village artisan might be taught to read and write, and have, moreover, his sprinkling of grammar and Latin, to bring out whatever seeds of higher capability there might be in him; next, a College in every notable town, "in which the arts, at least logic and rhetoric, should be read;" and, lastly, three or four national Universities. It was his desire that arrangements should be made in connexion with this scheme, such that if, in the meanest family in the land, there were a lad of more than ordinary intellectual promise, that lad should be taken in hand as precious to the nation, and the way to honour and influence opened up to him. Those were not the days in which men had discovered that such state endowments for intellectual purposes were politically pernicious. But the nobles and landed proprietors had lights of their own on the subject. They voted Knox's scheme to be "a devout imagination," kept most of what they had got, and yielded only so much as sufficed for the maintenance of a poor ministry, and of that humble machinery of parish schools and the like, to which Scotland, nevertheless, owes so much. Nay, more, in the course of this contest for the Church revenues, there did develope itself a natural reason why the nobles should find prelacy of a certain sort convenient. Every one has heard of the nickname of Tulchan Bishops, by which the popular wit of that time in Scotland designated the prelates who were forced on the Kirk by James VI. and his adherents among the nobles. A tulchan, in the language of the country people, was a calf's skin stuffed with straw, and placed beside the cow while she was being milked, in order that the cow might think all was right, and yield the milk freely; and the implication in the nickname was, that the Scottish prelates were not proper specimens of their order, but only wore the title that their patrons might have the milk. But, notwithstanding this connexion between prelacy and aristocratic interest in Scotland after the Reformation, it would be wrong to assert that the struggle between Prelacy and Presbytery in Scotland, during the reigns of James and Charles I., was equivalent merely to a class-antagonism between the Scottish aristocracy and the Scottish clergy. On an analysis of the population of Scotland at that time, in its several constituent portions of nobles, lairds or gentry, clergy, burgesses, and common people, with a view to estimate the proportions of Prelatic and Presbyterian sentiment in each rank and class (for which analysis more materials exist than might be supposed), it would be found that, while Presbyterianism might justly be described as the popular cause, there was a mixture of all ranks on both sides. There were whole districts, and notably the town and shire of Aberdeen, where anti-Presbyterian feeling so prevailed, even among the people, that, when Presbytery triumphed, they had to be invaded and converted by rather rough reasoning. Among the clergy themselves, too, there was a time when Presbyterianism became nearly dormant, when Tulchan Prelacy and its accompaniments were acquiesced in by what seemed a majority, and when such staunch chips of the old block as Calderwood had to lament over the degeneracy of their brethren from the days of Knox and Melville. Lastly, as Calvinism and Presbyterianism had been the forms of theology and Church-government under the inspiration of which such of the Scottish nobility as favoured the Reformation had acted in helping it forward, so in what amount of traditional Presbyterianism there did exist in Scotland during the era of forced Prelacy the nobles did not cease to be represented.

Whoever, indeed, studies the true history of the struggle between Presbyterianism and Prelacy in Scotland will have to take account of a phenomenon to which Mr. Buckle has hardly adverted. He will find that, whatever continuity may be traced in the life of Scotland and the working of its theolo-

gical and ecclesiastical opinions, from the Reformation on through the reigns of Mary and James, there was, in the first years of the reign of Charles I., a new rousing and mustering of the elements under the operation of new causes. It was then that the Arminianism or Neo-Catholicism of Laud—which gave a shock even to the national mind of England, and, by its conflict with the popular Calvinism of that country and its alliance with the doctrine of arbitrary government in the State, occasioned questionings that might not otherwise have been raised there as to the whole theory and expediency of Episcopacy—descended like a cloud on the small neighbour-nation, provoking fire and explosion. As early as 1633, when Laud visited Scotland, he had fastened on the barbaric little country as a sort of outfield region on which, less impeded than in England by powerful Puritans and Parliament-men, he might carry out his views in their integrity, and rear a Church-system into the model of which he should be able to work the last perfections of his Neo-Catholic rule and ritual. With the Scottish Bishops as his agents he began the experiment with a new Service-Book and Book of Canons. Then came the catastrophe. The land which had at least borne with Prelacy and its accompaniments so long as they did not seem to trench on the fundamental matters of Calvinism and national independence, would not bear this insult of being made the nursery-ground of an Anglicanism deemed exotic in England itself. The old depths of Presbyterian feeling were broken up and yielded their unspent force. The older feeling of nationality was likewise called forth. The two feelings mingled. In the halls of the dead it was as if the spirit of Wallace was heard communing *de re Scoticâ* with the spirit of Knox. Nor, in the manner in which the result of their communings first declared itself, was there wanting the due touch of characteristic national humour. Lo! the assembled crowd in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday, the 23d of July, 1637, when the new Service-Book was to be used for the first time! Jenny Geddes hurls her stool. The nation accepts the homely signal. The signal had come from the people, and it was they who were first in the field ready for actual fight. But the clergy were soon in the field too. First came the Hendersons, the Dicksons, the Rutherfords, and others who had for years past been true to Presbyterianism in their hearts, and had never ceased to witness to it publicly as opportunity offered. Next came the Baillies, the Ramsays, the Rollocks, and others, who would have been satisfied hitherto with a moderate Prelacy, but were now convinced out of all doubts and hesitations. Finally, in successive rings round this group of leaders, there gathered the whole ministry of the land, except the Bishops, their immediate adherents, and the Aberdeen Doctors. And what of the nobles and gentry? In overwhelming proportion they, too, were now Presbyterian. By the end of 1637 there were at least twenty of the Scottish nobles pledged, along with the leading clergy, and with the chief burghs, to the pending contest—the Earls of Angus, Rothes, Sutherland, Dalhousie, Cassilis, Wemyss, and Lothian, and Lords Sinclair, Dalkeith, Lindsay, Balmerino, Burleigh, Hume, Boyd, Yester, Cranstoun, Loudoun, Montgomery, Dalzell, and Fleming. These names it is all the more necessary to enumerate because most of them are still known in the highest ranks of our British peerage, although in course of time the Presbyterian associations which were once their distinction have ceased to encircle them, and their present wearers are almost to a man dutiful members of that Church into which their forefathers refused to be forced, but which has since, by a milder and more natural mode of suasion, attached to itself gradually the whole aristocracy of Scotland. But these names were not all. Others and others were rapidly added, including that of the astute Argyle. When, in February and March, 1638, the nation, seeing war with Charles to be inevitable, bound itself by that *Solemn League and Covenant* of which the whole world has

heard—"promising and swearing, by "the great name of the Lord their God, "that they would continue in the obe- "dience and discipline of this Kirk, and "defend the same, according to their "vocation and power, all the days of their "lives, under the pains contained in the "law, and danger both of body and soul "in the day of God's fearful judgment" —who, does the English reader think, were those original Scottish Covenanters? A mob of crack-brained plebeian enthusiasts, a wild herd of ploughmen and shepherds in plaids and blue bonnets, led by a few wily burgesses and a few Kettledrummles of parsons? By no means so. That document was signed not only by the clergy, by burgesses, and the people, but, first of all, by "all "the nobles who were then in Scotland, "except the lords of the Privy Council "and four or five others," and, after them, by lairds or lesser barons in number sufficient to represent the flower of the Scottish proprietary next in rank to the great nobles, as well as by many leading men at the Edinburgh bar, never to be forgotten among whom, by any historian of Presbyterianism, was Archibald Johnstone of Warriston. And when, a few months later—in November, 1638—there met that famous Glasgow Assembly, presided over by Henderson as moderator, which called the Bishops to account, abolished Episcopacy in Scotland, and established Presbytery on the basis on which, with the interruption of the period between the Restoration and the Revolution, it has continued ever since to exist in Scotland, who, does the English reader think, were present in that Assembly, as lay deputies, along with the deputies of the clergy, joining in their deliberations and consenting to their acts? Repeat nearly all of the foregoing list of nobles, adding that of Montrose as a Covenanter for the time being; fancy a gathering of other nobles, present not as members, but as assessors or sympathising spectators—in which category was Argyle; and, among the other lay members, to the number of ninety-six in all, reckon such of the Scottish gentry of that day as Douglas of Cavers, Stirling of Keir, Bailie of Lamington, Ramsay of Balmain, Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Agnew of Lochaw, Lyon of Auldbar, Graham of Fintray, Fraser of Philorth, and others whose names and designations are still familiar, not in Scotland alone, through their living descendants. Assuredly, had Mr. Buckle thought of it, he might have made out as strong a show of aristocratic influence in the Scottish Presbyterian movement of 1638 as in that prior movement of the Scottish Reformation from Papacy which he alleges to have been nothing but aristocratic. But this was not in his brief.

I will be candid, however. I will help Mr. Buckle to one consideration which, should he ever revise this part of his summary, he may find available for patching up the rent which the foregoing facts may have made in his general theory. It is not impossible that there may have been peculiar reasons of selfish policy leading the Scottish aristocracy in 1638 to attach themselves to Presbyterianism, although, for the same or similar reasons, their forefathers had rather taken to Prelacy. There were, as I have said, new causes at work at the time of this movement of 1638. The historical conditions were different. The Prelacy which was then being enforced in Scotland was not the kind of Prelacy which hitherto the Scottish nobles and gentry had found convenient. No; whatever may be said and thought of Laud now (and he is not the kind of man that the present generation is likely to exalt into a hero), this, at least, must be said for him that, as a champion of Ecclesiasticism, he was bold, unfaltering, tenaciously true to his ideal. No truncated Church for him; no beggarly figment of a Prelacy in lieu of the reality; no cession of aught that belonged to the Church to peer or proprietor or any league of such! And so, as he gazed at the Tulchan Prelacy of Scotland, there was that in his gaze which the aristocratic patrons of such a form of Prelacy did not half like. Compulsory resumption by the Church of the revenues which had been

alienated from her; restoration of abbacies; the milk of the cow henceforth to the cow's own proper progeny—all this was, or seemed to be, in the Laudian scheme for the ecclesiastical regeneration of Scotland. What more natural than that the Scottish aristocracy should take the alarm in time, and, though they had abetted Episcopacy hitherto, now go over to a system of Presbyterianism under which they could keep what they had got? This, I say, is a consideration quite to Mr. Buckle's taste. Though I will not say that there is absolutely nothing in it, I do not care much for it myself; nor do I think it would prove of much value when brought in contact with the facts of the Covenanting movement. There is, therefore, the less liberality in my making Mr. Buckle welcome to it.

But the main objection to Mr. Buckle's summary of Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution is that, by its rapidity, by the levity with which it skims along the period, and especially its later portion, it fails to do justice to the acts of the Scottish people at a time when, if at any, they were conspicuously creditable, and to the importance of the services which, by these acts, Scotland rendered to England and to the common cause of British civilization.

For illustration, I will fix on one brief but eventful portion of the period —that which elapsed between the rising of the Scotch for their ecclesiastical liberties in 1637, as described above, and the outbreak of the great Civil War in England in 1642. I might go a little farther than this latter year and include a year or two of the Civil War itself; but I prefer to stop at 1642. Now, knowing the English and Scottish history of this period pretty intimately, having studied it almost literally day by day, having passed through my hands every State-paper connected with it now kept in our State-Paper Office (at least from July 1638, as I find from my notebooks), I venture to affirm, trying from my very soul to avoid prejudice and overstatement, that, if ever a nation behaved really and even splendidly well, the credit of having done so must be given to the Scottish nation during those five particular years. I believe that such would be the verdict of every impartial Englishman who should duly inform himself of the facts—always supposing, of course, that he were an Englishman true at heart to the main course of his country's noble traditions, and not one of those creatures of small peculiar instinct, still to be found in corners, who pule over the wrongs of Charles I. as the one pitiful thing they know, and, out of sympathy with his melancholy face as Vandyke has painted it, would denounce and reverse the whole activity of that grand generation which, with the melancholy face in the midst of it, and knowing it better than we do, established, in spite of it, the liberties of England. Mr. Buckle, at least, does not belong to this class of feeble antiquarians. Nor does his philosophy, as he gives us to understand, exclude the right of an occasional hearty feeling of admiration towards energetic conduct in past times. If so, I do not see why the conduct of the Scotch during the particular years above named should not have had the benefit of as strong a sentiment of admiration as it may be in his constitution to give, and of as eloquent an expression of it as it was in his power of language to put forth. For, in the first place, the cause for which they were contending was, as things went, a very respectable one. It was not certainly for the Buckleian system of philosophy that they were contending; but, if Mr. Buckle reserves his admiration for those cases where, in the past history of nations, he can yield it only on this absolutely satisfying ground, I am afraid he will have to keep it bottled up altogether. At the least it was, for that time, a fair cause of intellectual and spiritual, as well as national liberty. As such it is now recognised by all liberal Church-of-England men—who, though they may value Episcopacy highly as an institution, value freedom of conscience more, and would, in any struggle, past or present, between the two interests, let

their sympathies go at once and manfully with the larger and more vital. Moreover, it was, as history clearly demonstrates, but the northern or Scottish phase of a cause then common to the whole island. Finally, if there is any truth in the notion of some that Protestantism, as the cause of modern intellectual and political liberty, has necessarily passed through Prelacy, Presbyterianism, Independency, and what not, as successive variations of Church-organisation, all leading to the grand triumph of Individualism, or the system of Every man his own Church and the Devil take the Hindmost, why then, perhaps, after all, Mr. Buckle, if he would look well into the matter, might find some remote beginnings of his own philosophy brewing even in the contest of the old Scotch Presbyterians. Take it any way, and the cause was, as the phrase is, a cause of progress. Pass, then, to the proceedings in that cause—to the manner in which it was conducted. Here I really do not know that any bounds need be set to one's admiration, if one is given to the effusion of that sentiment. For myself, following the proceedings of the Scotch step by step during the time in question—observing them, after the first outbreak, forming themselves into Tables or Committees, and establishing a system of communication by which the whole country might have intelligence with these centres, and might act by one matured advice; studying their negotiations with Charles and with the Scotch Privy Council, which still tried to represent his policy among them; watching them in that moment of almost phrenzied inspiration when, all other hope failing them, they registered their Covenant with heaven, and swore by the name of the Lord their God that neither threat, nor force, nor loss, nor charge of treason, nor death, nor chicanery, nor insidious mystification of private thinkings, should break their unanimous resolve, or make one man of them desert another; beholding them still, month after month, negotiating with patience and organising with zeal, till, on the march against them of that army of unwilling Englishmen which Charles had levied, they, too, took the field under that "little crooked old soldier," Field-Marshal Lesley, whom they had already looked out for their general, and to whom, "with an incredible submission, from the beginning to the end," they all, from the highest noble downwards, "gave "themselves over to be guided by him, "as if he had been the great Solyman;" considering them, as they lay encamped on Dunse Hill, not venturing to invade England, but only keeping in sight of the English army on the other side of the Tweed, in case *it* should invade Scotland, till Charles, not liking the look of them through his prospect-glass, reopened negotiations, and consented to a peace; viewing them, finally, on that second occasion when, the peace having been broken, they did invade England, spreading proclamations of their motives before them, and received as welcome allies rather than as enemies by the people, till, first by their acts against Charles's new army, and then by their mere continued presence, they gave the shock that was wanted to the fabric of rule which Charles and Laud and the genius of Strafford had reared in England, and enabled the Long Parliament to enter on their work—following, I say, the proceedings of the Scotch step by step during these stages of their struggle, I find in them throughout a combination of courage, sustained fervour, business talent, integrity, intellectual inventiveness, firmness, and, withal, courtesy, good sense, and forbearance, such as, I believe, has not, in like circumstances, been often paralleled. Rushworth, I perceive, is not one of the numerous historical authorities to which Mr. Buckle refers. If he were to do so, I think I can promise that, in the Scottish State-papers given in Rushworth's collection, as having been put forth by the Covenanting leaders, he would find a richer literary interest, greater proof of speculative capacity, than in the corresponding English State-papers of the same period. Whatever Strafford writes is, indeed, excellent; there is that stamp of genius, that vigour of mind, in his letters which

this model, and completing an ecclesiastical organization of England in exact accordance with it. All this is now forgotten, more than it is perhaps for the good of Englishmen that it should be.

Be it observed that I have restricted my claim of English admiration for the Scotch, in the respect under notice, to a definite number of years. I do so advisedly, because I cannot honestly prolong the claim without much abatement. The initiative having been given by Scotland, England began to move on in her own larger way. Her mighty and complex bulk could not be compressed so as to rest in the bed of Calvinism, Kirk-sessions and General Assemblies, and, after a period of weight on Presbyterianism, there came forth out of the seething waste of thought and barbarism which had long been entrapped in her three various theories of Independency, Anabaptism, Latitudinarianism, Anti-Trinitarianism, and even pure natural Theism and beyond Deism, which struggled with each other and with what remained of Roman Catholicism, Laudian Prelacy, Calvinistic Episcopacy, and Presbyterianism, until at last the nation devised for itself that double-bedded system, which it still retains, of an Established Church sufficiently broad for a moiety of the discordant elements and a tolerated Nonconformity for all the rest. Very early in this course of things England and Scotland parted company; and Scotland became intellectually and politically obstructive to her larger neighbour. This showed itself before the end of the Civil War, but more particularly after the death of Charles I., when the Scottish Kirk threw itself into the reaction and thought to set things right by making a Covenanter of Charles II. and then raising round him. "Do you know, sir," I once heard Dr Chalmers say, speaking of this very period of Scottish History, "I think the Scotch "showed at that time a great deal of "what I have often found in them my- "self—what I call a kind of *caper-* "*noitedness!*" The phrase is that of a man who knew his countrymen well;

and, if Mr. Buckle cares to have it, and can make out what it means, it is very much at his service. The Scotch *are* liable to fits of "capernoitedness;" and, from the time when they were disappointed in seeing Presbyterianism in the ascendant in England, onwards through Cromwell's rule, they were in one of these fits.

Dearly they paid the penalty. After an interval of distracted, but on the whole peaceful and useful, submission to Cromwell, they came once more under the government of the Stuarts. There ensued, from the Restoration to the Revolution, that period of revived Episcopacy and of relentless persecution of Presbytery in all its forms, which is remembered as the dreariest period in the annals of Scotland, and which, indeed, by those who forget that the Covenant dates from 1638 and that the Scotch impulse in British affairs which it represented had been exhausted of its best strength while as yet the Long Parliament was in its early days, is erroneously thought of as the sole and special period of the Scottish Covenanters. This too was a period of heroism, and of heroism in the name of the Covenant. But it was of passive heroism, of the determination of a resolute remnant among the pastors and of the poor men and women of an afflicted land, in enduring cold and hunger, and a wild life in the moors, and imprisonment, and banishment, and torture by boot and thumbscrew, and death by carbine or drowning or gibbet, rather than yield the doctrine and worship dear to them, or speak the word their souls thought false. It was a period of zeal driven wild by cruelty, of human nature maddened to extremes beyond sense and reason, but noble in their extremity. Whether it could be shown that the spectacle presented to the English during those twenty-eight years of so much suffering by the little nation with which they were connected, or that, in any more positive way, the actual conduct of the Scotch during those twenty-eight years, contributed to the Revolution which followed, and so that here again some meed of respect might be owing to the Scotch from Englishmen of the present day, if only from their relation to English constitutional history, I need not inquire. Of this I am sure, that, on the higher ground of a belief that no heroic action perishes, that no human soul was ever nerved to the transcendent test of death for the poorest shred of supposed truth or right, but there passed a thrill of new power from that soul into the whole will and thought of the world, that philosophy is but a wretched and drivelling one, base itself on what array of science it will, that shall teach Scotchmen to think more lightly than hitherto of the worth of their native land in that age of her humble agony.

Why should there not have been some adequate appreciation of all this in a work professing to estimate Scotland and her history in their full relations to British civilization? If, for the sake of brevity, it had been impossible to accomplish it in the way of sufficiently-detailed narrative, there might at least have been the compensation of incidental assertion and remark There is but a miserable allowance of such in Mr. Buckle.

In following for a time, indeed, the course of the first struggle, after the Reformation, between Melville and the rest of the Presbyterian clergy on the one hand, and King James and the Scottish nobility on the other, he is caught by the spectacle of the democratic boldness of the clergy, the audacity with which they criticised the conduct of their rulers, attacked them to their faces, and stirred up a popular and insurrectionary spirit against them. In this, as a loosening by any means of that principle of reverence for authority which he regards as everywhere, and at all times, the bane of mankind, and the bar to all social progress, he takes abundant delight. There is an eloquent passage in his text, in which, after speaking of the dislike, and even disgust, which the reader of the lives and proceedings of the Presbyterian clergy of those days must feel at finding him-

self in the presence of "so much of "superstition, of chicanery, of low, sordid "arts, and yet withal, of arrogant and "unbridled insolence," he suddenly wheels round, and calls upon us to "honour the memory" of those men, and "repute them benefactors of their "species," seeing that, "notwithstand-"ing the indecency of their conduct, "they conferred the greatest of all boons "upon Scotland, by keeping alive and "nurturing the spirit of liberty." Now, though this is certainly finding honey in the lion's mouth—though, as I have already pointed out, it seems unscientific thus to break the mind into two parts, the one heartily admiring men for a certain course of action, the other hooting and detesting that in the men from which this course of action flowed—yet, had Mr. Buckle kept up this strain, the injury, save to his own credit as a thinker, might have been less. But, as soon as he passes into the seventeenth century, the praising half of his mind ceases to act, and the blaming and deriding half does all the work. There is still an underhum of allusion to the democratic principle, and somehow the clergy and the people are still seen as the guardians of that principle; but they are guardians of it as a swine might be of a pearl that had been fastened to its snout. There they go, grunt—grunt—grunting—a beastly sight, but guardians of the pearl! This is really the sort of impression we get of the Scotch in the few pages which Mr. Buckle thinks it enough to devote to that memorable period of their history which began with their rising against Charles in 1638. Of the facts and circumstances of that rising we hear next to nothing. Laud is hardly mentioned. Mr. Buckle is now in a hurry, and, having already given us the formula of all the possible facts, does not trouble himself much in collecting and arranging them. We are not to forget the pearl, and there, in a general way, are the pigs! This is the substance of his story. "Confound the pearl!" we are tempted to cry out at last; "*were* these men pigs or not? and *do* pigs, in your philosophy, carry pearls?" Not deigning to answer the latter question, he does virtually answer the former. "The Baillies, "the Binnings, the Dicksons, the Dur-"hams, the Flemings, the Frasers, the "Gillespies, the Guthries, the Haly-"burtons, the Hendersons, the Ruther-"fords, and the rest of that monkish "rabble"—such is the phrase of retrospect in which, in a later part of his volume, he huddles together for contempt a selection of the intellectual representatives of Scottish Presbyterianism during the last seventy years of the seventeenth century. He does not quite say "pigs;" but "rabble" is not much better.

A word or two on this rash sentence of Mr. Buckle's. The order of the names in it is alphabetical, and not chronological. I will take only those in the list which belong to the time when, as I have already said, the Scottish national movement was at the acme of its influence—the time from 1637, onwards for the next few years. Not that I give up the others, but that it seems best to refer only to those respecting whose position and circumstances I have already, in the preceding pages, enabled the reader to know something. These are Baillie, Dickson, Gillespie, Henderson, and Rutherford.

I know not by what right, either of historical knowledge, or of philosophical power to discern and estimate character, Mr. Buckle dares to affix the word "rabble" to such a group of men. A hasty word may be allowed when one wishes rapidly to dash off an angry impression and be done with it; but this, I say, verges on impertinence. I know, in part, what Mr. Buckle means; and, in part, I can sympathize with him. As strongly as he, I, too, prefer, in literature, those men who walk, if I may so say, in white universal light—in whose writings there is as little as may be of the old draff of temporary contortions of thought, and as much as may be of what perennially interests, whether it be of facts vividly recorded, or of natural feelings keenly expressed, or of phantasies finely embodied, or of such inevitable spe-

culation as must occur to man, footed as he is in a world of solid relations, but whose upward vision ends in stars and mysteries. Such men, I believe, always have been and always will be the favourites in literature; and, whatever amount of talent other men may show in paths covered in from the white light—in scholastic monkish reasonings, let us say, or subtle controversies in dogmatic theology—it will only be from a limited number of inquisitive students that such men, after the day of their activity is over, will meet with due recognition. But, while this distinction must be drawn between the men whose intellectual remains still interest, and the men whose intellectual remains are of forms voted obsolete, it would surely argue a very narrow philosophy, and a sad deficiency of imagination in the past, to regard all the latter order of men as having been but a "rabble." Why, a man with any imagination ought to be able to descry the ability, the general force to think and do, that may lie even in a Hindoo Brahmin, mixed up with his rubbishy creed of avatars and monkey-gods. And, even should a daring philosopher of the modern school feel as little respect theoretically for the common Christian theology as for Indian mythology, ought he to be prepared to give up as a "rabble" all the men whose title to distinction has been that they were more or less masters and wranglers in that theology? If so, what a roll of English names, hitherto of some reputation, will have to be given up! What a "rabble" also we still have among us—from the episcopal bench in the House of Lords all through the land, wherever there is a parsonage or a pulpit! This, evidently, will not do. The most anti-theological of modern philosophers, if he has his eyes open, must take it as an indisputable fact that the opinions and modes of thought which he regards as absurd may, in this complex world of ours, co-exist in certain individuals with an amount of general faculty which he himself might find it no joke to tussle with. Why, I myself know parish-parsons of the straitest Presbyterian sect, in the gripe of whose logic and general powers of speculation Mr. Buckle himself, should he ever find himself there, would have to acknowledge the strength of that which the Saxon poem of Beowulf represents as the most terrible power on earth, and the real thing for last emergencies,—the naked hand-grip of a man; and I *have* known parsons, hardly of less strait creed, to whom, in statesmanship, Lord Palmerston would have been a babe, who in oratory could have beaten a host, and who, with a year's training in the Crimea, might have been first-rate strategists.

If, even in a much weaker degree than my own experience would thus suggest, one is to admit this notion of the possibility of great intellectual force where the formal creed may not be of the bran-new best nineteenth-century make, I do not see why Messrs. Baillie, Dickson, Gillespie, Henderson, and Rutherford, who have been standing all this while out in the cold, anxious to know whether they have been passed by the examiners with honours, should not have the benefit of it. They may not be up in the modern physical sciences; but consider the disadvantages of their education in that respect. Don't reject a man for having been born in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. But for circumstances over which you had no control, you might have been born in one of those centuries yourself. True, they were theologians; but all the world, barring a Hobbes or the like, was theological at the time when they lived. True their sub-genus among theologians was that of Presbyterian parsons; but, if Mr. Buckle himself had lived at that time, and in that latitude, he might have been a Presbyterian parson too, and yet made sure that he was in the express train. The question is, Had these men, in that position and in those circumstances, such qualities of excellence, on the whole, that a true historian now can look back upon them with interest and respect? They had. England at that time had greater men, recognised, or about to be recognised. There was in England at that time a greater *variety*

of scattered intellectual and literary eminence than Scotland could exhibit —so much the smaller country, and with its whole mind gurgling through the single channel of an engrossing national strife. But, compared with the public men who were of note in England immediately before the Long Parliament, and in the early days of that Parliament, and especially with that Puritan section of them upon whom the leadership devolved, until the nation found its master in Cromwell, those five Scottish Presbyterian parsons — Baillie, Dickson, Gillespie, Henderson, and Rutherford—were not inferior. This was recognised at the time by the English themselves. While as yet the struggle lasted in Scotland, and England was watching the issue as one in which the possibility of a recovery of her own liberties was involved, the names of those preachers of the north were words of household interest in many an English Puritan family; and, when some of them afterwards came south, to accompany the Scottish Commissioners accredited to Charles and the Long Parliament, and to help, by their sermons and their counsels, in the work of inoculating England with the true-blue Presbyterian sentiment, all London flocked after them, as after Irving or Chalmers in later days, to hear the novelty of wisdom's voice in a broad Scotch accent. Nor, when we try to individualize the men through what remains of them, do the Londoners seem to have been fools for their pains. Their writings, indeed, are mostly of a kind not now much read — sermons, treatises in divinity, pamphlets of ecclesiastical controversy, such as load the shelves of the British Museum library, to attest what laborious masses of literature there may have been at certain periods, charged with life to the generations which produced them, but now fossil and dead. There is, at least, one exception. Baillie's letters are as graphic a bit of historical literature as there is in the language—a book wherewith we can now correct Clarendon; a book in which every modern critic who knows real literary worth when he sees it can descry sagacity, good sense, and the talent of a born historian, underneath the provincial style and the homely Presbyterian prejudice; a book which will be read, I venture to say, as long as Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization." In Rutherford's letters, too, which are of quite a different stamp, and belong rather to that style of private devotional literature which is not yet without its charms for a part of the Christian world, the critic who has any softness of heart in that direction, or any power of going out of his own paltry self in such matters, will discern something of that sensuous genius of the poet, elevated by religion to the pitch of ecstasy, which appears in the sweet English pietists, or Song-of-Solomon theologians, of the seventeenth century. But, take even the polemical pamphlets of those Scottish preachers. In what Henderson, or Gillespie, or Baillie, or Dickson, or Rutherford, but especially the three first, did in this line, there was, allowing for the capabilities of such a form of literature, more than the average show of capacity. Excepting Milton's pamphlets, which stand in glory by themselves, I do not know but that, if one were to turn over the pamphlets of that particular time still preserved in the British Museum, those which have the names of one or other of these Scottish ministers, or of several of them collectively, attached to them, would turn out to be among the very best. The men who wrote them, at all events, moved about among their contemporaries, whether in their own country, or in England when the common business of the two countries led them thither, as men whom ample trial had proved to be, whether by tongue or by pen, whether by learning or by power of reason, fit to lead. Dickson's reputation was that of a brave man, now a veteran, to whom the whole West of Scotland looked as its most zealous and powerful preacher—its Whitfield, we might now say—who had sustained Evangelism there when the rest of the land was cold and dark. Of Gillespie, who was still but a youth, Baillie could speak as "the noble youth, Mr. Gilles-

pie," and could exult, in particular, that, when the Scottish divines had to hold their own with their English brethren, and to grapple with them on some points in the great Westminster Assembly, this stripling from Kirkcaldy could contend with the Goliaths and prove himself, by general confession, "equal to the first" there. But, not to multiply arguments to the same effect, were not these men, the whole five of them, in the midst of that Scottish national movement from 1637 onwards, of the difficulty of which, of its efficient and even splendid conduct, and of its singular importance in connexion with the general history of England, we have tried to give some idea? Was it not on these men, in conjunction with the Rotheses, the Argyles, the Loudouns, the Johnstones of Warriston, and, eventually, the Lesleys and other military Scots trained in the Gustavus-Adolphus wars, that the conduct of that movement devolved? Can a movement like that have had a "rabble" at its heart? And who among all the men who were at the heart of that movement towers up as the man in chief? I believe that, if a competent historian were called upon to name the ablest and most prominent Scotchmen of the middle of the seventeenth century, he would (always reserving on the Royalist side the gallant Montrose, the one man of really brilliant genius whom Charles had, after he forswore himself and let Strafford die), name unhesitatingly these four—the Marquis of Argyle; the lawyer Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, afterwards Lord Warriston; the crooked old Gustavus-Adolphus soldier, Alexander Lesley, afterwards Earl of Leven; and the Presbyterian parish-minister, Alexander Henderson. Nor am I sure but that, if one were required out of these four to select the one who was really the chief of all, that one would be, not the marquis, nor yet the lawyer, nor yet the soldier, but the Presbyterian parish-minister. Yes, this honour, such as it is, belongs, I believe, to that particular member of Mr. Buckle's alleged "rabble." Such is my belief, at least; and I have not formed it without reason. Wherever, in the Scottish movement of that time, I see the tremor of a new activity, showing that at that point a man of invention and courage has communicated an impulse from his own being to the surrounding element, there, if I investigate, I find Alexander Henderson. Wherever, in the same movement, I find things going wrong, and suddenly there seems to come the grasp of some massive judgment, controlling extravagant counsels, and bringing back order, without loss of energy, there again I find Henderson. Wherever, among the public Scottish documents of that time, I come upon one more statesmanlike in its conception, more cogent in its logic, more large and liberal in its speculative tone than the rest, I hardly inquire whose it is—I know it is Henderson's. Wherever he went, among Scotch or English, his superiority was felt. If even the furious English courtiers and royalists were compelled to make an exception in favour of one of the "rascally crew of the Scottish Covenant," and to allow that he at least had something sterling in him, the exception was always Henderson. "Incomparably the ablest man of us all for all things" is honest Baillie's character of him at the time when they elected him to the moderator's chair in the Glasgow Assembly of 1638; and when, after Henderson's death, in 1646, at the age of sixty-three, the same Baillie spoke of him before his assembled colleagues as "the "fairest ornament, after Mr. John Knox, "of incomparable memory, that ever the "Church of Scotland did enjoy," the assent of all ratified the eulogy. Indeed, it is from Henderson's death in that year that the affairs of Scotland begin visibly to go into sixes and sevens. It is from that date, whether owing to that event or not, that the Scotch are seen floundering on in the worst fit of *caper-noitedness* of which we have record in their history.

Is all this of no interest to the present generation? It ought not to be so. Over that particular combination of men

and events, Anglo-Scottish or Scoto-English, there rolled immediately the wave of a grander tumult. Greater names emerged, and new controversies enacted themselves, still pointing forward; and between that age and this there has been the march and tramp of two centuries of men now also among the dead. To us, in this busy age, of what avail this resuscitation of forgotten old matters, of names long unheard of and always uncouth—Macdonnells and Colkittos and Galasps? Not so have thought the best writers among us—the Macaulays and others of recent times, who have still turned, by a literary instinct which their reason could justify, back to the seventeenth century, as that period in the past history of the British Islands in exploring the transactions of which they could, with good results to their contemporaries, employ still more and more research. What is History for but to recover forgotten names that ought not to be forgotten, to make rich our memories, to connect the life of the present, through an avenue of increasingly strong recollections, with the life of the past? And more and more it will be found that in History, as in other things, superficiality will not do—that there must be quarrying and deep digging, and turning over and over of heaps of buried material, and marshalling of entire orders of facts that have been lost sight of but are still recoverable; that the presentation again and again, as in most of our popular narratives, of a few large historical names and incidents already familiar, with repetitions of the old comments respecting them, and a dash of twopenny philosophy about the laws of progress, is a method of sheer indolence, which is beggaring our historical literature before our very eyes, and driving us farther and farther from all hope of ever knowing what the real laws of human progress may have been; that, in short, while the largest names and events will always have the preference, it is the very use of History to chastise our ignorance and rouse our curiosity over and over again, by revealing to us what a multiplicity of things, behind those names and events, and yet in vital connexion with them, remains to be known. And where shall History exercise itself more usefully, with any such end in view, than in the exploration of our own national annals—of those English, Irish, and Scottish affairs of a few by-past centuries, out of which, by direct development, our own civilization has come? Shall it be deemed right and proper that volume after volume should be written that we may know a thing or two about Tiglath-Pileser and other polysyllabic Assyrians—shall it be deemed a labour worthy of our scholars and historians to clear up for us the politics of Nikias, or to tell the true story of the Gracchi—and shall it be with impatience that, because of our very ignorance in our own national history, we hear of men who, though they did chance to wear homespun English or Scottish names, did more for us a good deal than ever Tiglath-Pileser meant to do, were more akin to us than Nikias, served our liberties more nearly than all the Roman Gracchi? At all events, if a modern writer, of his own free will, does make a raid among these less-known worthies of our national past—if, with an intent not to honour but to vilify, he pays a visit to their graves, disturbing in that little-invaded solitude the grass and the weeds that time has made so rank—what is any one else to do that may have been lingering among these graves before him, on an errand more like that of Old Mortality, but to start up, mallet and chisel in hand, and confront the intruder?

SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE.

TWENTY-THREE millions of human beings —more than the whole population of Great Britain—set free by one stroke of the pen is a magnificent stride in the march of freedom. At such a spectacle the world would at all times look on with feelings of deep interest, but at the present moment those feelings cannot fail to be greatly enhanced. It is the work of the despotic ruler of a nation that we have been wont to call semi-barbarous, and contrasts curiously with the events that are now happening among our Transatlantic cousins. The model republic of the world is being shattered into fragments, and men's hands are being raised against the lives of their brothers, ostensibly to uphold and perpetuate a worse form of bondage than that which the Emperor of Russia has, of his own sole will and pleasure, swept away for ever out of his dominions.

We know very little about Russia—even less than the Russians know about us. English habits and English institutions are highly esteemed in Russia, and the desire to become better acquainted is growing stronger every day. English literature is fast superseding the flimsy French trash which has hitherto held undisputed sway; English governesses and English tutors meet with an appreciation and a rate of remuneration higher than fall to their lot in any other part of the world. It will therefore be well for Englishmen to give due consideration to a measure upon which, as a native writer has pithily remarked, the whole future of Russia depends, and to make themselves acquainted with its leading features.

The meaning of the term "serfdom," in Russia, has been very generally misunderstood. It is not slavery, as understood by the old Roman and Germanic laws, and it is not equivalent to the slavery of to-day in America. Slavery, in its fullest and most complete sense, certainly did exist in Russia in the ancient and middle ages prior to the introduction of serfdom. The first book of laws which was issued by Yaroslaf, in 1020, and was termed "Rooskaia Pravda" (Russian jurisprudence), enacts that slaves, by capture, purchase, commitment for crime or debt, or by the voluntary sale of themselves, for a limited term, or for life, shall be considered fully and unconditionally the personal property of their lord or proprietor. Similar provisions are to be found in the "Soodebuik," a code of laws commenced by Ivan III. in 1497, and revised and completed by Ivan IV. in 1550. Slavery in this form, however, never existed to any great extent in Russia, and, with the establishment of an absolute form of government, it slowly but surely decreased. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, it merged into the system of villeinage, which was then gradually developing itself. Slavery, then, in the common acceptation of the term, has long ago ceased to exist in Russia; and in the judicial code of the present day there is not to be found even any trace of the word.

Villeinage, on the other hand, did not prevail to any great extent in ancient Russia. The inhabitants of villages and agricultural labourers were entirely free, from the time of the elevation of Russia into a state, until the end of the sixteenth century. They were subjected to various imposts, which differed as the lands on which they lived belonged to the Tsar or State, to monasteries, towns, communities, or private individuals; but they possessed the privilege of free transit from one locality to another, with the view of settling wherever they might deem it most advantageous to themselves. This right of migration at any season was

soon found to be injurious to a state geographically extensive, and chiefly agricultural. Taxes could not be collected regularly, and large tracts of land remained uncultivated. The landed proprietors were embarrassed in fulfilling the obligations entailed upon them by the possession of land under the crown, particularly with regard to military services which they were obliged to render to the state. The prevention of this evil first led to the permanent attachment of the inhabitants of the villages to the soil on which they dwelt.

The earliest traces of this attachment to the soil are, it is true, to be found as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, during the Tartar domination, when a census was taken in 1257 in order to secure the regular collection of taxes. The inhabitants of towns and villages settled on the lands of the state were forbidden to leave them without special permission. But this order did not immediately become law. The custom sprang up by degrees of restricting the migrations of the peasants to the commencement, or termination, of the agricultural season. This custom was legalized by Ivan III., in 1497, and confirmed by Ivan IV., in 1550; but the full and final attachment of the peasant to the soil was not consummated until at the close of the sixteenth century.

In the reign of the last lineal descendant of the house of Rurik, the Tsar Fedor Ivanovitch, the migration of the peasants was suppressed. By the counsel and influence of Boris Godunof, a Boyar, who was then all-powerful, and who actually succeeded to the vacant throne on the death of that monarch, a decree was issued, on the 24th of November, 1597, forbidding all peasants to leave those lands on which that date, St. George's Day, should find them. If, however, they had removed within five years previously, they were commanded to return to the lands to which they had been attached in 1592. From this it came to pass that the serfs have always regarded Boris Godunof as their enslaver, and his name is remembered with execrations to the present time, while Yurief Den (St. George's Day) has hitherto been an anniversary fraught with the most melancholy recollections throughout all Russia.

This was the first enactment that bound the peasant, hitherto free, firmly to the soil. It was not carried out at once, but passed through a series of changes, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, under Godunof, the Pretender Dmitri, and Vassilii Shuiski, and was only at length finally established in 1649, four years after the accession of Alexei Mikhailovitch.

According to the spirit of the laws, the attachment of the peasant to the soil did not legally enslave him. It was merely an administrative police-measure, which affected the whole of the provincial population, and was adopted with the view of insuring the regular collection of imposts, and of suppressing vagrancy, which had greatly increased. Similarly the burghers were fixed to towns for the same purpose, and the Boyars and their children were also subjected to compulsory service under the Government, their names being enrolled with that object in special registers. It was therefore not unnatural that the Government, in making the landowners responsible for the due payment of taxes on the lands belonging to them, and on those occupied by their tenants, and in summoning them with retainers equipped at their own expense for military service, should give them some privileges over the persons of the peasants settled on their estates. The laws of the seventeenth century ordained that every peasant attached to the soil should have an allotment of ground settled upon him. The landowners were always obliged to preserve a certain portion of land to be cultivated for the enjoyment of the peasants, and this ground was almost invariably called theirs in the legal acts of the times, in contradistinction to that belonging to the landowners. But the serfs had no security or permanence in the enjoyment of this privilege, for the landlords commenced transferring them from one estate to another, converting

them into domestic servants, and disposing of them by sale and will. The sale of serfs became at length, as it were, sanctioned by law; to such an extent had custom taken the lead of law, which was forced to acknowledge a state of things that had engrafted itself on the life of the people by the force of circumstances. Serfs were bought and sold even without the land, and families were broken up and dispersed without the slightest hesitation or remorse. That these practices were not at all uncommon is evident from the ukaz of Peter the Great, issued in 1721.[1]

At the commencement of the eighteenth century this second phase of serfdom assumed a more definite form under the radical changes which the genius and determination of Peter effected in the whole social system of Russia. In order to ensure a due collection of taxes, and a regular levy of recruits, Peter, in 1718, introduced a new plan for enumerating the people. With the commencement of this system the former mode of assessing taxes according to estates, and fixing the extent of military service by tenure, was superseded by a general personal or poll tax. At the same time the landowners were held strictly responsible by law for any irregularity in the payment of imposts, or non-conformity to their military engagements, on the part of the serfs attached to their estates, whether agricultural or domestic. One of the consequences of this was the elevation of the domestic serf to a greater degree of importance, as being liable to be summoned into the service of his country, whereas he had previously been only regarded as a mere chattel, appurtenance, or article of possession. But, nevertheless, on the whole, the civil position of the serf was remarkably lowered. Up to this time he had enjoyed and retained many privileges, such as embracing the military career of his own free will, acquiring immovable property, and trading and trafficking in towns and villages.

[1] A law was passed forbidding the sale of serfs at the country fairs so late even as 1808.

The attachment of each serf individually, instead of by tenement collectively, gave the landowner a firmer hold over him. Although this was done in the form of a financial and military administrative measure, yet it was in reality the first legal enactment securing the peasant personally to the proprietor of the soil. Peter, moreover, with the view of promoting mining and manufacturing enterprise, permanently attached some of the serfs to certain mines and factories, on the condition that they should revert to the crown in case the undertaking was abandoned. This class, who were called possession-serfs, are landless, and now number 21,813 persons of both sexes. The Emperor Nicholas did all he could to reduce their number which in his time had reached 100,000, for their condition was most deplorable, and they were positively slaves.

In the reigns of Anne and Elizabeth, the serfs were still more firmly bound to the landowners; and domestic serfs, who until then had only been looked upon as temporary bondsmen, were reduced to a state of unconditional servitude by an ukaz of the 26th of March, 1729. This ukaz also deprived them of their privilege of entering the army of their own free will. Another ukaz, in October, 1730, deprived them of their privilege of inheriting and possessing land. This was followed by a third, in 1736, which granted to the proprietor the right to punish his serfs,—a power hitherto only vested in the state. In June, 1742, these edicts were solemnly confirmed. In 1760 an ukaz was promulgated by which any proprietor was empowered to send those serfs with whom he was displeased or dissatisfied to work in the mines of Nerchinsk in Siberia—the Government, with the most tender solicitude for the interests of the nobles, undertaking to make an allowance for all serfs so disposed of, in the quota of recruits to be furnished by such proprietors.

There now remained but little to be done towards despoiling the unfortunate peasant of the last vestiges of his liberty, but what little did remain was most

effectually accomplished by the sovereign

"whom glory still adores."

Catherine II. believed that her safest policy lay in conciliating the nobles; and to their aggrandisement every other class was ruthlessly sacrificed. The nobles had been altogether exempted from compulsory service under the crown by an ukaz of Peter III. in 1762; and, although temporarily suspended, this decree was afterwards confirmed by Catherine. By a charter granted to the nobles in 1765, among other privileges ceded to them, the hitherto conditional right of possessing crown-lands with serfs attached to them became free and absolute, and those serfs passed fully and entirely into the power of the proprietor. Catherine, moreover, in 1783, reduced the Cossacks of the Ukraine, who had still retained their liberty, to the same miserable state of servitude as the other peasants of her empire.

This state of things continued with but little change until the deposition of the Emperor Paul, when some spasmodic unconnected efforts were made to check the increase of serfdom. During the reigns of Alexander and Nicholas no fewer than eight commissions were appointed to inquire into the condition of the serfs; but their proceedings were conducted in secret, and eventually failed to produce any practical result. True it is that certain enactments were made from time to time in favour of the serf; but these measures either fell through altogether from being left to the option of the proprietors to carry them out, or were only productive of partial good from being called forth by particular circumstances, and confined to limited localities. Thus, in 1803, the Emperor Alexander I. issued a decree containing rules for the cultivation of the soil by free labour, and in 1804, another, which granted to the serfs of the Baltic provinces the free power to enter into contracts with the proprietors for the cultivation of the soil, the right to acquire and possess land, and, lastly, their personal freedom.

Meanwhile, great dissatisfaction had been springing up among the general body of the serfs, and risings had not unfrequently taken place. This discontent dates from the manifesto of Peter III. in 1762, liberating the nobles from their compulsory service to the crown. It has been already shown that this decree was suspended by Catherine, and not confirmed until 1765. The chief cause of this temporary suspension was the commotion among the serfs, who believed that a similar decree had been issued by the emperor at the same time, freeing them from their compulsory allegiance to their proprietors. This feeling has never died out in Russia among the peasantry, who are accustomed to look up to the Tsar as their father and friend, while they regard the nobles as their enemies and persecutors.

The Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas are well known to have had the good of the serfs at heart, and to have originated, as has been already shown, many measures for their benefit; but the determined opposition they met with in some quarters, the lukewarm support or indifference in others, and the distraction caused by wars and other external circumstances, prevented their accomplishing any decided and general reforms. Alexander II., who certainly has a much greater right to vaunt "L'Empire c'est la Paix" than his brother-potentate, may, therefore, well say in his manifesto, that he regards the work of thoroughly ameliorating the condition of the peasantry as a sacred legacy devolving upon him from his ancestors.

Ever since he ascended the throne, Alexander has been incessantly working towards the fulfilment of those purposes which he publishes to the world in the decree of the 19th of February (March 3d). To this end, committees of the nobility have been organised in the various provinces, for the purpose of examining into, and collecting, all the facts and circumstances that could be brought to bear upon the question. After a protracted investigation, these committees drew up certain proposals

deduced from the data thus collected. These proposals necessarily differed very much; but they were compared and harmonised by the supreme committee constituted for that purpose, and finally examined and amended by the council of the empire.

It is not to be supposed that all this was done without a great deal of opposition; but the emperor has remained firm and decided throughout, and has carried all obstacles before him. The severe and dignified rebuke he administered to the nobles at Moscow, and elsewhere, during one of his provincial tours, shows how completely his heart was in the work, and was doubtless not without its effect upon the progress of the measure.

By the regulations thus carefully considered and determined on, the peasant is guaranteed the possession of his house and the plot of ground attached to it. He is also permitted to acquire additional lands, on the payment of a fixed sum to the proprietor. The quantity of land assigned to the peasant varies according to the locality and quality of the soil. As this grant of land would have the effect of entirely stripping some of the smaller proprietors of their possessions, it is proposed in such cases to provide for the serfs out of the crown lands. The peasants are compelled to pay a rent to the proprietor for these additional lands; but they are, at the same time, permitted to redeem them by fixed and consecutive payments, and thus raise themselves to the rank of small landed proprietors.

The communal system, which obtains so extensively in Russia, will probably undergo a great change. A village community, having cleared off all the payments for the land assigned to it, will be permitted to make its wishes known for the distribution of the land, ceded to it as a whole, amongst its members. The Government reserves to itself the right to decide upon the proposed division, which, if approved, will necessarily do away altogether with the communistic principle hitherto prevailing.

In all cases, when the stipulated payments have been completed, the "obrok," or tax which the peasant pays to the proprietor for temporary exemption from labour, or for the purpose of hiring himself out to another master, will finally cease.

A certain term is fixed over which the payments will extend, and this is called the transition period. The plots of ground ceded to the peasants are not transferable until this transition period is at an end, and the purchase-money complete. These payments will be collected by the Government from the peasants in the same way as taxes; while the proprietors will be paid in full at once by Government bonds of one thousand roubles each.

It is evident that such great changes as these could not take place all at once; and therefore two years from the date of the imperial manifesto has been assigned as the limit for their accomplishment. It is also evident that many difficulties and disputes will take place in carrying them out. To adjudicate upon these difficulties and disputes, justices of the peace will be appointed in each district; while a special court will be constituted in each province for the same purpose. Until these authorities and tribunals are established, the proprietors will continue to exercise their rights of jurisdiction and police; while the peasants and domestics are ordered to remain in their present state of subjection to their proprietors, and to fulfil unmurmuringly all their old obligations to them.

Such is a brief history of the rise and fall of serfdom in Russia. It will now be desirable to examine its probable results. So sweeping a measure must of necessity work much good or ill to Russia, and birds of ill-omen have not been wanting to predict all kinds of evils, among the least of which are the ruin of the landed proprietors, and a general revulsion to a chaos of barbarism.

The provinces in which serfdom existed at the date of the imperial manifesto contained, at the last census in 1858, a population of 59,000,000. Of these, 48,000,000 were engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and were divided as follows:—

1. Freemen possessing land of their own	1,500,000
2. Free peasants on lands belonging to the state, under various denominations, and with different rights and privileges, but all paying "obrok" for the land they cultivate . .	23,300,000
3. Serfs belonging to private proprietors, forming about 36 per cent., or more than one-third of the whole population, and two-fifths of the rural population . .	22,563,086

The proportion of sexes among the serfs is 100 males to 105 females, while in the whole population it is 100 males to 101 females. This curious discrepancy may be explained to a certain extent by the concealment of the true number of males among the serfs, in order to avoid the payment of taxes and the annual levies of recruits.

The proportion of serfs to the whole population is greatest in the earlier Polish provinces, where it ranges from 56 to 70 per cent., and in Great Russia, where it ranges from 57 to 68 per cent.; whilst it is least in the Crimea, where it is 5 per cent., and in Bessarabia, where it is only 1 per cent.

The average of the whole country gives 210 serfs to each proprietor. The serfs may be classified in the following manner :—

Serfs attached to land . .	20,158,231
Domestic serfs.	1,467,378
Temporary serfs	354,324
Serfs belonging to institutions	40,544
Serfs belonging to mines and manufactories	542,599
	22,563,086

The proclamation of their emancipation was received by the serfs in general with shouts of joy, but in some places with unintelligent indifference. Many risings of the peasantry have taken place all over the country, especially in the governments of Tula and Kief, and even in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburgh itself. The majority of these have been without any intelligible object beyond that contained in a refusal to work, and any longer to recognise their obligations to the former "masters of their souls." A serious disturbance recently occurred at Kazau. A peasant gave himself out as Alexander II., and by that means assembled a mob of 5,000 peasants; but the outbreak was speedily put down by the military, and the impostor shot.

The principal consequence of the emancipation of the serfs will be a minute redistribution of a large proportion of the landed property of the country, and the creation of a numerous class of small proprietors. The great landowners, and the country generally, cannot fail to suffer for a considerable period from such a social revolution. The former will suffer from the loss of his serfs, and the compulsory sale of his land at what he considers an inadequate price, as well as from the scarcity and dearness of free labour. The latter will suffer from cultivation being confided to a semi-civilized, inert peasantry, without capital, and without enterprise. To remedy this to a certain extent, agencies have been already established for bringing over foreign labour; but, notwithstanding all that may be done in this way, agriculture will receive a severe shock, from which it can only recover when the great bulk of the lands shall, in the natural course of things, have fallen into the hands of those who have emerged from the small proprietary class with large capital. Time must also be allowed for the labour-market to become re-adjusted to a level that will allow those possessed of extensive estates to pursue agriculture with profit, and to raise a surplus produce at a remunerative rate for exportation.

We must observe, in passing, that a long time must elapse before machinery replaces labour in Russian agriculture. Its dearness, and the nearly total absence of scientific farming, will continue to circumscribe its application to the purposes of cultivation.

Agricultural produce forms the great staple of the Russian empire, and at certain seasons of the year attracts almost the entire labouring population. The very fact of each labourer becoming entitled to a plot of ground of his own, or to a share of the lands ceded to the commune to which he belongs, is of itself sufficient to cause a permanent determination of the emancipated serfs to the villages, where each, with little toil, may raise on the land he now owns sufficient for the scanty wants of a primitive state of society. Freedom will be realized in sluggish vegetation, in the contented simplicity of the earliest ages of nations.

The manufacturing interests of the country must also suffer greatly, owing to the withdrawal of labour which will follow. It appears almost like an anomaly to state that there is no artisan class in Russia; but such is the fact. Skilled labour is obtained with the greatest difficulty, and at a relative cost which evidences the high appreciation in which it is held. With a population at a great disproportion to the extent of territory, there is necessarily no surplus labour in Russia. In spring and summer, when every arm is wanted for the plough and the reaping-hook, almost every factory labourer sets his face homewards, and, little heeding the value of the time he loses in traversing, most frequently on foot, the hundreds of miles before him, returns to his native village and his family. On the return of winter, he again leaves his wife and children to seek the means of subsistence, during five or six months, at one of the seats of manufacturing industry. At this season, therefore, these manufactories have no lack of cheap labour, though of no very skilful description. Were not the labour thus obtained extremely cheap, the manufacturer could not exist, for the produce during the winter months must manifestly be at a rate of profit sufficient to cover the loss he sustains in summer by the closing of his works.

Some manufactories are, indeed, continued the whole year round; but these are either establishments conducted by landed proprietors with serf-labour drawn from districts where the land is least fertile, or factories pursuing the higher branches of industry, and able to afford, under a protective system, the employment of the comparatively small amount of skilled labour which the country affords. In the first of these cases, the manufactory must either be closed altogether on the emancipation of the serfs, or be conducted with considerably less advantage in the winter months; and, in the second, the cost of production must be greatly enhanced by the increased demand for factory labour.

The tendency of these remarks is to show the antagonism that must ensue between the agricultural interests and the manufacturing industry of the country. The labour-market, unfettered, will necessarily return to a legitimate and natural state, supplying those channels of wealth which will best repay pursuit and development. The prohibitory duties levied on foreign cotton, woollens, hardware, &c., sufficiently show that similar native manufactures can add but little to the wealth of Russia; whilst, on the other hand, the extensive exportation of grain, tallow, wool, and hides, &c., clearly demonstrates the agrarian resources of the country. The struggle, therefore, between the two interests must be instantaneously decided in favour of agriculture. Moreover, manufacturing industry on the European system is not suited to the character of the Russian people; and it cannot compete, under the conditions of free, and, therefore, dear labour, with agriculture, pursued at a decided profit by labourers who are at the same time independent proprietors.

This is a part of the question in which England is commercially interested; for by it will be consummated the triumph of British industry in the disputed fields of Central Asia and China. Russia, from the causes already enumerated, will no longer be able to produce, at anything like their former prices, the manufactures she now sup-

plies to those countries, and England, with coal and cheap machinery, must beat her out of the market altogether.

We have thus endeavoured to point out the inconveniences and temporary losses which Russia will have to undergo from the emancipation of the serfs. Of the great and lasting benefits that must eventually follow, who can entertain a doubt? The future of Russia it is impossible to circumscribe, when her immense natural resources are fairly developed, and when her vast territories shall be permeated in every direction by railroads and canals, of which, even now, many thousands of miles are in progress. Education must be more widely diffused, and a vast number of social reforms—already commenced—must be accomplished before the benefit of this measure can be made fully apparent. The present generation will probably die out before the peasant can be brought to a right appreciation of the new circumstances in which he is placed. Oppressed as the serf has so long been, a very severe reaction must be produced against the lord to whom he no longer owes service or allegiance. He will long continue to preserve a spirit of sullenness and mistrust towards his late despoiler. The vague notions of freedom which a class so long enslaved can only possess, will long blind them to their best interests; and, until the light of civilization properly reaches the serf, liberty will only be associated in his darkened mind with a licence to live unmolested in the enjoyment of the few fruits he asks of a bountiful earth. In the course of years, however, intelligence will spread, and capital accumulate. Then will an improved system of agriculture enrich the country, and manufacturing industry, starting on a natural basis, will be gradually re-established, and attain a state of perfection from which it now falls so very far short.

THE RESTORATION: A FRAGMENT.

That night Edmund Allerton slept better than perhaps he had ever slept before. From life's joys he had long parted company; and now, at last, life's burthen was to be taken away: or, rather, for many a long year he had wrestled with life as with an inveterate foe, and had been thrown by that foe so often, that he had well-nigh despaired of overcoming: and now, at last, he was conqueror. A few hours more and he would rejoin those "many mighty souls of heroes" whose bodies the Restoration had been casting for a prey of late so thickly, if not to the dogs and to all the fowls of heaven, yet to the far viler and more ravenous fangs, and beaks, and claws, and talons of malignant humanity. He slept peacefully—undreaming, unstirring—like a child. Yet that sleep, when it comes to us, is so deep, so full, so whole, so quickening, in its mimic death, that a few hours of it outweigh the dreamy tossings of the longest winter's night. The clock had not yet struck four in the bright June morning when he awoke. The same joy was upon him, and all nature seemed to share that joy. The thrushes were doing their best to make the nightingales forgotten; the cuckoo was ringing out his mellow, accentual trochee; through the half-open casement there gushed in a mixed odour of honeysuckles and roses, outclambering the heavy ivy which almost stopped out the light. Allerton flung himself lightly from his bed, tossed on his clothes, and, opening wide the casement, looked out, drinking in the fresh, almost crisp morning air. His first impulse was to leap out, as he had many a time done when a boy, on to the bright, dewy greensward. But he remembered that he was a prisoner, and that it might have been deemed an attempt to escape. Escape! he laughed within himself to think of it—escape

with the very prize of his lonely life before him! So he remained where he was, merely gathering two or three honeysuckle-bunches, and exhausting their sweet flowers one by one. He looked out for the last time on the flower-garden of his forefathers. Sadly hacked and mangled it had been since the days when those walks of yew, and box, and cypress, and holly, were kept trimmed, under his mother's vigilant inspection, to all the newest devices of animal form which the last published book of travels might suggest. There was one walk in which it had been the custom on the birthday of any heir to cut out his cipher in the solid wall of box; and, if he lived to man's estate and married, then to add on his wedding-day the cipher of his wife, joined to his by a true love-knot. Allerton looked out for this. It was the quaintest, queerest wreck in all that wilderness. Ciphers and true love-knots had alike grown untrimmed into the strangest forms, wholly unlike themselves, wholly unlike nature. One only retained its shape—his own, which an old assistant-gardener, who clung to the traditions of the past, still persisted, with the feeble hands of seventy, in renewing. But the wall, which Allerton remembered stretching compact for twenty yards from his cipher, was now broken sharply by a broad horse-path, cut, as the shortest way, to the stables beyond. There was no room left for his true love-knot. A huge gap must have intervened between the bridegroom's cipher and the bride's.

The thing was not of yesterday: yet Allerton had never noted it till now. Nature, indeed, had been to him well nigh a blank for now nearly thirteen years; and, during much more than those thirteen years, he had been but little at his home. Successive gardeners had come and gone; for several years there had been none. Havoc had been committed on all sides, whilst the owner was being "barbadoed" by those Cromwellian sycophants who had occupied his lands. Only since his return had a little care been again bestowed, yet evidently by fresh hands. He could notice how the old peacocks and camels were vanishing by degrees; how a freer, bolder, less artificial taste was spreading abroad. Bacon's Essay on Gardening came to his mind, and, for the first time since he was a boy, he began speculating upon what is now called landscape-gardening. He laughed to think how, in spite of all Restorations, the new was surely casting out the old. He thought much which John Evelyn was even then practising without his knowing it. Still, death-doomed Republican though he might be, his mind went back with pleasure to the old days. He was vexed to miss the old yew-elephant, round which he and Lucy had chased each other so often when children. The broad path which broke through the cipher-walk looked dreary to him, though it fronted the east, and was just now all garish with the coming day. How often, when young, had he dreamed that an L would come and knit itself there to his E! He threw the thought from him as part of that burthen of life of which he had now the right to be rid—yet where was Lucy? He had no tidings of her since she had taken the veil. The bitterness of that news seemed now spent. He had commended her to that Eternal Love, of whose breadth, and depth, and height, every one of his agonies had shown him a little more. She was safer there—safer, borne upon the everlasting arms, than even cradled in his own, which, only by the courtesy of his captors, were not loaded with fetters. For the first time in his life he thanked God that she was not his; that she had not to bear the agony of a husband's death; that he stood alone to suffer. No! whatever instances of heroism he had seen in many of his friends' wives, sisters, daughters, the stern work of those days was perhaps best done by men untrammelled with fond household bonds. Yes! he thanked God that Lucy Wildman had never loved him. He had thanked God heartily, honestly, the first time. Did he do so equally the second time? Did there not shoot

across his heart one wild denial, one passionate cry? Oh! better one hour of a beloved one's embrace, even though it were to be succeeded by agony the most awful, than a long convent-languor, miscalled life! Better any present tortures, with the looking forward to a blessed re-union, than never to have known a joy to make the future worth looking forward to! But the cry was soon stifled. The Eternal Love knew best. He, Edmund Allerton, was fit to die, though he might never have been fit to make Lucy Allerton happy. Was it a strange feeling of vanity that led him to step back from the casement and gaze into the old Venetian mirror? He looked still young for his years. His hair, always of a peculiar ashen hue, now scarcely showed its grey. His beard, which he wore long, contrary to the fashion of the day, waved yet silky and yellow. His head was somewhat bent, his eye sunken, his brow wrinkled as well as scarred. But in health he felt better, perhaps, than ever before in his life. His long Indian exile, instead of killing him off, as the Protector had intended, had only strengthened him by curing the incipient chest-disease. He drew himself up, shook his long hair from off his forehead, and felt proud to die at forty-eight, thus wholly yet a man.

Suddenly his ear caught a murmur—the murmur of a woman's voice. The sound appeared to come from a neighbouring room—once, in Romish days, the private oratory of the ladies of the house; since then disused, communicating below by a separate staircase. A door with a secret panel opened into it from the room where he now was. He approached it; the sound swelled—broken, fitful—a sound of praying, of sobbing, of wailing. The spring used to be noiseless; would it be so now? Ere he had thought the doubt, the panel had flown open and without noise.

He looked in, and a thrill ran involuntarily through him to see a woman in a nun's dress kneeling in prayer before a crucifix. The room had evidently been fitted up hastily for habitation, probably last evening. A bed lay in the further corner, but seemed to have been but little troubled by its intended occupant. Who was she?

She knelt, barefoot, with her back turned to him, on the steps of what had once been a small altar. An ebony crucifix of small size, evidently her own, was hung upon it. Her face was buried in her two bare thin arms, clasped upon the ledge of the broken altar. Her nun's cap was off, and her hair, white as snow, hung down upon her shoulders. Allerton's eye followed the outlines of her body beneath the coarse serge dress. He knew those outlines, meagre, wasted, as they were. His whole frame shook as he recognised his cousin.

His first impulse was to burst in, throw himself beside her, claim her for his own during these last few hours of life. But the door was bolted within, beyond the reach of his arm. He might have broken it in with a blow. He thought of doing so. But just then, in the midst of a deeper sob, he saw her raise her hand to her heart, and press it. He knew of old how wildly that heart throbbed beneath any emotion. Many, many times he had controlled himself to spare it, swallowed down the words of passionate love, of passionate expostulation, which were swelling to his lips, smoothed his brow, curled his mouth into a smile, and babbled trivial words and jests, for the sake of her rest and quietude. He did so once more. He nerved himself to stillness, and listened.

All she said he could not hear. Much was stammered, murmured, breathed, spoken by the inward voice, with the faintest tremble of the outward lips. Still she was praying, and, as he could soon find, praying for him. How? he strained every nerve to hear. Even now, at his death-hour, the mad thought rushed upon him that possibly she might yet love him, that possibly he might through her words discover her love. But he listened in vain, so far as any such hope was concerned. She was praying with fervour, with agony; but praying for his

soul, not for himself; praying as she might pray for any other heretic doomed to hell-fire in the next world, and to immediate death in this, if he did not enter the bosom of the holy Church. Mixed up with the idea of his salvation was that of some plan which he was to be led to enter into, and which was the only chance of escape from his earthly doom.

Once more Allerton smiled to think that he should be deemed capable of wishing to escape. No, he wished it less now than ever. The last faint shadow of a band which might yet have tied him to life had passed away. Even now, with himself a grey-haired man of forty-eight, and his cousin a white-haired woman of forty-five—even now, had he seen the dimmest approach in her to the love he felt within himself—it might have been that life had seemed capable of some sweetness yet, worthy of some effort to be retained. But he durst not disguise from himself that there was no chance of this. Observing her as he had done in these unguarded moments, she was still, as towards her very self, the same as she had shown herself to him on that black day, now more than a quarter of a century old, when her firm, sharp "Never!" fell like a lash upon his bared heart. As he regained calmness and self-mastery through this conviction, there rose upon him a sort of shame to be thus playing the spy upon her inmost thoughts. It mattered little, indeed, seeing how few hours he had to live. Still, why should he surprise the secret of a director? what had he to do with the plans which might have been concocted for drawing him within the meshes of a Romish web? So far as he was concerned, a little powder and shot would soon tear that cobweb asunder. He put the panel to, and withdrew a few paces into his room. Her outward form only grew the more prominent in his mind's mirror as he withdrew his eye from it. He felt a pang of self-reproach at having thought of her hitherto only in reference to himself. How thin she had become! how white her hair was! He began to picture to himself a face to match that form and hair. He did it boldly—resolutely conjured up before himself the full image of an old, worn woman, hardened into all the rigid inanity of the nun. Was that his cousin Lucy whom he loved? Did he love *that* cousin Lucy? The devil's own question, which God Himself seemed to answer, as once more there fell upon his ear the rising wail of her prayer. Yes, he loved her; yes, that old, white-haired, rigid-faced, vacant-eyed woman was *the* cousin Lucy whom he loved. For her, were his life not forfeit already, he would die a thousand deaths; for her he would live a thousand tortures. Proudly, joyfully, that conviction swelled upon him, renewing his youth as an eagle. What he had been, he was, he would be. Uhland was yet by two centuries still unborn, yet his words of true love were realized in Edmund Allerton:—

"Dich liebt ich immer, dich lieb, ich noch heut,
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit."

He threw himself upon his knees in a burst of exultant thankfulness. He thanked God for life, for death, for every past anguish, for this last, unhoped-for boon of seeing the desire of his eyes once more; above all, for this great love, which had been to him the elixir of life through its very agonies, which he felt now welling forth in his heart full and pure as ever. He thanked God for her, and that noble gentle heart which had prompted her even now to undertake this hopeless errand; for the common faith to which he felt bound still, in spite of all differences. He prayed amid his thanksgivings,—not with anguish, but with hope,—that the Eternal Love might ever fold her spirit more tenderly to himself.

So they both knelt—a poor material wall between their bodies—one at heart, because one in God. She, with sobs and wailings, as one who had yet to die earth's life; he, with bursts of rapture, as one who should, ere long, live earth's death.

The rustling of a dress told him that he, too, had been overheard. He started up, his heart, too, beating like a girl's.

But the thought of hers nerved him once more to strength. Both stood still an instant, waiting, listening, each for the other. With tremulous hand she knocked, at last, at the door. "Come in," he said, almost in an undertone, for his tongue cleaved well-nigh to the roof of his mouth. She entered. A glad surprise awaited his first glance. Instead of the wrinkled old nun he feared, yet longed to see, there stood before him a woman pale indeed and thin, and white-haired, and bearing the marks of much suffering, but who had only grown since he last saw her into a more statuesque beauty. The outline of each feature was firm, not hard; the brow, narrow as ever, was smooth as any marble; the fair, dove-like eyes had acquired the calmness and strength of habitual command; the faintest bloom—perhaps it was only the excitement of the moment—tinted yet the cheeks, which the white hair, though half-hidden underneath the nun's wimple, set out by contrast with a sort of golden hue. Involuntarily there occurred to him the strange old simile—"Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Involuntarily he thought better of the convent rule, which had restored to him his Lucy, looking yet so like herself.

There are few, perhaps, with whom some feeling of personal vanity does not linger to the last. In this case each was thankful that the other did not start or shrink at a meeting after so many years of absence. Each was ignorant of having been seen by the other already; she, when praying in the old oratory—he, when escorted last night to his room.

"Dearest cousin," he said, "how came you here?"

"Cousin!"—Why did that word so thrill through her? She had been called in her turn "daughter," "sister," "mother," by persons who claimed no traceable kinship with her, and could have heard any such name unmoved. But this poor word, "cousin," so distant and colourless in the sphere of true family relationships, seemed to have acquired a strange living reality through having been disdainfully left out of account by those who had shaped out the so-called spiritual family, the sham family mockery of God's Divine order of kinship. Perhaps she had been moved already more than she was aware herself, by having re-entered the haunt of so many old memories. The utterance of that single word seemed to call them forth round her like a flock of doves that recognise their mistress, settling on her shoulders on all sides. She seemed to see her stately old uncle, Sir Walter Allerton, in his Elizabethan doublet, and her lively, fond aunt, Dame Mary, in her starched Elizabethan frill. She seemed to see herself a child, hand in hand with another child. She felt as in a dream; yet, as one often feels in dreams, felt that she must speak.

"Colonel Allerton," she began.

"Nay," he broke in, "Edmund for a few hours longer; call me Edmund once more, Lucy, I beseech you."

She had a point to gain, sweet saint! She knew how often she had won over many a wild, world-smitten girl to conventual fervour by humouring her at the first. It was only for a few hours more, perhaps; and, if not, it was a trifle compared with the end in view. "Edmund, then," she resumed . . . But to hear that name once more issue from her own lips utterly unnerved her—utterly put to flight all her plans, all her intended exhortations, all her prepared reasonings, all her prayers of a minute ago. She was well-nigh sinking. He drew her—almost carried her—to the seat in the bay window. Before she knew what he was doing he had taken off her nun's cap, loosened the nun's collar, and the long rosary from her neck, and had gathered a bunch of honeysuckle, and, after making her inhale its fragrance, had placed it in her bosom. She sat there, a woman dressed in a coarse gown of black serge, with a flower at the neck, a nun no longer. All was done before she knew how to resist; she felt eased in spite of herself; and then, again, sweet saint! the thought came, "Thou hast an end to gain—these are trifles—humour him."

"Do you know, sweet cousin," he said,

his eyes beaming on her with a gladness which thrilled by degrees through her in turn, "that it must be now thirty years since you and I were together in this room—thirty years this June?"

"Nay," said she, almost involuntarily, "the latter end of May, at the dressing for Mr. Milton's masque."

"True," he answered, thanking her with his eyes for recollecting so truly. He recalled the dress she wore, the part she played, the different accidents of the evening. Before her conscience had time to smite her for the unhallowed recollections, he was beating up the stream of time with her, reminding her of their common lessons with the lute-master, of many a joint pursuit and joint pleasure. Onward, onward still they went, nearing the placid pool of childhood, in which, as we remember it, the current of time seems stopped, and the events hang trembling over the still waters like silver water-lilies. "Do you remember the old garden?" he asked, and made her rise to view it with him. One by one he pointed out to her all the traces of the far past; dark corners, where they were wont to hide; little mounds that were their watch-towers; scenes of old mishaps, dreadful or laughable. Did she recollect clambering up the ivy trunk, one day, when he had fought for her sake with her brother Rowland, and was shut up for punishment in the room where they now were, to reach him some strawberries at that very window?

"Ay, and you tried to haul me up to you by the wrist."

"And hurt you, too, I mind me of it; but you would not cry out, lest I should get scolded, and only showed me that night your blackened arm."

And then came up the recollection of their great warfare with old Will Gutch, the gardener, their forays into the fruit-garden, and sundry desperate affrays, in one of which old Gutch, in lunging at Edmund, had fallen through the trunk of his choicest yew-elephant, and broken it. And he laughed aloud to think of their old enemy's discomfiture—laughed a hearty catching laugh, which she could not choose but join.

But the sound of her own laugh smote her through with a sudden sense of bitter self-reproach. To laugh when death and life, time and eternity, seemed to be trembling in the balance, and that balance held by her own weak hands! She turned hastily her face from the garden, and, sinking on the seat, as she veiled her eyes, to which the tears had started, murmured, "Oh! my cousin, how dare we think of these childish things *now!*"

"And why not now?" he replied; adding, almost to himself, the whispered words, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven."

He had given her the opening she needed. "Except ye be converted," she repeated after him, now looking him in the face with all the firmness of the Lady Superior. He smiled, "Well, convert me if you can!" crossed his hands upon his knees, and prepared to listen.

And now she poured forth such a flood of Romish reasoning and exhortation as, perhaps, dear reader, you have met ere this. He did listen for a while, correcting now and then, with a smile, some slight distortion of the truth, some specious fallacy, which had deceived the utterer. But it was too late for theological argument to stir any depths within him. He sat there, to borrow Wordsworth's grandly true simile, within sight of the ocean of eternity, like a child on the sea-shore. He could play with the bright shells strewn on its strand of earthly time, but he had no eyes to look at the sham sea-waves of a picture-book. The dogmas and formulas of schools and sects were all alike unreal daubs to him. Soon he fell into that strange state in which the mere understanding becomes for a while divorced from our higher faculties, our true personality—in which we can follow words and reasonings without dwelling in them, yielding up our best selves to wholly different thoughts and feelings. He listened now to the voice which told him quite other things than the words. He wondered whether it was thus she spoke to the

nuns in her convent. He tried to fancy himself a nun. He almost wished to be one, that he might hear that sweet, longed-for, long-lost voice for ever sounding round him. He noticed, with a sort of artist's rapture, its earnest swells and falls, and softenings of persuasion, sudden sharp questionings, and bursts of enthusiasm. He noticed her very reasonings, with their artlessness and their subtlety, their depth and their shallowness, their freshness and their triviality. To do her justice, she tried her very best. Not, indeed, as she had meant to try it! Instinctively, without a word being exchanged on the subject, she had changed her whole tactics. She had thought of converting him by the hope of life. She saw too clearly that he must be converted if he were to wish for life at all. She would have blushed now to urge upon him those schemes of disguise, concealment, escape, the certain success of which was to be her most tempting argument; still worse, those terrors of death which she had often seen weigh so heavily in the scales of conscience; yet, strange to say, the less she dared urge these motives, the more they haunted her. Her only chance of success lay by converting him, and yet she seemed powerless to do so. She could see that he listened only with the outward ear; that his mind was wandering to far other thoughts than those of an infallible Church, or the conditions of salvation. She could see that he was looking in her beyond the Roman Catholic, the nun, to the woman; and the woman within her was conspiring with him, after her fashion, longing simply to set him free, to give him life, forgetting ever more and more that he ought to have been to her only a doomed soul to be saved. At last she broke out with, "Oh! you do not listen to me, Edmund. You do not care now for my wishes."

"When was there ever a wish of yours that I did not care for, Lucy?"

An awkward question in the midst of a theological argument! She hardly knew how to answer or parry it, when her eye rested on his beard, the cutting off of which formed a prominent item in the proposed disguise for his escape.

"You promised me once to wear this no longer, Edmund," she said, pointing to it.

"Nor did I, for many a long year, you know," he answered, "until I heard that you had entered a convent, and made yourself dead to me; it is from that day that I have let it grow again. But wait an instant."

He left her side, and, going to the mirror, shore it off without more ado. Was it only pity that rejoiced in her at the removal of at least one obstacle to his escape? Was there not a secret pride in his ready deference to her only half-expressed desire? The nun felt it was so, and rebuked her for it, but only to fall into the same trap herself. "Do you think I have no wishes for your soul as well as for your body?" she said, chidingly, to hide her joy.

"Well," he answered, "pray then."

They knelt side by side. But she, who had spent well-nigh the whole night in prayer for him, was now dumb. She endeavoured to speak two or three times, "My God, save him!" She turned to him after a while. "You pray." He rose and fetched a Prayer-book from under his pillow, and came back to kneel. He read the commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure, simply changing in the latter part "us who survive" into "those who survive," the last two prayers of the Burial Service, the first prayer of the Communion Service after the partaking of the elements, and the Lord's Prayer—the Lord's Prayer itself. Her tears soon flowed fast. His voice never faltered. They rose again, after a pause of silent private prayer. He led her back to her seat, her eyes in her kerchief, guiding her with his arm thrown round her shoulder.

"How long it is, Lucy," he said, after a while, "since you and I have prayed together consciously!" He recalled the circumstances when they had last done so.

"Oh! always in the past, Edmund—the dead, irrevocable past!"

"Irrevocable—yes, and thank God, on

the whole, that it is so—but not dead! I have lived more truly in the past during the last hour than I have done in the present for, methinks, the last twenty years."

"But the future, Edmund, the future?"

"Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he smiled and answered.

She shuddered to think what would be for him the "sufficient evil" of the day. But her heart sank before she could grapple with that subject. For the sake of a temporary respite she expressed her surprise that he should have used the liturgy instead of extempore prayer. He explained how, by passing through Puritanism, and Antinomianism, and Quakerism, he had been led to feel the tendency of extempore prayer to narrowness, and selfishness, and conceit; how the breadth and depth of the old prayers had grown upon him; how he felt that they brought him into communion not only with the many of his fellow-countrymen who used them, but with the men of other ages and other countries who had used them before. At other times she might have seen in his words the most specious opening for pleading in favour of the Romish ritual, of the Latin language. But it was *her* thoughts that wandered now. The one great, fearful idea that filled her mind was this,—"My cousin Edmund is to die; can I yet save him?" Her eyes strayed to the clock, and she shrieked aloud to see that it wanted but half an hour to the time when his choice *must* be made.

"Oh! Edmund, will you save yourself?" she exclaimed, turning to him with clasped hands.

"How?"

She poured out hastily the details of their plan of escape. She told him that a disguise would be forthcoming—a horse at hand at a neighbouring tenant's house; that relays were sent from thence to the coast; that a Dutch smack would be in waiting to convey him beyond the Channel. So earnest were her entreaties, so confident her assurances of success, that perhaps for one moment there flashed across him one wish for "dear life." He knew too much to entertain it; yet there was a strange pleasure in discussing the chances of success with her, probing the forethought with which her plans had been calculated, raising prudential doubts, to see them disposed of by her eager desires. He thought of their races of old, and how he used to let her gain on him for the pleasure of seeing her delight in victory. He smiled as he thought. But the play could not be carried on for ever.

"Your friends are very kind and provident," he said, at last, "for the sake of a man they know nothing of. And now suffer me to ask, Is their help offered without conditions? Am I expected to do nothing as an acknowledgment for such mighty services?"

She grew deadly pale, ready almost to faint; and the twitch of the cheek, the hand pressed on the heart, told too surely what she felt. He spared her stammering lips the shame of an avowal.

"I understand it all, Lucy: a few little words, acknowledging allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, now—a little later, a few drops of water, conditionally sprinkled upon my brow—nothing more; ay, nothing more, as the Roman lictor would have said to the blessed martyrs of old, when he pressed them to burn a few grains of incense to Jupiter, or as the Chaldean priest may have said to the three children when he pressed them to bow down to the golden image. Come, Lucy, tell me, would you not despise me if, being what I am, I could do that little thing which your kind friends wish me to do?"

She could not answer him. She durst not lift her eyes to his. Was it only because the lids were so heavy with tears?

"I have no wish to live," he continued, slowly; "I wish to go to those worthy men whom your—whom the king has rid of life before me. To name one only, I should be ashamed of my own free will to overlive that noble gentleman, my very especial patron and friend, Sir Harry Vane. Where he was fit to die, I am not fit to live."

"But you could do so much good yet, Edmund."

"Where? where? England must drink to the lees the cup of shame now pressed to her lips before days of righteousness dawn again upon her. I am too mixed up with the past to look forward at any time to returning whilst a Stuart is king. I will not inflict upon New England the danger, or, at least, suspicion of my presence. I might, perhaps, join my godfather on the continent of Europe; but what a life his must be henceforth—a burthen to every state to which he may resort for protection, a prey to every hired assassin! What advantage is there in exile that it should be thus courted? 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep ye for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.'"

Her tears fell fast, but what words had she wherewith to answer him? Well she knew that not one grain of pity for him as a man had prompted others to join in her plans for saving him, but only the hope of securing him, through her, as a trophy, at least, if not as an instrument—that not a step would be taken to carry out these plans without some assurance of the fulfilment of those conditions which she now saw to be utterly impossible to be fulfilled. The futility of the task she had undertaken suddenly overwhelmed her. She wished for one moment that she had never come near him. And then a voice seemed to say, "Thou camest hither for thine own purposes, thou art here for God's purposes. Thy schemes and devices are scattered to the winds of heaven; but not without His will did they lead thee hither. Thou art in His hands; yield thyself to Him. Thou canst not save this man from death; thou canst soothe his last hours. Fret him no more with thy vain entreaties, thy idle lamentations. Be bold; he is without an earthly comforter; be thou to him that comforter." She had never known what it was to conquer self till that hour. But she did conquer self; though her heart should break, she would conquer it. The tears passed away from her face; she did not dare yet to meet his eyes, but, taking his hand between her two hands, she carried it to her lips, saying, "You know best."

Suddenly the oratory door was opened, and a man stood before them, dressed in the ordinary costume of the day, but in whose expression and demeanour any experienced eye could easily have detected the Romish priest. He took in the whole scene at a glance—the wimple and rosary laid aside, the flowers at the bosom, the hand over-hanging the window-ledge, and almost lying upon her shoulder. Nay, he overshot the mark in more ways than one. He did not doubt but she had gained her point; but he thought also that a high price had been paid for doing so. Not a muscle of his face was stirred through the thought. It would be, after all, only a matter of penance and absolution. Paris was worth a mass; a mass was well worth a few carnal emotions, even in a lady abbess. To do him justice, he did not give them credit for more than a little lovers' billing and cooing.

"I am happy to see, Colonel Allerton," he began, with his very blandest smile, "that your cousin has succeeded in saving your valuable life. All is ready for your escape; you have only to change dresses with myself." So persuaded was he, that he did not even notice that she shook her head as he spoke. Allerton listened with a sort of amusement, and was loth to interrupt him. Seeing, however, that he made no motion, the priest went on; "You must needs make haste, Colonel Allerton; the guard is afoot on all sides; the oratory staircase affords the only issue which is unwatched, because it is not known of. In little more than an hour hence, Major Marston will be here, and I have come myself a little before the time agreed upon with the abbess."

Allerton frowned involuntarily as the priest used the word. "I am afraid you have lost your pains," said he; "Mistress Wildman has not persuaded me to escape."

"Surely I cannot have heard aright."

"I mean to die, as I have lived, a Protestant. I will not betray my country or my cause, nor put shame upon the memories of the great men who have been my friends."

The priest's face grew black. Lucy had not stirred; a strange St. Catherine-like expression of pride had even shot over her face to hear Allerton speak. Had the price been paid in vain? Had it been greater than he had thought? Was his decoy trapped in turn?

He had deemed himself sure hitherto of her obedience. He had tried it by every conceivable test during her convent life—even by that most hellish one of all, of crushing beneath it the kindly instincts of human nature itself. He had made her dwell for a week at a time in the same cell with bed-ridden crones, with sick children and girls, forbidding her to offer them the slightest help or comfort; and, by their bitter complaints, execrations even, he had learnt that his behest had been fulfilled. Those lessons could not have been forgotten, great as was the peril; she would instinctively follow his command. "Come, my daughter," he said; "and, since all we have done is vain, leave the heretic and traitor to his fate."

A few hours ago, and those words would have bound her as with some tremendous spell; now—the colour flashed not more indignantly to Allerton's cheek than to hers, crimsoning her face all over. He had started up.

"And who are you, sir, who dare command Mistress Wildman in the house, room, and presence of her nearest relation, whose next heir she would be but for you and the like of you?"

Before the priest could answer, he found himself thrust through the staircase door, which Allerton locked upon him, and, returning to his seat, threw the key by Lucy's side.

She had not stirred. The stairs were narrow and steep, the thrust was strong and sudden, and the priest clattered a good deal as he went down, faster probably than he wished. She did not seem to hear it; vague notions of penances to come, of wraths to endure, may have passed before her mind, but they seemed to have no hold upon her. As Allerton resumed his place, she only leant towards him, saying, "He is a good man, and means well; Edmund, you must forgive him."

"Forgiven and forgotten," he said, full-smiling into her eyes, which sank, however, again on meeting his. After a moment's pause he said: "And am I to you also, Lucy, a heretic and a traitor?"

"No, not to *me*, not to *me*," she answered, quickly.

She only meant, in her humility, that she judged him no longer—that God must judge. But the strong emphasis which she laid upon the *me* made him misconceive her answer—think that she had, perhaps, misconceived his question.

"Thank you for those sweet words, my cousin. I *have* loved you loyally these twenty-five years, and it is guerdon at last to know that you acknowledge me as being, at least, no traitor to yourself."

"You misunderstand me, Edmund; I did not mean what you think."

"But you do mean it?"

There quivered upon her lip the saddest, faintest, dreamiest, most momentary flicker of a smile. "If you like it," she answered, very low. He did not press her to his breast. He did not touch her with his lips. He did not even trouble her with his gaze, but on the contrary dropped his eyes from her face. He did not seek in her words any more than her words actually contained. He did not dream that she did more than simply *accept* at last the heart and life-homage which he had so long offered to her. Perhaps he *would* not do so. Perhaps it would have been overstepping the truth. Perhaps, had he given vent to any feeling beyond this, she would have shrunk from him. Perhaps it might have overset all his manhood. It was enough that she let him love her. His features settled down into an expression of deep, imperturbable calm, lit with mellow radiance from within.

Neither spoke for a while. She broke the silence, asking in a voice faltering at first, but which gained firmness after a

while, whether he had any wishes he should like to see carried out?

She did not say that she would see to them. She could not have told him it would be possible for her to do so. Nor could he, perhaps, have helped her much to the discovery. But there was in her an instinct that his work and his will must be hers. There was in him the confidence, that whatever she meant, that she would do. Small details of personal kindness and forethought—debts to be excused; tenants struggling with difficulties to be gently helped through them; old comrades' pensions to be continued, renewed to their widows; old comrades' graves to be kept up; children to be put to school; old servants not to be disturbed in the possession of their cottages or plots of land; an eye to be kept on this covetous neighbour, that bullying bailiff, that giddy girl or rakish youth; certain wanderers or fugitives to be welcomed on their return, or looked after in their exile or their hiding-places! Dry, petty, details, many of them such as would not be embodied in any will or formal document—such details as the husband intrusts to the wife when he is about to undertake a long journey! Allerton's will was in the hands of a Templar friend, or he would have handed it over to his cousin. At one time, fearing to overwhelm her with the multiplicity of his directions, he offered to fetch pen and paper. She declined with a shake of the head. She felt that all his wishes were engraving themselves on her heart as with a style of iron.

Beyond all these directions as to individuals there was a plan, which had been building itself up in his heart all his life long, but which the troubles of the time had never enabled him to realize, of a school embracing handicrafts and field-work as well as book learning, and which by degrees, so far as the Allerton property might go, should bind all the parish into one community of profit as well as labour. A crude scheme, no doubt, such as the seventeenth century could conceive—a revolutionary scheme, no doubt, such as the friend of regicides might entertain—which looked upon plough-boys and servants as equally entitled to the fruits of the land, the rewards of labour, the development of the intellect, with the hereditary owners of the soil! Still, if peace and good government should allow, it did not seem altogether unfeasible to that old Puritan soldier and that Romish nun. The practical communism of the convent, indeed, enabled her to enter into it fully—her experience of the difficulties of monastic rule, to suggest many improvements, additions, curtailments. There grew upon her the sense of something healthier, broader, holier, and nobler, precisely because humbler and more vulgar, than the discipline of the cloister—wherein yet all the precious lessons of that discipline might be applied, all its prophecies of the blessings of fellowship, and a common life, might have their true fulfilment. And yet, as they felt themselves borne on into the future, the past also seemed to rise and float by their side. They thought of the old days when they read the *Utopia* together. The whole of mid-life seemed well-nigh a dream; only that real, and this.

This! but a moment longer; for the bugle has shrilled, and the tramp of men is heard on the stairs. She uttered one wild cry, and a death-pallor spread over her. The over-taxed frame could bear out no longer. He blessed God that she was spared all further anguish for the present. He bore her in his arms into the oratory, laid her tenderly on the bed, bent over her for the last time, and dropped upon her cold brow his first kiss since the days of childhood. "Farewell, my Lucy—my wife! God be with thee!" were his murmured words. She made no movement; the nerves of motion no longer answered to the will; or, rather, there was no will left in her to question their power. But sensation was not extinguished. She felt as in a dream what he did to her, and from that hour until her dying day his words rang ever in her ears, "My Lucy—my wife!" But she neither felt nor heard aught more.

He returned to his room, strong, calm, and proud. The veil, wimple, and rosary caught his eye, hanging on a chair-back. Partly to conceal the fact of her late presence, partly with an indefinable sense of triumph, he flung them hastily into the cinder heap that stood yet in the hall fire-place, and then advanced to unbolt the door to Major Marston, whom, after courteous greetings on either side, he followed down into the courtyard.

Whilst all were pressing behind them, a man slipped unobserved into the room, looked towards the window seat, and, observing it unoccupied, opened the door of the oratory, cast a glance into it, and then locked it from outside, taking away with him the key, as well as that of the staircase, which he found lying on the window-seat.

The sharp crash of musketry startled Lucy from her swoon. She sprang to her feet, pressed one instant her head between her hands, then flew alternately to either locked door and to the well-barred oratory window, then felt that all was over, that all was vain, and sank on the floor helpless, in a yet more deadly swoon.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.[1]

I WISH to say a few words about Mrs. Browning. As a poet it is not my purpose to speak of her here. Her writings remain behind her, and are well able to answer for themselves. Of her life-story I have not anything to tell; and, even if I had, it would seem to me a kind of profanity to discuss in public the private life of one who was so pure, so child-like, and so kindly-hearted.

It is of one phase of her literary character, little understood at home, that I am anxious to say something. Circumstances threw me a good deal across the path of Mrs. Browning during the last two years of her life, while a certain community of sentiment on subjects in which she was deeply, even passionately, interested, enabled me, I believe, to judge more truly of her "Imperialism" than might have been expected from one who had known her previously by name only.

How far her views on the Empire were right or wrong, is a question about which I feel there may well be different opinions; but no one, I think, who knew her, could fail to see that these views sprang from feelings which were good and noble. She had no vulgar love of power, no sympathy even with success, in itself. Woman-like, her heart was always with the oppressed, not with the oppressor—with the "causa victa" rather than the "causa victrix." About all cruelty, all oppression, and all tyranny, whether of class, or race, or government, she had an intense and almost morbid feeling; and, if she had held the common English view, and looked upon the Empire as a triumph of brute force over mind, then the whole imperial system would have had no more bitter adversary than the authoress of the "Poems before Congress."

Indeed (strange as the remark may seem at first sight to some of my readers), it was the deepness of Mrs. Browning's faith in the world's being divinely governed which, I believe, first prompted her to look favourably on the Napoleonic regime. It is hard, if you think well of it, to reconcile the ordinary English belief about the Empire with any creed save that of a blank scepticism. If it is really the truth, as popular English opinion would

[1] In a paper like this, in memory of such a woman as Mrs. Browning, it is but right that the expression of political opinion, as it might be maintained on other occasions, should give place to the sympathetic exposition, by one who knew her, of the opinions which Mrs. Browning held. ED.

teach us to believe, that the Emperor is a third-rate sharper and the Empire a clumsy juggle; that the whole history of the last ten years has been a sort of Saturnalia of thimble-rig, in which the greatest events of our time, the Crimean Campaign, the Anglo-French Alliance, and the Italian war, have been cards played for the vulgarest ends—then it seems difficult to fancy that (if this, in truth, be so) the whole of the world's history is anything more than a game of hazard at which the black-legs win. The creed may be true or false, but it was not one which a heart like Mrs. Browning's could have held. She saw a great work being worked out around her, and instinctively she believed that in the workers also there must be something of great and godlike.

Still, no doubt, the keenness of Mrs. Browning's Imperialism dated from the time of the Italian war. It is difficult to convey an idea to strangers of the intenseness of all her feelings about Italy. Her's was no dilettante artistic love, but a deep personal attachment, to the land of her home and her affections. All who had written or spoken or worked in behalf of Italy were to her welcome as friends of long standing; while for those who had exerted their powers against Italy, as open enemies or false friends, she felt as personal an enmity as it was possible for that gentle nature to feel against any living being. One who knew her towards the end of her life has told me that her last words to him, at their parting not long ago, were to thank him, with thanks that were little merited, because he had done something for the cause of Italy. Higher thanks, however undeserved, she knew none to give.

This being so, it would have been strange had she not shared the common Italian feeling about the Emperor of the French. The feeling, even if mistaken, is a natural one. In this world of doubt and difficulty men, after all, look to the facts, not to motives; and, explain away the motives as you like, talk as you please about imperial ambition, about the annexation of Nice or the designs on Sardinia, you cannot escape the broad fact that, in the hour of Italy's need (*before*, mind you, not *after* the victory) it was the Emperor Napoleon alone who came forward to rescue Italy, who overthrew the tyranny of Austria, and who, willingly or unwillingly, thereby created the Italian kingdom. Had it not been for Napoleon III., Austria would still have lorded it over Italy. This is the one simple fact which the Italians have not forgotten and cannot forget; and of this fact Mrs. Browning's mind took hold, with all the ardour of her love for Italy, and all the intensity of her poet's feelings.

It was this depth of feeling about Italy, not any want of patriotism, which at times caused her to appear unjust in her appreciation of her own country. It was because at heart she loved England so dearly, that she could not brook what seemed to her the selfishness of English policy towards Italy. When every fibre of her heart was throbbing with sympathy for the Italian war of independence, it jarred upon her unspeakably to be told by her own people that the maintenance of Austrian dominion in Italy was necessary for the safety of England—to know that the sympathies of her own country were on the side of Austria, not of France—of the oppressors of Italy against her deliverers.

Moreover, all her feelings on political subjects were intensified not only by her woman's impetuosity, but by the circumstances of her secluded life. To me her judgments, both for good and bad, seemed oftentimes like those of a dweller in some city convent. Out of the cloister windows she could see the world moving without, but in its active life she had neither share nor portion. For many years past the days had been few in number, almost to be counted upon the fingers, throughout the long year, on which she was carried down into the open air, to gaze upon the world from a carriage-seat. All, indeed, that one of more than common intellect, and who watched over her with more than

a woman's care, could bring her of gleanings from the outer world, she had to aid her in her thoughts; all that books, written in almost every modern language, could bring her of instruction, she sought for eagerly; but still no aid of books or friends could supply what daily contact with active life alone can give. It was thus that her views of the world had something of the unreality of cloister visions. Yet, at the same time, and by the self-same cause, she seemed to me to see deeper, and sometimes truer, than common minds; and, from the very fact that she did not see things which all of us can see, she saw much also which we cannot see—saw something of God's working in the world, hidden from common and sharper eyes.

So it was that she gained an influence over all she came across, not likely, you would think at first sight, to be exercised by one so unpretending, so anxious always to receive rather than to give knowledge. It is in grateful recollection of having known one whom all were better for knowing that I have written these few words. They are not in favour of Imperialism, still less against it; they are designed solely to explain what was the true nature of Mrs. Browning's Napoleonic sympathies. If I have been successful in my endeavour, I trust that those who have read these lines will peruse again the "Poems before Congress," and see whether, instead of the vulgar sycophancy of success, of which the English critic would accuse that gentle and noble heart, they cannot see the half-suppressed, half-outspoken passion of a soul that yearned, almost too eagerly, after truth and justice.

Time alone can show whether Mrs. Browning was right or wrong; but, when the passions of the hour are forgotten, I think that her own country will do fuller justice than has yet been done to the true English poetess, who now rests in the land where Keats and Shelley lie—in the city which she loved so well—the Florence of Dante and of Michael Angelo.

E. D.

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH'S FORMER POEMS AND HIS NEW ONE.

It is now about nine years since there appeared, in some of the London weekly papers, scraps of verse, which were said to be specimens of poems, then still in manuscript, written by a young man in Glasgow, of whose powers local critics thought highly. The impression made by these scraps was far from ordinary. Literary authorities in London, though naturally distrustful of the provincial partiality which had so often before found a new poet in some commonplace versifier, were startled into believing that for once rumour might be right, and became curious to know somewhat more of the vague Mr. Alexander Smith, whose name had been thus suddenly introduced to them.

Mr. Smith soon gave the public an opportunity of judging how far his first friendly critics were right, by publishing, under the title of *A Life-Drama and other Poems*, the compositions from which the extracts they had praised were taken. The response, in the matter of circulation, was unusually gratifying. A sale of ten thousand copies in Great Britain and the Colonies, over and above American editions, was a reception of a "new poet," which showed how willing people were, all over the English-speaking part of the world, to welcome such a personage, and how widely the expectation had spread that this might be he. Nor, when those whom experience had made cautious in accepting the evidence of mere popularity in such cases, tried, more at leisure, to decide for themselves whether the new comer ought to have a place among contemporary English poets, under such a laureateship as Tennyson's, was the verdict, in most cases, un-

"Edwin of Deira. By Alexander Smith: Macmillan & Co. Cambridge and London."

favourable. With much "crudity" (*that* is the established phrase) in the poems, and especially in the conception and construction of the main one, there was found in the volume, by readers not likely to be mistaken, an assemblage of qualities sufficiently remarkable. How was it, in the first place, that this young author, circumstanced as he was said to be, had floated off at once in an element of such high intellectual freedom—not making his beginnings in small casual themes of the place and day, nor yet clinging sluggishly to a round of fixed phrases and rhymes, but starting at once among those generalities of time, love, life, death, and the probation of genius, to which only free and highly cultivated art attains with ease, and treating of these large matters of the poet's philosophy in a spirit absolutely unsectarian, and with a corresponding strength of verse? Clearly, for one thing, the notions of some as to where and how a man might be educated so as to be up to a high level of contemporary thought might need to be corrected! Not in literary London alone, it seemed, might this level be reached, but anywhere, even in the midst of crowded mills and warehouses, if only books might be had, and thinking persons might have their evenings and their Sundays to themselves, and kindred spirits might meet to flash their mutual lights. Still to have taken such a clear flight at once as Mr. Smith had done, into the higher region of thoughts and topics, and to have acquired such facility of metrical expression in that region, argued something in himself beyond the common fellowship. For, on examining more closely the texture of his poems, it hardly appeared that it was a mere ambition after fine sound and words that had inspired him to the flight, a mere inflation with the ready-made phraseology of any big style of philosophizing about man and his destiny that books might have made current among minds of imperfect training. Find fault as one might, here was plainly no half-cultured weakling, but a writer who could strew his pages with distinct and even striking thoughts, who had an unusual power of expressing such thoughts in rich and well-conceived images, and who maintained in his verse a logical precision, a regulated connexion of clause and metaphor, which showed that, even when his meaning was wildest, he had it cunningly in hand. Could any one, it was asked, have fallen in anywhere with such passages as the following, and not have acknowledged their power? With this, for example, as an image of the worth of friendship with a superior mind?—

"An opulent soul
Dropt in my path, like a great cup of gold
All rich and rough with stories of the gods."

Or with this, as an image of young ambition unnerved by despondency?

"My drooping sails
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent;
I rot upon the waters, when my prow
Should grate the golden isles."

Or with this story told for an illustrative purpose in the course of another narrative.

"A grim old king,
Where blood leapt madly when the trumpets brayed
To joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,
Won a rich kingdom on a battle-day;
But in the sunset he was ebbing fast,
Ringed by his weeping lords. His left hand held
His white steed, to the belly splashed with blood,
That seemed to mourn him with its drooping head;
His right, his broken brand; and in his ear
His old victorious banners flapped the winds.
He called his faithful herald to his side—
'Go, tell the dead I come!' With a proud smile,
The warrior with a stab let out his soul,
Which fled and shrieked through all the other world
'Ye dead, my master comes!' And there was pause,
Till the great shade should enter."

Or, lastly, with such a ghastly, and withal grand, imagination as this, of an act of suicide done at night near a great city?

"'Twas late; for, as he reached the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,
The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.
The city now was left long miles behind:

A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars.
He reached its summit. Far above his head
God's name was writ in worlds. A while he stood
Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.
He raised his hands—alas! 'twas not in prayer:
He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,
'I wished to loose some music o'er thy world,
'To strike from its firm base some hoary wrong,
'And then to die in autumn with the flowers
'And leaves and sunshine I have loved so well.
'Thou mightst have smoothed my way to some great end—
'But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God;
'This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds
'Is an eternal and triumphant hymn
'Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self.
'Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?
'My pangs, my tears of blood? They could not move
'Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.
'Thou hast forgotten me, God. Here, therefore here,
'To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,
'Like a forsaken watchfire, will I die;
'And, as my pale corse fronts the glittering Night,
'It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.'
—His death did *not* disturb that ancient Night.
Scornfullest Night! over the dead there hung
Great gulfs of silence, blue and strewn with stars—
No sound, no motion, in the eternal depths."

As a set-off against all this in Mr. Smith's favour, there was, of course, not a little said in way of disparagement. Besides the general charge of "crudity," which most persons felt to be just to a very considerable extent, there were other charges brought forward by different sets of critics. His power, it was said, lay altogether in passages, and not in the conduct of a story or poem! As if, granting it to be so, these "passages" were not things to be thankful for; as if, after all, it were much else than such "passages" that keeps in repute many a celebrated poem! Then, all his wealth was in the form of images! As if "images" were not, as the word implies, the very molecules of a poet's thought—scattered mintage by the way, of that faculty of the poet of which each entire poem should be but a more sustained production! Farther, there was a great run for the stuff of his images on certain objects or departments of nature and history, which might be called his poetical commonplaces—the sea and its ships, sunsets, skies in rain, Mark Anthony, larks in the air, and, above all, the midnight spangled with its stars! As if, had the critics been willing to receive a psychological lesson instead of persecuting the poet whose unusual artlessness in his art had made it obvious, it might not have been here seen how every mind, even the most various, has its objects of special fascination, natural or historical, round which it hovers and to which it recurs electrically; as if it were not right, at least, that those objects or masses of physical expanse—the sea, the sky, the breadth of subjacent earth, and the like—which bulk largest in the visible sphere of things, should bulk correspondingly in the habitual thoughts of men reflecting that sphere; as if, to take that ludicrous matter of "the stars" alone, it were not true that every man recedes from being conventionally a clever fellow, but spiritually a mean hound, exactly in proportion to the number of times he thinks of the stars! Then, crowning and including all, came the epithet of "the Spasmodic School" as defining certain general characteristics of Mr. Smith's poetry, and of the poetry of others who came into print about the same time. Perhaps the epithet did hit a blot in the species of poetry it was meant to satirize—a certain impatience of common situations, and violent dashing of the mind hither and thither in quest of monstrosities; a certain Eugene-Suism in metre; a certain discontentedness with aught less for themes than Hell, Heaven, and the throes of Poetic Genius making a mess of both. Something might have been said in defence even here; and, on the whole, as far as Mr. Smith was concerned, this and all the other adverse criticisms resolved themselves back into the one charge of "crudity"—*i.e.* the statement that, with great power, he had not yet attained the perfect management of it.

To find oneself suddenly the object of such a hurricane of criticism, *pro* and *con*, was enough to turn one's head. So far as we have ever heard, however,

Mr. Smith took it all very quietly. Transferred, soon afterwards, from Glasgow to the position which he still holds in Edinburgh—that of Secretary to the University—he went on, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, bestowing on literature the leisure afforded him by his new duties. By occasional papers in prose, descriptive, humorous and critical, he proved that it was not in verse only that he was at home; and he is, in fact, an admirable prose-writer. But to Poetry, of course, he still owned his chief allegiance; and, in due time, came forth, in evidence of his continued loyalty, his new volume, entitled *City Poems*. We have just been reading these poems again, and must say that, if they are not worthy of admiration, we hardly know where, in recent literature, proper objects for that sentiment are to be found. There is a decided advance on the previous volume. Sometimes, indeed, one seems to see the effects of the criticism Mr. Smith had experienced, in a certain repression of his strength; but on the whole there is a decided advance—a mellower richness without loss of power. Were there space, a detailed criticism of these poems, with extracts of some passages which have particularly struck us on reperusal, might not be useless. Let us merely refer to the poem entitled "Horton," and that entitled "Squire Maurice," as poems, original in conception, compact and careful in execution, and full of fine things, and to the longer composition entitled "A Boy's Poem" as possessing, in addition to the merits of thought and expression possessed by the other two, an interest of biographic strength and pathos all but unique. He were a man of tough fibre, we venture to think, who could read certain parts of the last poem unmoved; and, if there is not "genius" in the poem as a whole, we know not what that subtle fluid is.

Not so apparently thought a pretty large proportion of the critical public, when the volume came forth. We used to think that a poem, or other work of literary art, might be very good, and yet immediately and widely popular, and that this privilege of being immediately popular, without being untrue, might be one of the pleasant things in the lot of a poet or other artist, as compared with the lot of such unfortunate fellows as philosophers, politicians, and social reformers. It does not seem to be quite as we thought. It seems that in literary art, too, if a thing is unusually good, and there is not a certain preparation for it in already acquired deference to its author, it must necessarily irritate. Even honest people, good-natured people enough, don't like to be perturbed; and you can't have any very good thing, be it poem, or essay, or whatever else, without a certain amount of perturbation. Your feelings are perturbed, your notions are perturbed, your canons of taste are perturbed; if you are a jog-trot person, and the pace is that of Pegasus, you are vexed in every joint of you. Besides, are there not such things in the literary world as Envies—black sprites, flying about and settling here and there? However it happened, certain it is that the reception in some quarters of Mr. Smith's *City Poems* was that of the jackdaw in the fable. "Plagiarism!" was now the cry, "Borrowed feathers!" and straightway there were columns of parallel passages, to prove that there was not a sun, or a sea, or a star, or a tree, or any combination of thoughts or of images in Mr. Smith's poems, but it had been in somebody's pages before. Never was such a pecking. The feathers flew about, green, blue and crimson, as at the murder of a parrot. One recollects the affair yet with something like disgust. In the proportion perhaps of two per cent. of the alleged parallelisms, there was distinct evidence of latent recollection or conscious reproduction—opening up what might have been an interesting inquiry as to how far every poet works in an element of transmitted diction, and makes permutations and combinations of ideas that have slipped into his memory from books. But, admitting this, seeing to what miserable shifts the collectors were driven when they would increase the parallelisms beyond this

proportion, and remembering also how, by the help of Todd's notes, Milton himself in this way might be torn to tatters, and how again Keats and other modern poets might be exhibited as rigged out in such Miltonic or other tatters, there were few sensible men that had read Mr. Smith's poems for themselves who were not indignant at the treatment he was receiving. At least, honest Mr. Punch was; for he came forward at the time, and, with one of his happiest strokes of parody, made the whole criticism ridiculous.

Quietly still, through this attack, as through the former gust of popularity, Mr. Smith went on—*feeling* somewhat, we dare say; but *saying* absolutely nothing. He was not even disturbed into what might have been thought by some the best plan for making short work of it as between him and his critics —Byron's well-approved plan of a smashing satire. He did much better. Working on as before in his own way, he kept striking off a few things in prose, but wooing all the while his more secret Muse. And now, as the result, we have his third volume, his little epic, *Edwin of Deira.*

From an allusion in his first volume we should infer that Mr. Smith had even then a scheme of some poem the theme of which should be taken from old English History—

> "Most brilliant star upon the crest of Time
> Is England. England! Oh, I know a tale
> Of those far summers when she lay in the sun
> Listening to her own larks, with growing limbs
> And mighty hands, which since have tamed the world,
> Dreaming about their tasks."

Whether the tale then meditated is that now executed we do not know. The tale in this volume is one from the tangled history of the English Heptarchy. Among the numerous narratives, in part authentic, in part legendary, which compose that history, there is none more beautiful, more full of romantic interest, than the story of the life and fortunes of King Edwin of Northumbria.

From 590 to 617, as Bede and others tell the story, this large northern kingdom of the Heptarchy was ruled over by Ethelfrid, who was rightfully king only of that portion of it named Bernicia (*i.e.* what is now Northumberland, and the south-east parts of Scotland), but had possessed himself also of that portion of it named Deira (*i.e.* what is now Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, York, and Lancashire), the proper heir of which was the young Prince Edwin. Driven from his native kingdom, young Edwin wanders about in exile. In his wanderings he comes at last to the court of Redwald, king of the East Angles, who receives him at first kindly, but, at length, reasoned with and threatened by ambassadors from Ethelfrid, is on the point of giving him up. In this hour of his lowest fortunes, Edwin, sitting moodily at night in a solitary place near the palace, has a miraculous vision. There appears to him an apparitional man, who converses with him, prophesies his future career of success, hints to him that there is a better religion than the paganism in which he and all his countrymen of those parts of England are then bound, and, before he vanishes, lays his hand on Edwin's head, telling him to remember that sign, and expect it again at a time when more shall be revealed to him. All turns out as the apparitional man had said. Redwald, overcoming his fears, sends away Ethelfrid's ambassadors, protects Edwin, and assists him with an army, with which he defeats and slays Ethelfrid, and not only recovers his native Deira, but becomes Ethelfrid's successor in the whole of Northumbria (617). Edwin, at this point of his career, was thirty-two years of age, and had two sons by his wife, Quenberga, daughter of Ceorl, king of Mercia, to whom he had been united while yet an exile, and before he was at Redwald's court. Apparently, however this good lady was now dead. At all events, when Edwin had been on the throne of Northumbria eight years—during which time his wisdom and his acts were such that the whole Heptarchy looked to him as the king in chief of all the seven—he wished to wed for his

second wife Ethelburga, the sister of Eadbald, then king of Kent. The south-east parts of England—at least, the kingdoms of Kent and Essex—were then already Christian. It was exactly twenty-eight years since Augustine and his monks had arrived in Kent; and, though paganism was not quite subdued, it was subdued so far that those parts of England were then under the ecclesiastical sway of Justus, the fourth Archbishop of Canterbury in succession from Augustine. The proposed marriage of the powerful Edwin of Northumbria with the Kentish princess was the very opportunity required for the introduction of Christianity from the more favoured south-east corner of the Heptarchy to the still benighted North. Accordingly, it was made one of the conditions of the marriage that Ethelburga should take her priests with her. The foreign priest, Paulinus, already some time in England, was ordained bishop for the purpose by Archbishop Justus; and he and other priests accompanied Ethelburga. Thus Christianity was preached in Northumbria. But, though Edwin favoured it and gave all liberty to Paulinus, he hesitated about so great a change as an abjuration of his old religion for himself and the nation. Long and anxiously he debated the matter, sitting for hours alone in contemplation, till, at last, in one of these moods, lo! the apparitional man again, and the well-known sign. Then did Edwin call his council of thanes and priests; then was Coifi, the high-priest of the pagan worship, the first to vote for giving it up; then did one of the aged warriors give his vote for the same in one of the most beautiful parables that pagan sadness ever uttered; and then did Edwin take his great resolve. The pagan temples were destroyed; Edwin and all his subjects were baptized; and Paulinus became first Archbishop of York. This was in 627. For six years longer Edwin ruled in Northumbria, his wise government extending from mid-England to the Firth of Forth, on the banks of which, to mark the northern boundary of his realm, he founded Edwin's-Burgh, now Edinburgh. He was killed in 633, at Hatfield, in Yorkshire, in a great battle with the Mercians, who from that time became the leading nation of the Heptarchy, till their kings in turn were superseded by the kings of Wessex, under whom England became one. But Northumbria long remained powerful—ecclesiastically and intellectually perhaps the most important part of England; and the memory of King Edwin was transmitted in songs and legends, some faint echoes of which are heard to this day.

Such is the story which Mr. Smith has chosen for the theme of his poem. His treatment of the theme is by no means historical. He follows, indeed, Bede very accurately in parts where it suits his purpose to do so, as in the account of Edwin's wanderings and despondency, his interviews with the apparitional man, and the speeches of Coifi and the Northumbrian warrior at the council where Christianity is accepted. But in other parts we see that he has used history only to suggest the ground and general shape of a free poetic vision. He takes decided liberties with the facts of the real record. Edwin is younger in the poem when he appears at Redwald's court than he is in the chronicles. In the poem, Edwin's two wives, the one Mercian, and the other Kentish, are annihilated in favour of one exquisite, but purely suppositious, Bertha, the daughter of his protector, Redwald of East Anglia. In the poem, Christianity is made to come into Northumbria by direct sea-importation from Rome, and Edwin is made the first English Christian king; whereas, in fact, Christianity came into Northumbria by extension from the south of England, already Christianized a generation before by Augustine, from one of whose successors Paulinus was but an emissary. Lastly, Edwin dies in peace, in the poem, an aged man; and the prophecy there is, that it is a far-off son of his who is to end the divisions of the Heptarchy, and sit on the throne of a great, united England; whereas the real Edwin died in battle, at the age of forty-eight, the Saxon genealogies soon

sweep his progeny out of sight even in Northumbria, and, with all the respect which English historians owe to Northumbria intellectually, they have to tell that it was Wessex, finally, that did the political feat. Of course Mr. Smith had poetic reasons, which seemed sufficient to himself, for these deviations from history. He wished, doubtless, to have England as a whole typically in his fancy. Ready as we are, however, to acknowledge the freedom of poetry, and her right to be arbitrary so far, we cannot but think the deviations in this case too great. Where there is an actual and known ground of real history, it jars on the mind, and may injure the permanence of the poem which causes the jar, to have a poetical vision of the facts which is violently at variance with prominent bits of the reality, traversing and competing with one's historic recollections. In such a period as that of the Heptarchy, it seems to us, where the historic ground begins to become firm under one's feet, and is every day being made firmer and firmer by research, the proper form for a poem would be that of a really historical epic. The story of Edwin of Northumbria would, it seems to us, have been a fortunate theme for such a poem. Mr. Smith, had he taken this view of the matter—which he might have done easily, while retaining much of what he has actually written—would have succeeded well. But, should a poet want more liberty in the ideal than a really historical epic would afford him, then it seems to us he ought to go back to that mythical or purely British period of our insular existence to which our poets, from Spenser to Tennyson, have loved to revert when they would have a vague basis of legend and yet build romantically, and where even yet one may carve fantastic chasms to one's own pleasure in the old Celtic mist.

Allowing for what has just been said, however, and accepting Mr. Smith's *Edwin of Deira* as a free poetical vision, partly true to history, partly air-hung over a ground of history, we are bound to welcome it as a singularly beautiful poem. From the first sight of Edwin, a realmless wanderer approaching Redwald's court, on to the last sight of him as a wise and famous king, leading his subjects in the way of a new religion, the story, as Mr. Smith's tells it, is one to fascinate as it is being read, and to leave in the mind a permanent good of pure and rich recollections. There are such descriptions of scenery as few poets could have given, and as increase one's love for the meads, the woods, the hills, the sunshine of dear old England. There is the breath and stir of heroic action; the sharpness and surprise of definite incident. There is a group of distinct figures and characters, poetically conceived—Edwin himself; his sorrowful mother Donegild; the hesitating king Redwald; Redwald's seven great-limbed sons, with the noble Prince Regner as their chief, till battle takes him away; Redwald's daughter, Bertha, the central rose and sweetness of the poem; the anonymous would-be assassin of Edwin; the Christian missionary, Paulinus; the Pagan high-priest, Coifi; and the aged Northumbrian thane, Ella. Through all, there occur, in abundance enough for the most intellectual or the most fastidious, those passages over which one likes to linger in a poem, whether for the flashing force of their thought, or the peculiar grace and felicity of their expression. Here, for example, is a company listening to music:—

"The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the breath,
And finer grew the listening face."

And here is the arrival, in a peopled plain, of a messenger with news from the scene of war on the other side of the hills:—

"Afar,
On the sixth day, a courier was descried
Swift-hasting, like a solitary crow
Winging the empty heaven."

And here is an image of our forgetfulness at last of the dearest dead:—

"The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world;
Then o'er it runs a road."

And here is a description of Edwin and

Redwald's seven sons out on a hawking expedition from Redwald's palace :—

"At last they reached
The gloomy tenant of that gloomy place,
A lake of sadness, seldom sunned, that stretched
In sullen silver from a marge of reeds
To far-flung gloom of precipice and peak,
That on the northern side kept back the day.
As on the ruined shore the eight drew rein,
Uprose the startled heron, with a scream
Waking the echoes of that region dern ;
And Edwin, with a stranger's privilege,
First threw his hawk. Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and cried,
'When 'gainst the heron Ethelbert[1] thou fliest,
'I follow in thy track, come weal, come woe,'
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight
To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as motes became, while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying 'This one has it,' and now 'That;'
When, suddenly, from out the dizzy sky
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked in fight,
Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing, and beak, and claw,
And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere."

Do you wish to know how a lover declared himself in East Anglia in the seventh century? Imagine Edwin and Bertha, with Bertha's seven brothers—"retarding brothers" in this case—out hunting the stag; and here you have it :—

"Around a crag
That with its gloomy pines o'erhung the vale,
Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
They were alone ; and, in the sudden calm,
When round them came the murmur of the woods
Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash !
O memory enough to sweeten death !—
The unexpected solitude surprised
His heart to utterance, and the Princess sat
Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
That feels, yet sees not, day. Then, while the wind
To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once."

[1] Mr. Smith has also taken the liberty of changing the name Ethelfrid into Ethelbert.

Quite enough, too ; for, the bugle at that moment sounding the death of the stag, the two had to rejoin the brothers, but not till this effect—the effect of first love—had been produced on Bertha, changing her whole mien as the party rode home.

"The woman's heart that woke
Within the girlish bosom—ah ! too soon !—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the path,
Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick hour
From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream
That erst ran chattering with the pebble stones."

Perhaps you wish also to hear how an East-Anglian papa, in the seventh century, said "Yes," when he could not help it. Well ; fancy that Edwin has asked consent and is standing by, and that Bertha, all blushing, and her hair falling round her, hides her face in her hands at papa's feet :—

"The king down glanced
And caught the sweet confusion, while his spleen
Went out in words, like thunder's dying groan,
When tempest passes and reveals again
The azure and the sun, 'And dost thou, too,
'Fret in thy nest's confinement, and desire
'To flit away into the boundless world
'And range therein with some gay-feathered mate
'The summer through? We fathers are the soil
'In which a second generation grows :
'From our decrease it draws the youthful sap
'That keeps it green atop. Nay, weep not, girl !
'Press not against my knee in that wild way,
'A cheek all flame and tears. I cannot chide :
'It is the very order of the world ;
'We have our seasons, even as the flowers ;
'And I, when I did once a daughter seek,
'Made thick a father's heart. Some twenty years,
'The hour may be thine own. Most gladly, Prince,
'When time hath tried thy steadfastness of heart,
'And when the wayward fowl, Prosperity,

'Roosts in thy boughs, I'll see her wife of thine,
'Wearing with thee the crown. So, sweet, arise,
'And give the man thy heart hath chosen out
'From all his fellows a pure hand in pledge
'Of faithfulness—the one assured thing
'He ever will possess upon the earth.'"

Very much the same this as now-a-days; only much better expressed! But here is something purely Old-English—the forces of Redwald gathering round Redwald's palace in Edwin's behalf, and Redwald in his hall receiving their chiefs:—

"Troop on troop
Pressed round the palace; and Prince Edwin gazed
Down on the living sward, and saw a knight
Go pricking through the press in harness rich,
Dark groves of footmen standing in their ranks,
Mares whinnying from the stake, and, from the wood
Slow-trickling through the light, a rill of spears.
And, as he gazed upon the joyous scene,
His forward-gushing spirit made his face
Pale, as a man's who with a resolute heart
Towers in the breach at day-break, hand on hilt,
When shouting come the foe. Descending then,
He found the King and all his seven sons
Standing in hall amid a hundred lords,
Brown-cheeked, fierce-eyed, long-bearded, mighty-limbed,
Who from each corner of the realm were bade
To battle, and who came as to a feast.
Walking from martial knot to knot that buzzed
With all the fiery pleasure of the time,
King Redwald made each chief to Edwin known,
Summed up the spears he brought, and proudly flashed
A hurried sunbeam o'er his foregone life,
That made each brave deed sparkle jewel-like;
And, wandering up and down among the lords,
More loud the din of preparation grew—
The sudden opening of a door let in
The neigh of steeds, clashed anvils, countless fires,
Blistering the noontide air, and, on the skirts
Of tumult, oft a coming trumpet blown."

Passages of different kinds might be multiplied; but here, as a last specimen, is Edwin, in his reconquered realm, perplexed whether he shall receive Christianity, and walking out, in early morning, near the new city which he has built, ruminating the risks and responsibilities of the great change.

"Dawn struck on fevered forehead, and on eyes
Reddened with watching, as he paused to look
Upon the glimmering city, stretching out
In slumber's silent trustfulness—no sound,
The white light pouring down on wall and roof,
The secure raven flying low—that lit,
And from the temple croaked.—'Ah, little town,
'Round which I am a wall, which I have fed
'As tenderly as e'er a parent-bird
'Its nest of callow young, which I have kept
'As shepherd keeps his sheep—the thing I do,
'The way I turn in this grave matter, scoops
'A channel for *thy* flow to good or ill.
'This thing, though clamant, is ungraspable,
'Bodiless, airy, and transacts itself
'In spiritual regions all unbreathed
'And strange, as is a new-created world
'Unprinted by a foot. I am a staff
'Placed upright in the ground; but fall I must;
'And by the way I fall shall Deira grow.
'Unwise, irresolute, it is my doom
'To lift on high my voice, and, at my voice,
'A future with an unimagined face
'Will break on thee and me'"

Where there is so little space for extract of what seems good, it would be out of proportion to occupy much in fault-finding. We may discharge our duty in that respect in a couple of paragraphs.

Weak and prosaic lines will occur in any poem of considerable length, and a good many such might be pointed out in Mr. Smith's. Much more seldom, but certainly once or twice in the poem, we have met an image or expression that seemed in bad taste. On the whole, in these respects, as well as in the mere general matters of conception and execution, the last two books of the poem, though containing some of the finest things in it, have appeared to us inferior to the first two. The reason may be that in the first two books the action occupies but a brief time, whereas, in the last two, after Edwin returns to Northumbria, the action straggles over a good many years, and there was greater difficulty in bringing the incidents into poetic cohesion. It is in these last two books, also, that the jar between Mr. Smith's poetic version of the story and the story as it has come down to us in actual chronicle is most sharply felt, and that, even where he does adhere to the record, we find his poetic version adding least of new effect to what the record enables us to imagine for ourselves. Thus, though the narrative of Edwin's

hesitations about the reception of Christianity, of his determination at last, and of its consequences, is enriched in Mr. Smith's verse by a finely conceived variety of circumstance, and though those to whom the whole narrative is new will read it for the first time in Mr. Smith's verse with all the additional pleasure due to the intrinsic interest of the main facts, we doubt whether, in parts of the narrative, and especially in the account of the speeches of Coifi the priest, and Ella the thane, at the council held on the subject of the new religion, Mr. Smith has improved upon the simple prose original.

It is Mr. Smith's special misfortune in the poem that, in not a few parts of it, and especially near the beginning, there should be such a distinct resonance of the well-known rhythm and phraseology of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Mr. Smith, we have been authentically informed, had written a considerable portion of the poem, and actually placed it in the hands of friends, before the "Idylls" were published. How far, in such a case, the similarity of style and of metrical structure is to be accounted for by the fact that the *subject* is similar to that of the "Idylls," and that the same vehicle of blank verse is used, and how far we are to attribute it to that general Tennysonian influence, apart from the "Idylls," and prior to them, from which Mr. Smith would have been more than mortal had he escaped, it might be difficult to say. In the mechanism of Mr. Smith's verse we perceive the influence of Shakespeare and of Wordsworth perhaps as much as that of Tennyson. More especially the cæsura, or middle-pause, of which he seems fondest, is one which is very characteristic of Shakespeare. With all these resemblances, we still think Mr. Smith has contrived to have a blank verse of his own, which may be recognised very clearly as such in some of his former poems. The misfortune is, that the increased Tennysonianism, of which one is aware in the present poem, brings the poem itself into closer comparison with the "Idylls" than need otherwise have been. And here occurs a remark with which we will conclude. Beautiful as the poem is as a poem of light and rich phantasy in the past, it seems to want a moral something—more of a distinct individuality, more of the under-rolling strength of personal purpose, special mood, or total form of character—to make it the kind of creation likely to endure as its author's very best. We believe it is *not* Mr. Smith's very best. Remembering the *City Poems*, and what they showed of power in this respect, we can well believe that, should Mr. Smith choose another epic subject, say of more modern reference, such that, in treating it, he could let loose the sluices of his own feelings and experience more freely and fully into the current of the story, he would produce a poem still superior.

Appended to *Edwin of Deira* in the present volume are two short poems—a sort of Ossianic elegy, entitled *Torquil and Oona*, which our readers already know; and a lyric of a peculiar strain, entitled *Blaavin*, after the name of a mountain in Skye. These show that, while Mr. Smith works most at large in blank verse, he can use his faculty also well in rhyme.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Weary and old, here let me die—
Here, in this ditch—I care not how.
"He's drunk!" the passing crowd may cry;
I do not want their pity now.
'Tis so, save when, with shudd'ring glance
And scarce a pause, their sous are thrown.
Why stop to lose the play, the dance?
Pass on! for I can die alone.

Yes, here to time I yield at last,
Since hunger can no longer kill.
I once did hope, when youth was past,
My age some shelter'd nook might fill;
But in no Refuge was there room,
So many wretches houseless roam!
The streets through life have been my doom;
So, after all, I die at home.

When young, to those who earned their bread
"Teach me your trade," I used to say.
"We scarce find work ourselves," they said;
"Go beg, my lad,"—and turned away.
Ye rich, who bade me work, nor saw
How hard I strove, ye gave, 'tis true,
My crust of bread, my couch of straw:
I dare not lay my curse on you.

I might have robbed—I begged instead:
The greatest theft I can recall,
Was but the apple o'er my head
That overhung some garden wall.
Yet want has such an evil look,
That into gaol I oft was thrown;
The only wealth I had they took:
At least the sunshine was my own.

What country has the poor man? None!
How shared I in your corn and wine?
The battles by your soldiers won—
Your arts, *your* commerce, were not mine.
Yet, when beneath the strangers' rule
The pride of France lay crushed and low,
I wept!—'Twas like a thoughtless fool,
For rich and generous was the foe.

If we, indeed, mere vermin are,
'Twere wise to crush us ere we sting;
If men, oh! teach us—wiser far—
How from our lives some good may spring.
Worm that I am, had human aid
Or guidance reached me, even I
Might here have laboured, loved, and prayed,
Where now I leave my curse, and die.

H. W. Higgins.

OPINION ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

Cromer, *August* 12, 1861.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your contributors are probably just now scattered, or scattering, over the whole of Europe, if not farther. Having myself been away from town since the 3d, I don't know much of what may have been the talk there about the American war, and the defeat of the Northern army at Manassas Junction. You may have fixed on some one to write on the subject, and in that case you can consign this letter to the waste-paper basket; but, if there is no one told off for this duty, I hope you will let me volunteer, for I do think that the tone of all our leading journals (so far as I have been able to see them in this delightfully quiet little fishing village), has, with the single exception of the *Spectator*, been ungenerous and unfair, and has not represented the better mind of England. At the same time, under present circumstances, it is better,

perhaps, to put what I have to say in the form of a letter, for which I alone am responsible.

In the first place, then, this defeat, this panic at Manassas Junction, had it been ten times as disastrous as it has been, has not altered in the least, and cannot alter the rights and wrongs of the great question at issue. A truism this, no doubt; but, for all that, when one sees the way in which mere success is worshipped here, and the sudden spring which the South has made into popularity in newspaper columns since the last mails, a truism which needs repeating! If the North were right before, they are right now, though defeated. If the Confederates were rebels before, they are rebels still, though triumphant for the moment.

If the United States were to remain a nation at all, they had not only the right, but were bound by every feeling of national honour to strain every nerve, to bring the Secessionists to reason. How did they set about the work? They were utterly unprepared, without troops, without officers, without military stores. Their troops had been carefully scattered in small detachments over the Western and Southern states; the officers were almost all Southerners, who resigned their commissions, and joined the rebels; the stores had been accumulated in the Southern forts and arsenals. They waited as long as there was hope of an amicable arrangement; when that hope came to nothing, at the word of the President the whole North rose as one man. That rising was as grand, as noble, a national act, as any which we have seen, or are likely to see, in our generation. It wrung an approval even from that portion of the press and people of this country who were most exasperated at the unlucky Morrill tariff, and at the menacing attitude which the President's government chose to assume towards us.

Have they flinched from their work? We hear, indeed, of a regiment or two of volunteers, enlisted for three months, who are going home; but the nation has not shown the slightest symptom of turning back. On the contrary, the President, Congress, and the nation, though they may show their resolution in ways which do not please us—which would not be ours, perhaps, under like circumstances—do show the most unflinching resolution to go through with what they have begun. When this is so no longer, it will be time enough to sneer at them.

Then, as to the battle itself, and the panic; what is the fair view of it? By the time this letter is printed, we may, perhaps, have full details; at present one has nothing beyond the barest possible despatches, and a set of one-sided accounts, written under strong excitement, to go upon. From these, however, we find that there was a determined struggle of many hours before the Northern troops were beaten. Jefferson Davis's despatch begins, "Manas-"sas Junction, Sunday night.—Night has "closed upon a hard-fought field; our "forces are victorious," &c. There is no evidence whatever as yet that the troops which were in action did not behave gallantly, but much the other way. Some regiments are reported as "cut to pieces." I think that these are most likely New England or New York regiments, composed chiefly of Americans, and well organised—men who knew what they were fighting for, and how to fight. All accounts agree in the statement that the troops which took the lead in the panic were a rabble of all nations, Americans, Irish, Germans, and others, who had been hastily thrown together, and half drilled. They will fight well enough yet, when they have been made into regulars; but volunteers, to fight well, must be borne up by enthusiasm for a cause, which here was wholly wanting. And, as to the panic, we may just as well remember, what has been so well put in the *Spectator*, that these troops, "in their maddest excitement, did no-"thing which was not done by the "Frenchmen who, within five days, "drove the first infantry in Europe back "from the hill of Valmy."

The advance was premature, badly planned, and not well executed. This

is surely natural enough at the beginning of such a war. It seems that the Northern press are largely responsible for the movement. And here, again, there are good grounds for anything but contempt and hard words. On the news of the defeat, all the best of the Northern papers have acknowledged their error, and formally undertaken to abstain from military criticism. Our own papers are so little in the habit of acknowledging themselves in the wrong, or of abstaining from criticism, however ill-judged, on any matter under the sun, that I confess to being rather struck by this action of the American journalists.

While speaking of American journals I may remark that the passages cited in the *Times*, and other papers, which have so disgusted and angered many of us, are from the *New York Herald*, a notoriously Southern paper, and one of the most scurrilous journals in the whole States. At the breaking out of the war the office of this paper was with difficulty preserved from destruction. Since that time it has not dared to show its Southern sympathies, but has devoted itself, in the obvious interests of its clients, to the work of embroiling the Northern States with us by its unscrupulous and lying virulence. I quite admit that the tone of the Government and people of the North has been such as deeply to grieve and disappoint every right-minded Englishman; but don't let us saddle them with the frantic slanders of the *New York Herald*. These must be put in all fairness to the credit of the South.

Hitherto I have been speaking without immediate reference to the great cause in issue. I believe that, apart from that cause, the North are entitled to our good wishes. They are in the right, apart from all question of Slavery. If they really mean to leave "State rights" untouched —if they are not even fighting to keep "the territories" free—if, as we are often told in newspaper articles, Slavery has nothing to say to the war at all—I must repeat that they are emphatically right.

But does anybody seriously believe this? Will any serious person get up and say, in his own name, or write in his own name, that the meaning of the whole war—the point really at issue, from first to last—has not been, and is not (to put it at the lowest) whether Slavery shall be confined to its present limits in North America, or allowed to extend as and where it can? That *was* the issue; perhaps it is so still. But those who entered on the war with this as the goal of their hopes and efforts, who would gladly have accepted the limitation of Slavery to its present limits a few months or weeks ago, will, unless they are very different men from what I believe them to be—unless the teaching of all history is vain—not be content now with this compromise. The great cause of freedom will draw them, and the nation after them, along paths which they would never have sought for themselves.

It is the battle of human freedom which the North are fighting, and which should draw to them the sympathy of every Englishman, and make him cast to the winds all Morrill tariffs and angry talk about Canada, all bad manners, and hard words. If the North is beaten, it will be a misfortune such has not come on the world since Christendom arose. An empire will be founded in these Southern States on the simple base of Slavery, having no other starting point or principle whatever than their right to enslave men of their own flesh and blood. It is of no use to speculate upon what the acts and policy of such a State will be. The world will see that soon enough, should it arise. Meantime the Northern States stand alone between us and it, and the greatest misfortune which can happen to us and to mankind will be their defeat.

God grant that they may hold on, and be strong! God grant that they may remember that the greatest triumphs have always come, and must always come, to men through the greatest humiliations. God himself could not set men free but through this rule.

I am yours very truly,

THOMAS HUGHES.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1861.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH FRESH MISCHIEF IS BREWED.

CHARLES'S duties were light enough; he often wished they had been heavier. There were such long idle periods left for thinking and brooding. He rather wondered at first why he was not more employed. He never was in attendance on the lieutenant, save in the daytime. One of the young men under him drove the brougham, and was out all night and in bed all day; and the other was a mere stable-lad from the country. Charles's duty consisted almost entirely in dressing himself about two o'clock, and loitering about town after his master; and, after he had been at this work about a fortnight, it seemed to him as if he had been at it a year or more.

Charles soon found out all he cared to know about his new master. He was the only son and heir of an eminent solicitor, lately deceased, who had put him into the splendid regiment to which he belonged, in order to get him into good society. The young fellow had done well enough in that way. He was amazingly rich, amazingly handsome, and passionately fond of his profession, at which he really worked hard; but he was terribly fast. Charles soon found that out; and the first object which he placed before himself, when he began to awaken from the first dead torpor which came on him after his fall, was to gain influence with him and save him from ruin.

"He is burning the candle at both ends," said Charles. "He is too good to go to the deuce. In time, if I am careful, he may listen to me."

And, indeed, it seemed probable. From the very first, Hornby had treated Charles with great respect and consideration. Hornby knew he was a gentleman. One morning, before Charles had been many days with him, the brougham had not come into the mews till seven o'clock; and Charles, going to his lodgings at eight, had found him in uniform, bolting a cup of coffee before going on duty. There was a great pile of money, sovereigns and notes, on the dressing-table, and he caught Charles looking at it.

Hornby laughed. "What are you looking at with that solemn face of yours?" said he.

"Nothing, sir," said Charles.

"You are looking at that money," said Hornby; "and you are thinking that it would be as well if I didn't stay out all night playing—eh?"

"I might have thought so, sir," said Charles. "I did think so."

"Quite right, too. Some day I will leave off, perhaps."

And then he rattled out of the room, and Charles watched him riding down the street, all blue, and scarlet, and gold, a brave figure, with the world at his feet.

"There is time yet," said Charles.

The first time Charles made his appearance in livery in the street he felt horribly guilty. He was in continual terror lest he should meet some one he knew; but, after a time, when he found that day after day he could walk about and see never a familiar face, he grew bolder. He wished sometimes he could see some one he knew from a distance, so as not to be recognised—it was so terribly lonely.

Day after day he saw the crowds pass him in the street, and recognised no one. In old times, when he used to come to London on a raid from Oxford, he fancied he used to recognise an acquaintance at every step; but, now, day after day went on, and he saw no one he knew. The world had become to him like a long uneasy dream of strange faces.

After a very few days of his new life, there began to grow on him a desire to hear of those he had left so abruptly; a desire which was at first mere curiosity, but which soon developed into a yearning regret. At first, after a week or so, he began idly wondering where they all were, and what they thought of his disappearance; and at this time, perhaps, he may have felt a little conceited in thinking how he occupied their thoughts, and of what importance he had made himself by his sudden disappearance. But his curiosity and vanity soon wore away, and were succeeded by a deep gnawing desire to hear something of them all—to catch hold of some little thread, however thin, which should connect him with his past life, and with those he had loved so well. He would have died in his obstinacy sooner than move one inch towards his object; but every day, as he rode about town, dressed in the livery of servitude, which he tried to think was his heritage, and yet of which he was ashamed, he stared hither and thither at the passing faces, trying to find one, were it only that of the meanest servant, which should connect him with the past.

At last, and before long, he saw one.

One afternoon he was under orders to attend his master on horseback, as usual. After lunch, Hornby came out, beautifully dressed, handsome and happy, and rode up Grosvenor Place into the park. At the entrance to Rotten Row he joined an old gentleman and his two daughters, and they rode together, chatting pleasantly. Charles rode behind with the other groom, who talked to him about the coming Derby, and would have betted against Haphazard at the current odds. They rode up and down the Row twice, and then Hornby, calling Charles, gave him his horse and walked about by the Serpentine, talking to every one, and getting a kindly welcome from great and small; for the son of a great attorney, with wealth, manners, and person, may get into very good society, if he is worth it.

Then Hornby and Charles left the park, and, coming down Grosvenor Place, passed into Pall Mall. Here Hornby went into his club, and left Charles waiting in the street with his horse half an hour or more.

Then he mounted again, and rode up St. James's Street into Piccadilly. He turned to the left; and, at the bottom of the hill, not far from Halfmoon Street, he went into a private house, and, giving Charles his reins, told him to wait for him; and so Charles waited there in the afternoon sun, watching what went by.

It was a sleepy afternoon, and the horses stood quiet, and Charles was a contented fellow, and he rather liked dozing there and watching the world go by. There is plenty to see in Piccadilly on an afternoon in the season, even for a passer-by; but, sitting on a quiet horse, with nothing to do or think about, one can see it all better. And Charles had some humour in him, and so he was amused at what he saw, and would have sat there an hour or more without impatience.

Opposite to him was a great bonnet-shop, and in front of it was an orange-woman. A grand carriage dashed up to the bonnet-shop, so that he had to move his horses, and the orange-woman had to get out of the way. Two young

ladies got out of the carriage, went in, and (as he believes) bought bonnets, leaving a third, and older one, sitting in the back seat, who nursed a pug dog, with a blue riband. Neither the coachman nor footman belonging to the carriage seemed to mind this lady. The footman thought he would like some oranges; so he went to the orange-woman. The orange-woman was Irish, for her speech bewrayed her, and the footman was from the county Clare; so those two instantly began comparing notes about those delectable regions, to such purpose, that the two young ladies, having, let us hope, suited themselves in the bonnet way, had to open their own carriage-door and get in, before the footman was recalled to a sense of his duties—after which he shut the door, and they drove away.

Then there came by a blind man. It was not the same blind man that Charles saw fall down the area, because that blind man's dog was a brown one, with a curly tail, and this one's dog was black, with no tail at all. Moreover, the present dog carried a basket, which the other one did not. Otherwise they were so much alike (all blind men are), that Charles might have mistaken one for the other. This blind man met with no such serious accident as the other, either. Only, turning into the public-house at the corner, opposite Mr. Hope's, the dog lagged behind, and, the swing-doors closing between him and his master, Charles saw him pulled through by his chain and nearly throttled.

Next there came by Lord Palmerston, with his umbrella on his shoulder, walking airily arm-in-arm with Lord John Russell. They were talking together; and, as they passed, Charles heard Lord Palmerston say that it was much warmer on this side of the road than on the other. With which proposition Lord John Russell appeared to agree; and so they passed on westward.

After this there came by three prize-fighters, arm-in-arm; each of them had a white hat and a cigar; two had white bull-dogs, and one a black and tan terrier. They made a left wheel, and looked at Charles and his horses, and then they made a right wheel, and looked into the bonnet-shop; after which they went into the public-house into which the blind man had gone before; and, from the noise which immediately arose from inside, Charles came to the conclusion that the two white bull-dogs and the black and tan terrier had set upon the blind man's dog, and touzled him.

After the prize-fighters came Mr. Gladstone, walking very fast; then a quantity of indifferent people; and then Charles's heart beat high—for here was some one coming whom he knew, with a vengeance.

Lord Welter, walking calmly down the street, with his big chest thrown out, and his broad, stupid face in moody repose! He was thinking. He came so close to Charles that, stepping aside to avoid a passer-by, he whitened the shoulder of his coat against the pipe-clay on Charles's knee; then he stood stock still within six inches of him, but looking the other way towards the houses.

He pulled off one of his gloves and bit his nails. Though his back was towards Charles, still Charles knew well what expression was on his face as he did that. The old cruel lowering of the eyebrows, and pinching in of the lips was there, he knew. The same expression as that which Marston remarked the time he quarrelled with Cuthbert once at Ravenshoe—mischief!

He went into the house where Charles's master, Hornby, was; and Charles sat and wondered.

Presently there came out, on to the balcony above, six or seven well-dressed young men, who lounged with their elbows on the red cushions which were fixed to the railing, and talked, looking at the people in the street.

Lord Welter and Lieutenant Hornby were together at the end. There was no scowl on Welter's face now; he was making himself agreeable. Charles watched him and Hornby; the conversation between them got eager, and they

seemed to make an appointment. After that they parted, and Hornby came down stairs and got on his horse.

They rode very slowly home. Hornby bowed right and left to the people he knew, but seemed absent. When Charles took his horse at the door, he said suddenly to Charles—

"I have been talking to a man who knows something of you, I believe—Lord Welter."

"Did you mention me to him, sir?" said Charles.

"No; I didn't think of it."

"You would do me a great kindness if you would not do so, sir."

"Why?" said Hornby, looking suddenly up.

"I am sorry I cannot enter into particulars, sir; but, if I thought he would know where I was, I should at once quit your service and try to lose myself once more."

"Lose yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm!" said Hornby, thoughtfully. "Well, I know there is something about you which I don't understand. I ain't sure it is any business of mine, though. I will say nothing. You are not a man to chatter about anything you see. Mind you don't. You see how I trust you." And so he went in, and Charles went round to the stable.

"Is the brougham going out to-night?" he asked of his fellow-servant.

"Ordered at ten," said the man. "Night-work again, I expect. I wanted to get out too. Consume the darned card-playing. Was you going anywhere to-night?"

"Nowhere," said Charles.

"It's a beautiful evening," said the man. "If you should by chance saunter up toward Grosvenor Square, and could leave a note for me, I should thank you very much; upon my soul, I should."

I don't think Charles ever hesitated at doing a good-natured action in his life. A request to him was like a command. It came as natural to him now to take a dirty, scrawled love-letter from a groom to a scullery-maid as in old times it did to lend a man fifty pounds. He said at once he would go with great pleasure.

The man (a surly fellow enough at ordinary times) thanked him heartily; and, when Charles had got the letter, he sauntered away in that direction slowly, thinking of many things.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "my scheme of hiding does not seem to be very successful. Little more than a fortnight gone, and I am thrown against Welter. What a strange thing!"

It was still early in the afternoon—seven o'clock, or thereabouts—and he was opposite Tattersall's. A mail phaeton, with a pair of splendid horses, attracted his attention and diverted his thoughts. He turned down. Two eminent men on the turf walked past him up the nearly empty yard, and he heard one say to the other,—

"Ascot will run to win; that I know. He *must*. If Haphazard can stay, he is safe."

To which the other said, "Pish!" and they passed on.

"There they are again," said Charles, as he turned back. "The very birds of the air are talking about them. It gets interesting, though—if anything could ever be interesting again."

St. George's Hospital! At the door was a gaudily dressed, handsome young woman, who was asking the porter could she see some one inside. No. The visiting-hours were over. She stood for a few minutes on the steps, impatiently biting her nails, and then fluttered down the street.

What made him think of his sister Ellen? She must be found. That was the only object in the world, so to speak. There was nothing to be done, only to wait and watch.

"I shall find her some day, in God's good time."

The world had just found out that it was hungry, and was beginning to tear about in wheeled vehicles to its neighbours' houses to dinner. As the carriages passed Charles, he could catch glimpses of handsome girls, all a mass of white muslin, swan's-down fans, and fal-lals,

going to begin their night's work; of stiff dandies, in white ties, yawning already; of old ladies in jewels, and old gentlemen buttoned up across the chest, going, as one might say, to see fair play among the young people. And then our philosophical Charles pleased himself by picturing how, in two months more, the old gentlemen would be among their turnips, the old ladies among their flowers and their poor folks, the dandies creeping, creeping, weary hours through the heather, till the last maddening moment when the big stag was full in view, sixty yards off; and, prettiest thought of all, how the girls, with their thick shoes on, would be gossiping with old Goody Blake and Harry Gill, or romping with the village school-children on the lawn. Right, old Charles, with all but the dandies! For now the apotheosis of dandies was approaching. The time was coming when so many of them should disappear into that black thunder-cloud to the south, and be seen no more on earth.

But, in that same year, they tell me—I was not there, but far away—the London season went on much as usual; only folks talked of war, and the French were more popular than they are now. And through the din and hubbub poor Charles passed on like a lost sheep, and left his fellow-servant's note at an area in Grosvenor Square.

"And which," said he to the man who took it, with promises of instant delivery, "is my Lord Hainault's house, now, for instance?"

Lord Hainault's house was the other side of the square; number something. Charles thanked the man, and went across. When he had made it out, he leant his back against the railings of the square, and watched it.

The carriage was at the door. The coachman, seeing a handsomely dressed groom leaning against the rails, called to him to come over and alter some strap or another. Charles ran over and helped him. Charles supposed her ladyship was going out to dinner. Yes, her ladyship was now coming out. And, almost before Charles had time to move out of the way, out she came, with her head in the air, more beautiful than ever, and drove away.

He went back to his post from mere idleness. He wondered whether Mary had come there yet or not. He had half a mind to inquire, but was afraid of being seen. He still leant against the railings of the gate, as I said, in mere idleness, when he heard the sound of children's voices in the square behind.

"That woman," said a child's voice, "was a gipsy-woman. I looked through the rails, and I said, 'Hallo, ma'am, what are you doing there?' And she asked me for a penny. And I said I couldn't give her anything, for I had given three halfpence to the Punch and Judy, and I shouldn't have any more money till next Saturday; which was quite true, Flora, as you know."

"But, Gus," said another child's voice, "if she had been a gipsy-woman she would have tried to steal you, and make you beg in the streets; or else she would have told your fortune in coffee-grounds. I don't think she was a real gipsy."

"I should like to have my fortune told in the coffee-grounds," said Gus; "but, if she had tried to steal me, I should have kicked her in her stomach. There is a groom outside there; let us ask him. Grooms go to the races, and see heaps of gipsies! I say, sir."

Charles turned. A child's voice was always music to him. He had such a look on his face as he turned to them that the children had his confidence in an instant. The gipsy question was laid before him instantly by both Gus and Flora, with immense volubility, and he was just going to give an oracular opinion through the railings, when a voice—a low, gentle voice, which made him start—came from close by.

"Gus and Flora, my dears, the dew is falling. Let us go in."

"There is Miss Corby," said Gus "Let us run to her."

They raced to Mary. Soon after the three came to the gate, laughing, and passed close to him. The children were clinging to her skirt and talking merrily.

They formed a pretty little group as they went across the street, and Mary's merry little laugh comforted him. "She is happy there," he said; "best as it is!"

Once, when half-way across the street, she turned and looked his way before he had time to turn away. He saw that she did not dream of his being there, and went on. And so Charles sauntered home through the pleasant summer evening, saying to himself, "I think she is happy; I am glad she laughed."

"Three meetings in one day! I shall be found out if I don't mind. I must be very careful."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH AN ENTIRELY NEW, AND, AS WILL BE SEEN HEREAFTER, A MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

THE servants, I mean the stable-servants, who lived in the mews where Charles did, had a club; and, a night or two after he had seen Mary in the square, he was elected a member of it. The duke's coachman, a wiry, grey, stern-looking, elderly man, waited upon him and informed him of the fact. He said that such a course was very unusual—in fact, without precedent. Men, he said, were seldom elected to the club until they were known to have been in good service for some years; but he (coachman) had the ear of the club pretty much, and had brought him in triumphant. He added that he could see through a brick wall as well as most men, and that, when he see a *gentleman* dressed in a livery, moping and brooding about the mews, he had said to himself that he wanted a little company, such as it was, to cheer him up, and so he had requested the club, &c.; and the club had done as he told them.

"Now this is confoundedly kind of you," said Charles; "but I am not a gentleman; I am a gamekeeper's son."

"I suppose you can read Greek, now, can't you?" said the coachman.

Charles was obliged to confess he could.

"Of course," said the coachman; "all gamekeepers' sons is forced to learn Greek, in order as they may slang the poachers in a unknown tongue. Fiddle-dedee! I know all about it; leastwise, guess. Come along with me; why, I've got sons as old as you. Come along."

"Are they in service?" said Charles, by way of something to say.

"Two of 'em are, but one's in the army."

"Indeed!" said Charles, with more interest.

"Ay; he is in your governor's regiment."

"Does he like it?" said Charles. "I should like to know him."

"Like it?—don't he?" said the coachman. "See what society he gets into. I suppose there ain't no gentlemen's sons troopers in that regiment, eh? Oh, dear, no. Don't for one moment suppose it, young man. Not at all."

Charles was very much interested by this news. He made up his mind there and then that he would enlist immediately. But he didn't; he only thought about it.

Charles found that the club was composed of about a dozen coachmen and superior pad-grooms. They were very civil to him, and to one another. There was nothing to laugh at. There was nothing that could be tortured into ridicule. They talked about their horses and their business quite naturally. There was an air of kindly fellowship, and a desire for mutual assistance among them, which, at times, Charles had not noticed at the university. One man sang a song, and sang it very prettily too, about stag-hunting. He had got as far as—

"As every breath with sobs he drew,
The labouring buck strained full in view,"

when the door opened, and an oldish groom came in.

The song was not much attended to now. When the singer had finished, the others applauded him, but impatiently;

and then there was a general exclamation of "Well?"

"I've just come down from the corner. There has been a regular run against Haphazard, and no one knows why. Something wrong with the horse, I suppose, because there's been no run on any other in particular, only against him."

"Was Lord Ascot there?" said some one.

"Ah, that he was. Wouldn't bet, though, even at the long odds. Said he'd got every sixpence he was worth on the horse, and would stand where he was; and that's true, they say. And master says, likewise, that Lord Welter would have taken 'em, but that his father stopped him."

"That looks queerish," said some one else.

"Ay, and wasn't there a jolly row, too?"

"Who with?" asked several.

"Lord Welter and Lord Hainault. It happened outside, close to me. Lord Hainault was walking across the yard, and Lord Welter came up to him and said, 'How d'ye do, Hainault?' and Lord Hainault turned round and said, quite quiet, 'Welter, you are a scoundrel!' And Lord Welter said, 'Hainault, you are out of your senses;' but he turned pale, too, and he looked—Lord! I shouldn't like to have been before him—and Lord Hainault says, 'You know what I mean;' and Lord Welter says, 'No, I don't; but, by Gad, you shall tell me;' and then the other says, as steady as a rock, 'I'll tell you. You are a man that one daren't leave a woman alone with. Where's that Ravenshoe girl? Where's Adelaide Summers? Neither a friend's house, nor your own father's house, is any protection for a woman against you.' 'Gad,' says Lord Welter, 'you were pretty sweet on the last-named yourself, once on a time.'"

"Well!" said some one, "and what did Lord Hainault say?"

"He said, 'You are a liar and a scoundrel, Welter.' And then Lord Welter came at him; but Lord Ascot came between them, shaking like anything, and says he, 'Hainault, go away, for God's sake; you don't know what you are saying.—Welter, be silent.' But they made no more of he than ——" (here our friend was at a loss for a simile).

"But how did it end?" asked Charles.

"Well," said the speaker, "General Mainwaring came up, and laid his hand on Lord Welter's shoulder, and took him off pretty quiet. And that's all I know about it."

It was clearly all. Charles rose to go, and walked by himself from street to street, thinking.

Suppose he *was* to be thrown against Lord Welter, how should he act? what should he say? Truly it was a puzzling question. The anomaly of his position was never put before him more strikingly than now. What could he say? what could he do?

After the first shock, the thought of Adelaide's unfaithfulness was not so terrible as on the first day or two; many little unamiable traits of character, vanity, selfishness, and so on, unnoticed before, began to come forth in somewhat startling relief. Anger, indignation, and love, all three jumbled up together, each one by turns in the ascendant, were the frames of mind in which Charles found himself when he began thinking about her. One moment he was saying to himself, "How beautiful she was!" and the next, "She was as treacherous as a tiger; she never could have cared for me." But, when he came to think of Welter, his anger overmastered everything, and he would clench his teeth as he walked along, and for a few moments feel the blood rushing to his head and singing in his ears. Let us hope that Lord Welter will not come across him while he is in that mood, or there will be mischief.

But his anger was soon over. He had just had one of these fits of anger as he walked along, and he was, like a good fellow, trying to conquer it, by thinking of Welter as he was as a boy, and before he was a villain, when he came before

St. Peter's Church, in Eton square, and stopped to look at some fine horses which were coming out of Salter's.

At the east end of St. Peter's Church there is a piece of bare white wall in a corner, and in front of the wall was a little shoeblack.

He was not one of the regular brigade, with a red shirt, but an "Arab" of the first water. He might have been seven or eight years old, but was small. His whole dress consisted of two garments; a ragged shirt, with no buttons, and half of one sleeve gone, and a ragged pair of trousers, which, small as he was, were too small for him, and barely reached below his knees. His feet and head were bare; and under a wild, tangled shock of hair looked a pretty, dirty, roguish face with a pair of grey, twinkling eyes, which was amazingly comical. Charles stopped, watching him, and, as he did so, felt what we have most of us felt, I dare say—that, at certain times of vexation and anger, the company and conversation of children is the best thing for us.

The little man was playing at fives against the bare wall, with such tremendous energy that he did not notice that Charles had stopped and was looking at him. Every nerve in his wiry lean little body was braced up to the game; his heart and soul were as deeply enlisted in it, as though he were captain of the eleven, or stroke of the eight.

He had no ball to play with, but he played with a brass button. The button flew hither and thither, being so irregular in shape, and the boy dashed after it like lightning. At last, after he had kept up five-and-twenty or so, the button flew over his head and lighted at Charles's feet.

As the boy turned to get it, his eyes met Charles's, and he stopped, parting the long hair from his forehead, and gazing on him till the beautiful little face, beautiful through dirt and ignorance and neglect, lit up with a smile, as Charles looked at him, with his kind and honest old face. And so began their acquaintance, almost comically at first.

Charles don't care to talk much about that boy now. If he ever does, it is to recall his comical humorous sayings and doings in the first part of their strange friendship. He never speaks of the end, even to me.

The boy stood smiling at him, as I said, holding his long hair out of his eyes; and Charles looked on him and laughed, and forgot all about Welter and the rest of them at once.

"I want my boots cleaned," he said.

The boy said, "I can't clean they dratted top-boots. I cleaned a groom's boots a Toosday, and he punched my block because I blacked the tops. Where did that button go?"

And Charles said, "You can clean the lower part of my boots, and do no harm. Your button is here against the lamp-post."

The boy picked it up, and got his apparatus ready. But, before he began, he looked up in Charles's face, as if he was going to speak; then he began vigorously, but in half a minute looked up again and stopped.

Charles saw that the boy liked him, and wanted to talk to him; so he began, severely,—

"How came you to be playing fives with a brass button, eh?"

The boy struck work at once, and answered, "I ain't got no ball."

"If you begin knocking stamped pieces of metal about in the street," continued Charles, "you will come to chuck-farthing; and from chuck-farthing to the gallows is a very short step indeed, I can assure you."

The boy did not seem to know whether Charles was joking or not. He cast a quick glance up at his face; but, seeing no sign of a smile there, he spat on one of his brushes, and said,—

"Not if you don't cheat, it ain't."

Charles suffered the penalty, which usually follows on talking nonsense, of finding himself in a dilemma. So he said imperiously,—

"I shall buy you a ball to-morrow; I am not going to have you knocking buttons about against people's walls in broad daylight, like that."

It was the first time that the boy had ever heard nonsense talked in his life. It was a new sensation. He gave a sharp look up into Charles's face again, and then went on with his work.

"Where do you live, my little mannikin?" said Charles directly, in that quiet pleasant voice I know so well.

The boy did not look up this time. It was not very often, possibly, that he got spoken to so kindly by his patrons; he worked away, and answered that he lived in Wall's Gardens, in Southwark.

"Why do you come so far then?" asked Charles.

The boy told him why he plodded so wearily, day after day, over here in the West-end. It was for family reasons, into which I must not go too closely. Somebody, it appeared, still came home, now and then, just once in a way to see her mother, and to visit the den where she was bred; and there was still left one who would wait for her week after week—still one pair of childish feet, bare and dirty, that would patter back beside her—still one childish voice that would prattle with her on the way to her hideous home and call her sister.

"Have you any brothers?"

Five altogether. Jim was gone for a sojer, it appeared; and Nipper was sent over the water. Harry was on the cross—

"On the cross?" said Charles.

"Ah!" the boy said, "he goes out cly-faking and such. He's a prig, and a smart one, too. He's fly, is Harry."

"But what is cly-faking?" said Charles.

"Why a-prigging of wipes, and sneeze-boxes, and ridicules, and such."

Charles was not so ignorant of slang as not to understand what his little friend meant now. He said,—

"But *you* are not a thief, are you?"

The boy looked up at him frankly and honestly, and said,—

"Lord bless you, no! I shouldn't make no hand of that. I ain't brave enough for that!"

He gave the boy twopence, and gave orders that one penny was to be spent in a ball. And then he sauntered listlessly away—every day more listless, and not three weeks gone yet!

His mind returned to this child very often. He found himself thinking more about the little rogue than he could explain. The strange babble of the child, prattling so innocently, and, as he thought, so prettily, about vice, and crime, and misery; about one brother transported, one a thief—and you see he could love his sister even to the very end of it all! Strange babble indeed from a child's lips!

He thought of it again and again, and then, dressing himself plainly, he went up to Grosvenor Square, where Mary would be walking with Lord Hainault's children. He wanted to hear *them* talk.

He was right in his calculations; the children were there. All three of them this time; and Mary was there too. They were close to the rails, and he leaned his back on them, and heard every word.

"Miss Corby," said Gus, "if Lady Ascot is such a good woman, she will go to heaven when she dies?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Mary.

"And, when grandma dies, will she go to heaven, too?" said the artful Gus, knowing as well as possible that old Lady Hainault and Lady Ascot were deadly enemies.

"I hope so, my dear," said Mary.

"But does Lady Ascot hope so? Do you think grandma would be happy if—"

It became high time to stop master Gus, who was getting on too fast. Mary having bowled him out, Miss Flora had an innings.

"When I grow up," said Flora, "I shall wear knee-breeches and top-boots, and a white bull-dog, and a long clay pipe, and I shall drive into Henley on a market-day and put up at the Catherine Wheel."

Mary had breath enough left to ask her why.

"Because Farmer Thompson at Casterton dresses like that, and he is such a dear old darling. He gives us strawberries and cream; and in his

garden are gooseberries and peacocks; and the peacocks' wives don't spread out their tails like their husbands do,—the foolish things. Now, when I am married—"

Gus was rude enough to interrupt her here. He remarked—

"When Archy goes to heaven, he'll want the cat to come to bed with him; and, if he can't get her, there'll be a pretty noise."

"My dears," said Mary, "you must not talk any more nonsense; I can't permit it."

"But, my dear Miss Corby," said Flora, "we haven't been talking nonsense, have we? I told you the truth about Farmer Thompson."

"I know what she means," said Gus; "we have been saying what came into our heads, and it vexes her. It is all nonsense, you know, about your wearing breeches; we mustn't vex her."

Flora didn't answer Gus, but answered Mary by climbing on her knee and kissing her. "Tell us a story, dear," said Gus.

"What shall I tell?" said Mary.

"Tell us about Ravenshoe," said Flora; "tell us about the fishermen, and the priest that walked about like a ghost in the dark passages; and about Cuthbert Ravenshoe, who was always saying his prayers; and about the other one who won the boat race."

"Which one?" said silly Mary.

"Why, the other; the one you like best. What was his name?"

"Charles!"

How quietly and softly she said it! The word left her lips like a deep sigh. One who heard it was a gentleman still. He had heard enough, perhaps too much, and walked away towards the stable and the public-house, leaving her in the gathering gloom of the summer's evening under the red hawthorns, and laburnums, among the children. And, as he walked away, he thought of the night he left Ravenshoe, when the little figure was standing in the hall all alone. "She might have loved me, and I her," he said, "if the world were not out of joint; God grant it may not be so!" And, although he said, "God grant it may not be so," he really wished it had been so; and from this very time Mary began to take Adelaide's place in his thoughts.

Not that he was capable of falling in love with any woman at this time. He says he was crazy, and I believe him to a certain extent. It was a remarkably lucky thing for him that he had so diligently neglected his education. If he had not, and had found himself in his present position, with three or four times more of intellectual cravings to be satisfied, he would have gone mad, or taken to drinking. I, who write, have seen the thing happen.

But, before the crash came, I have seen Charles patiently spending the morning cutting gun-wads from an old hat, in preference to going to his books. It was this interest in trifles which saved him just now. He could think at times, and had had education enough to think logically; but his brain was not so active but that he could cut gun-wads for an hour or so, though his friend William could cut one-third more gun-wads out of an old hat than he.

He was thinking now, in his way, about these children—about Gus and Flora on the one hand, and the little shoeblack on the other. Both so innocent and pretty, and yet so different! He had taken himself from the one world and thrown himself into the other. There were two worlds and two standards—gentlemen and non-gentlemen. The "lower orders" did not seem to be so particular about the character of their immediate relations as the upper. That was well, for he belonged to the former now, and had a sister. If one of Lord Charles Herries's children had gone wrong, Gus and Flora would never have talked of him or her to a stranger. He must learn the secret of this armour which made the poor so invulnerable. He must go and talk to the little shoeblack.

He thought that was the reason why he went to look after the little rogue next day; but that was not the real reason. The reason was, that he had

found a friend in a lower grade than himself, who would admire him and look up to him. The first friend of that sort he had made since his fall! What that friend accidentally saved him from, we shall see.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DERBY.

Hornby was lying on his back on the sofa in the window, and looking out. He had sent for Charles, and Charles was standing beside him; but he had not noticed him yet. In a minute Charles said, "You sent for me, sir."

Hornby turned sharply round. "By Jove, yes," he said, looking straight at him; "Lord Welter is married."

Charles did not move a muscle, and Hornby looked disappointed. Charles only said,—

"May I ask who she is, sir?"

"She is a Miss Summers. Do you know anything of her?"

Charles knew Miss Summers quite well by sight—had attended her while riding, in fact. A statement which, though strictly true, misled Hornby more than fifty lies.

"Handsome?"

"Remarkably so. Probably the handsomest (he was going to say "girl," but said "lady") I ever saw in my life."

"H'm!" and he sat silent a moment, and gave Charles time to think. "I am glad he has married her, and before to-morrow, too."

"Well," said Hornby again, "we shall go down in the drag to-morrow. Ferrers will drive, he says. I suppose he had better; he drives better than I. Make the other two lads come in livery, but come in black trousers yourself. Wear your red waistcoat; you can button your coat over it if it is necessary."

"Shall I wear my cockade, sir?"

"Yes; that won't matter. Can you fight?"

Charles said to himself, "I suppose we shall be in Queer-street to-morrow, then;" but he rather liked the idea. "I used to like it," said he, aloud. "I don't think I care about it now. Last year, at Oxford, I and three other University men, three Pauls and a Brazenose, had a noble stramash on Folly-bridge. That is the last fighting I have seen."

"What college were you at?" said Hornby, looking out of window; "Brazenose?"

"Paul's," said Charles, without thinking.

"Then you are the man Welter was telling me about—Charles Ravenshoe."

Charles saw it was no good to fence, and said, "Yes."

"By Jove," said Hornby, "yours is a sad story. You must have ridden out with Lady Welter more than once, I take it."

"Are you going to say anything to Lord Welter, sir?"

"Not I. I like you too well to lose you. You will stick by me, won't you?"

"I will," said Charles, "to the death. But oh, Hornby, for any sake mind those d——d bones!"

"I will. But don't be an ass: I don't play half as much as you think."

"You are playing with Welter now, sir; are you not?"

"You are a pretty dutiful sort of groom, I don't think," said Hornby, looking round and laughing good-naturedly. "What the dickens do you mean by cross-questioning me like that? Yes, I am. There—and for a noble purpose too."

Charles said no more, but was well pleased enough. If Hornby had only given him a little more of his confidence!

"I suppose," said Hornby, "if Haphazard don't win to-morrow, Lord Ascot will be a beggar."

"They say," said Charles, "that he has backed his own horse through thick and thin, sir. It is inconceivable folly; but things could not be worse at Ranford, and he stands to win some sum on the horse, as they say, which would put everything right; and the horse is favourite."

"Favourites never win," said Hornby; "and I don't think that Lord Ascot has so much on him as they say."

So, the next day, they went to the Derby. Sir Robert Ferrers of the

Guards drove (this is Inkerman Bob, and he has got a patent cork leg now, and a Victoria Cross, and goes a-shooting on a grey cob); and there was Red Maclean, on furlough from India; and there was Lord Swansea, youngest of existing Guardsmen, who blew a horn, and didn't blow it at all well; and there were two of Lieutenant Hornby's brother-officers, besides the Lieutenant; and behind, with Hornby's two grooms and our own Charles, dressed in sober black, was little Dick Ferrers, of the Home Office, who carried a peashooter, and pea-shot the noses of the leading horses of a drag-ful of Plungers, which followed them—which thing, had he been in the army, he wouldn't have dared to do. And the Plungers swore, and the dust flew, and the wind blew, and Sir Robert drove, and Charles laughed, and Lord Swansea gave them a little music, and away they went to the Derby.

When they came on the course, Charles and his fellow-servants had enough to do to get the horses out and see after them. After nearly an hour's absence he got back to the drag, and began to look about him.

The Plungers had drawn up behind them, and were lolling about. Before them was a family party—a fine elderly gentleman, a noble elderly lady, and two uncommonly pretty girls; and they were enjoying themselves. They were too well bred to make a noise; but there was a subdued babbling sound of laughter in that carriage, which was better music than that of a little impish German who, catching Charles's eye, played the accordion and waltzed before him, as did Salome before Herod, but with a different effect.

The carriage beyond that was a very handsome one, and in it sat a lady most beautifully dressed, alone. By the step of the carriage were a crowd of men—Hornby, Hornby's brother-officers, Sir Robert Ferrers, and even little Dick Ferrers. Nay, there was a Plunger there; and they were all talking and laughing at the top of their voices.

Charles, goose as he was, used to be very fond of Dickens's novels. He used to say that almost everywhere in those novels you came across a sketch, maybe unconnected with the story, as bold and true and beautiful as those chalk sketches of Raphael in the Taylor—scratches which, when once seen, you could never forget any more. And, as he looked at that lady in the carriage, he was reminded of one of Dickens's master-pieces in that way, out of the "Old Curiosity Shop"—of a lady sitting in a carriage all alone at the races, who bought Nell's poor flowers, and bade her go home and stay there, for God's sake.

Her back was towards him, of course; yet he guessed she was beautiful. "She is a fast woman, God help her!" said he; and he determined to go and look at her.

He sauntered past the carriage, and turned to look at her. It was Adelaide.

As faultlessly beautiful as ever, but ah—how changed! The winning petulance, so charming in other days, was gone from that face for ever. Hard, stern, proud, defiant, she sat there upright, alone. Fallen from the society of all women of her own rank, she knew—who better?—that not one of those men chattering around her would have borne to see her in the company of his sister, viscountess though she were, countess and mother of earls as she would be. They laughed, and lounged, and joked before her; and she tolerated them, and cast her gibes hither and thither among them, bitterly and contemptuously. It was her first appearance in the world. She had been married three days. Not a woman would speak to her: Lord Welter had coarsely told her so that morning; and bitterness and hatred were in her heart. It was for this she had bartered honour and good fame. She had got her title, flung to her as a bone to a dog by Welter; but her social power, for which she had sold herself, was lower, far lower, than when she was poor Adelaide Summers.

It is right that it should be so, as a rule; in her case it was doubly right.

Charles knew all this well enough. And at the first glance at her face he knew that "the iron had entered into

her soul" (I know no better expression), and he was revenged. He had ceased to love her, but revenge is sweet—to some.

Not to him. When he looked at her, he would have given his life that she might smile again, though she was no more to him what she had been. He turned, for fear of being seen, saying to himself,—

"Poor girl! Poor dear Adelaide! She must lie on the bed she has made. God help her!"

Haphazard was first favourite—*facile princeps.* He was at two and a half to one. Bill Sykes, at three and a half, was a very dangerous horse. Then came Carnarvon, Lablache, Lickpitcher, Ivanhoe, Ben Caunt, Bath-bun, Hamlet, All-fours, and Colonel Sibthorp. The last of these was at twenty to one. Ben Caunt was to make the running for Haphazard, so they said; and Colonel Sibthorp for Bill Sykes.

So he heard the men talking round Lady Welter's carriage. Hornby's voice was as loud as any one's, and a pleasant voice it was; but they none of them talked very low. Charles could hear every word.

"I am afraid Lady Welter will never forgive me," said Hornby, "but I have bet against the favourite."

"I beg your pardon," said Adelaide.

"I have bet against your horse, Lady Welter."

"My horse?" said Adelaide, coolly and scornfully. "My horses are all post-horses, hired for the day to bring me here. I hope none of them are engaged in the races, as I shall have to go home with a pair only, and then I shall be disgraced for ever."

"I mean Haphazard."

"Oh, that horse?" said Adelaide; "that is Lord Ascot's horse, not mine. I hope you may win. You ought to win something, oughtn't you? Welter has won a great deal from you, I believe."

The facts were the other way. But Hornby said no more to her. She was glad of this, though she liked him well enough, for she hoped that she had offended him by her insolent manner. But they were at cross-purposes.

Presently Lord Welter came swinging in among them; he looked terribly savage and wild, and Charles thought he had been drinking. Knowing what he was in this mood, and knowing also the mood Adelaide was in, he dreaded some scene. "But they cannot quarrel so soon," he thought.

"How d'ye do?" said Welter to the knot of men round his wife's carriage. "Lady Welter, have your people got any champagne, or anything of that sort?"

"I suppose so; you had better ask them."

She had not forgotten what he said to her that morning so brutally. She saw he was madly angry, and would have liked to make him commit himself before these men. She had fawned, and wheedled, and flattered for a month; but now she was Lady Welter, and he should feel it!

Welter looked still more savage, but said nothing. A man brought him some wine; and, as he gave it to him, Adelaide said, as quietly as though she were telling him that there was some dust on his coat,—

"You had better not take too much of it; you seem to have had enough already. Sir Robert Ferrers here is very taciturn in his cups, I am told; but you make such a terrible to-do when you are drunk."

They should feel her tongue, these fellows! They might come and dangle about her carriage-door, and joke to one another, and look on her beauty as if she were a doll; but they should feel her tongue! Charles's heart sank within him as he heard her. Only a month gone, and she desperate!

But of all the mischievous things done on that race-course that day—and they were many—the most mischievous and uncalled-for was Adelaide's attack upon Sir Robert Ferrers, who, though very young, was as sober, clever, and discreet a young man as any in the Guards, or in England. But Adelaide had heard a story about him. To wit, that, going to dinner at Greenwich with a number of friends, and having taken two glasses or so of wine at his dinner, he got it into his

head that he was getting tipsy, and refused to speak another word all the evening for fear of committing himself.

The other men laughed at Ferrers. And Welter chose to laugh too; he was determined that his wife should not make a fool of him. But now every one began to draw off and take their places for the race. Little Dick Ferrers, whose whole life was one long effort of good nature, stayed by Lady Welter, though horribly afraid of her, because he did not like to see her left alone. Charles forced himself into a front position against the rails, with his friend Mr. Sloane, who had turned up, and held on thereby, intensely interested. He was passionately fond of horse-racing; and he forgot everything, even his poor, kind old friend Lord Ascot, in scrutinising every horse as it came by from the Warren, and guessing which was to win.

Haphazard was the horse, there could be no doubt. A cheer ran all along the line, as he came walking majestically down, as though he knew he was the hero of the day. Bill Sykes and Carnarvon were as good as good could be; but Haphazard was better. Charles remembered Lady Ascot's tearful warning about his not being able to stay; but he laughed it to scorn. The horse had furnished so since then! Here he came, flying past them like a whirlwind, shaking the earth, and making men's ears tingle with the glorious music of his feet on the turf. Haphazard, ridden by Wells, must win! Hurrah for Wells!

As the horse came slowly past again, he looked up to see the calm, stern face; but it was not there. There were Lord Ascot's colours, dark blue and white sash; but where was Wells? The jockey was a smooth-faced young man, with very white teeth, who kept grinning and touching his cap at every other word Lord Ascot said to him. Charles hurriedly borrowed Sloane's card, and read,

"Lord Ascot's Haphazard———J. Brooks."

Who, in the name of confusion, was J. Brooks? All of a sudden he remembered. It was one of Lord Ascot's own lads. It was the very lad that rode Haphazard the day that Adelaide and he rode out on to the Downs, at Ranford, to see the horse gallop. Lord Ascot must be mad.

"But Wells was to have ridden Haphazard, Mr. Sloane," said Charles.

"He wouldn't," said Sloane, and laughed sardonically. But there was no time for Charles to ask why he laughed, for the horses were off.

Those who saw the race were rather surprised that Ben Caunt had not showed more to the front at first to force the running; but there was not much time to think of such things. As they came round the corner, Haphazard, who was lying sixth, walked through his horses and laid himself alongside of Bill Sykes. A hundred yards from the post, Bill Sykes made a push, and drew a neck a-head; in a second or so more Haphazard had passed him, winning the Derby by a clear length; and poor Lord Ascot fell headlong down in a fit, like a dead man.

Little Dicky Ferrers, in the excitement of the race, had climbed into the rumble of Adelaide's carriage, peashooter and all; and, having cheered rather noisily as the favourite came in winner, he was beginning to wonder whether he hadn't made a fool of himself, and what Lady Welter would say when she found where he had got to, when Lord Welter broke through the crowd, and came up to his wife, looking like death.

"Get home, Adelaide! You see what has happened, and know what to do. Lady Welter, if I get hold of that boy, Brooks, to-night, in a safe place, I'll murder him, by——!"

"I believe you will, Welter. Keep away from him, unless you are a madman. If you anger the boy, it will all come out. Where is Lord Ascot?"

"Dead, they say, or dying. He is in a fit."

"I ought to go to him, Welter, in common decency."

"Go home, I tell you. Get the things you know of packed, and taken to one of the hotels at London Bridge. Any name will do. Be at home to-night, dressed, in a state of jubilation; and

keep a couple of hundred pounds in the house. Here, you fellows! her ladyship's horses—look sharp!"

Poor little Dicky Ferrers had heard more than he intended; but Welter, in his madness, had not noticed him. He didn't use his peashooter going home, and spoke very little. There was a party of all of them in Hornby's rooms that night, and Dicky was so dull at first, that his brother made some excuse to get him into the passage, and say a few eager, affectionate words to him.

"Dick, my child, you have lost some money. How much? You shall have it to-morrow."

"Not half a halfpenny, Bob; but I was with Lady Welter just after the race, and I heard more than I ought to have heard."

"You couldn't help it, I hope."

"I ought to have helped it; but it was so sudden, I couldn't help it. And now I can't ease my mind by telling anybody."

"I suppose it was some rascality of Welter's," said Sir Robert, laughing. "It don't much matter; only don't tell any one, you know." And then they went in again, and Dicky never told any one till every one knew.

For it came out soon that Lord Ascot had been madly betting, by commission, against his own horse, and that forty years' rents of his estates wouldn't set my lord on his legs again. With his usual irresolution, he had changed his policy—partly owing, I fear, to our dear old friend Lady Ascot's perpetual croaking about "Ramoneur's blood," and its staying qualities. So, after betting such a sum on his own horse as gave the betting world confidence, and excusing himself by pleading his well-known poverty from going further, he had hedged, by commission; and, could his horse have lost, he would have won enough to set matters right at Ranford. He dared not ask a great jockey to ride for him under such circumstances, and so he puffed one of his own lads to the world, and broke with Wells. The lad had sold him like a sheep. Meanwhile, thinking himself a man of honour, poor fool, he had raised every farthing possible on his estate to meet his engagements on the turf in case of failure—in case of his horse winning by some mischance, if such a thing could be. And so it came about that the men of the turf were all honourably paid, and he and his tradesmen were ruined. The estates were entailed; but for thirty years Ranford must be in the hands of strangers. Welter, too, had raised money, and lost fearfully by the same speculation.

There are some men who are always in the right place when they are wanted—always ready to do good and kind actions—and who are generally found "to the fore" in times of trouble. Such a man was General Mainwaring. When Lord Ascot fell down in a fit, he was beside him, and, having seen him doing well, and having heard from him, as he recovered, the fearful extent of the disaster, he had posted across country to Ranford and told Lady Ascot.

She took it very quietly.

"Win or lose," she said, "it is all one to this unhappy house. Tell them to get out my horses, dear general, and let me go to my poor darling Ascot. You have heard nothing of Charles Ravenshoe, general?"

"Nothing, my dear lady."

Charles had brushed his sleeve in the crowd that day, and had longed to take the dear old brown hand in his again, but dared not. Poor Charles! If he had only done so!

So the general and Lady Ascot went off together, and nursed Lord Ascot; and Adelaide, pale as death, but beautiful as ever, was driven home through the dust and turmoil, clenching her hands impatiently together at every stoppage on the road.

To be continued.

A ZULU FORAY.

"True, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"Imagine yourself, my dear Bob, after having toiled for an hour up the sunny side of a South African hill, among stones and sand, trees and rank undergrowth, holes and ant-heaps, with the sun beating on your back until it almost calcines your vertebræ and fries your spinal marrow, not a breath of wind to cool the over-heated air, not a sound to disturb the stagnant atmosphere, except the laborious breathing of your Kaffir attendants, and now and then the rustle of some snake or lizard hastening to hide itself from man, the destroyer—imagine yourself, I say, arrived at the summit at last. What a glorious breeze! What a lovely prospect! How cool, how delicious! You feel as if all nature were re-animated.

"You look down before you and see a country covered with black mimosa trees, appearing even more dark and rugged because it lies in the deep shade of the lofty mountain on which you stand. Beyond that again the land rises on all sides; the trees are scattered in picturesque clumps; and the same sun which you had felt to be an unmitigated torture on the other side, now enhances the beauty of the prospect, by enabling you to mark the striking difference between the bright and happy-looking country behind, and the dark, gloomy valley in front. On the right you have hills and valleys, rivers and plains, kraals, kloofs and trees, until the view is bounded by the Drackensberg mountains. On the left you have the same description of landscape, with the sea in the distance, looking bright and ethereal, as if—as if——"

"'As if! As if!'—So you have got out of your depth at last, have you? Well, that's one comfort, at any rate. I asked you *what* he said, and *how* he told it, and you bolt off into a rambling, ranting description of country, that I can neither make head nor tail of. Now, what *did* he tell you?"

"Well, confound it, I was just coming to that," said I, by no means pleased with the interruption; "but, since you're in such an unreasonable hurry, I'll give in to your whim and tell you, without any more preface. I turned to go down the hill, expecting to get some 'mealies' and milk at the next kraal."

"Did he say *that?*"

"No, of course he didn't."

"Oh! I beg your pardon—go on—"

"Come now, none of *your* nonsense—no sarcasm, or no story."

"As I was saying, I felt as if the slightest sensation of dinner would not come amiss, and the smallest donation in that way, even although it was only a few mealies, was sure to be most thankfully received. So I made for a kraal at a little distance off, intending to stay over night there, but found, on reaching it, that there was no room, and nothing wherewithal to refresh my inner man. This, although at the moment very provoking, proved in the sequel to be a very fortunate circumstance, as it compelled me to move farther on, and had thus the effect of bringing me into contact with an old warrior, who gave me the best description I have ever heard of a Zulu foray into the territories of a neighbouring potentate. Indeed, I quite despair of being able to give it to you with anything like the effect of the original delineator. You know too well the extraordinary descriptive powers of the Kaffirs, their natural eloquence and expressive action, to expect that. But, when you consider the external circumstances—the *mise en scène*, so to speak—you will at once perceive the impossibility of my being able to give you anything but an outline of the word-picture.

"Imagine the *scene*—a Kaffir kraal, with the *dramatis personæ*, consisting of the old warrior, your humble servant,

and about a dozen of Zulus, congregated round a fire in the open air—*time*, night; the occasional growl of the tiger, and howl of the hyena, speaking through the stillness, and the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the dark countenances of the savages. Imagine, too, the effect on the wild, impulsive natures of the native listeners, alternately swayed by the different emotions of hope and fear, as the speaker unfolded his 'strange eventful history.' You may perhaps be disposed to smile, when I tell you that even I, usually so cool, was, while I heard and looked, almost as excited as they were; that I felt every reverse of the Zulus almost as a personal calamity; and that when the narrator came to the triumphant *dénouement*, my feelings were so acute and raised to such a pitch, that I almost started up from the ground and shouted for joy, in sympathy with the stalwart warriors around me! It would of course be absurd in me to hope, for a moment, that my recital at second-hand, and under circumstances so comparatively tame, can produce a like impression. No matter; I shall endeavour to give you the story as I heard it, and, making due allowances for the want of scenic effect and the imperfections of translation, I trust it may still be interesting to you. Thus, then, the veteran began:—

"A great many years ago, just after Dingaan became our king, our captain, Umniāmaná, called his head men together; and, after we were full of meat and angry with beer, he said, 'My father was a great chief, and I am a great chief; are you not all my children, and ought I not to feed you and kill oxen, so that all the Zulu may say, Umniāmaná is a king; every day he kills his cattle, and gives to his people—we will go and join him; he alone in this land is a great captain—he is a lion! he is the man that is black?'

"We admitted it.

"'But how can I give you meat, if I have no oxen? How can my young men and girls get milk, if I have no cows? We are at peace; we are becoming women. Surrounding nations will say that we are no longer warriors, but women; we fight no more, but dig the ground; our assegais have become hoes, our men have no hearts! Is it to be so? Shall the Umswazi herd their cattle in our sight, and we Zulus not take them? Say! Answer me! are we to hide our heads for the strength that is gone, or shall we cross the river and show to our enemy that we are Zulus, not *men* (cravens)?'

"My ears are old, and many sounds have entered them since then; but the shout of mingled rage and defiance, that answered our chief's words, still rings in my ears. When I think of the great warriors and the wise men that were there assembled, and the deeds that they afterwards did; I say, when the thought of these things comes in my mind—if it were not that the tears of a man are far away—I could weep to think that I am the last of them. I have lived too long, because I have lived to see the degeneracy of my race.

"The chief's speech had kindled the war spirit in our warriors' minds; and, after all had agreed to take the cattle of the Umswazi, the evening passed away in rejoicings, caused by the knowledge that the young men would have the opportunity of proving themselves heroes worthy to be subjects of our great king—our lion!

"The intended expedition was kept secret from the nation, as it was the wish of Umniāmaná that ours alone should be the risk, and ours alone the glory; and accordingly, on the appointed day, his own people assembled in the valley, and on counting them it was found that we numbered only three regiments; whereupon some of the old men wished to get help from Segetwaio, our neighbouring chief. Umniāmaná rose; Umniāmaná spoke; and his words were like the firebrand applied to dry grass in winter. 'Were the Umswazi more than one nation, and were not we three regiments? And who among us was afraid of encountering a whole nation with one Zulu regiment? How many men did it take to drive a herd of cattle? The Umswazi were dogs that should be

made to eat the offal of the Zulus!' He was a great man, our captain; as he wished, so we did; as he motioned, so we went; if he commanded, then we died!

"We marched towards the enemy's country; we thirsted, yet we marched; we hungered, yet we marched. On and on we went, determined to quench our thirst with Umswazi water, and satisfy our hunger with Umswazi cattle.

"I need not tell you how they fled at our approach; how the name of Zulu caused their hearts to die; how the name of Umniāmaná caused their women to weep! We gathered their cattle like stones off the ground; and the smoke of their kraals obscured the land!

"Onwards and onwards we went; oftentimes hearing the lowing of their oxen far beneath us; they had retreated to their holes in the earth, like wolves as they were, and had taken their cattle with them.[1]

"One night we had encamped on a hill, with our spoils in the midst, when there came a runner from our great father, our king, who ever thinks of the welfare of his children, and he said, 'Listen to the words of the Lion of the Zulus!—I have heard that some of my people have gone to war without my knowledge; I have heard that a great captain of mine has led them; but I forgive both them and him, because I have dreamed a dream, and my great brother—he that is dead—appeared to me; and his words were partly good and partly evil. He said, "It is I that have kindled the war-flame amongst your warriors on the Pongola; it is I that have induced Umniāmaná to lead them; and now I come to warn you of their danger. The Umswazi have found that their number is small, and the nation is roused to attack them. Quick, then, send them word, or the cattle that would be yours will return to their caves; and the women of the Zulus will hoe mealies in vain, for there will be no one to eat them."

[1] There are many caves in the Umswazi country, and among them one so large, that the whole nation with their cattle took refuge in it during a great raid of the Zulus into their country.

"These were the words of Chaka, my brother; and mine to you are, 'Be watchful, be wary; sleep not till you come back—return victorious, or return not at all!'

"The message of the king was ended. Those who were to watch took their posts, and those who could sleep lay down with anxious hearts, wishing the dawn would come, so that they might go their way. The words of our father troubled the chief, and he slept not at all.

"At the break of day we sprang up, and, behold, it was true what the king had dreamed! Danger was before us—danger in ten thousand, thousand shapes![2] The hill on which we slept sloped gently down towards a deep brook, and on the other side was a large grassy plain, which was black with people. The Umswazi were there; they were more in number than the grass—they covered it.

"I have said before that we were three regiments, each about one thousand people; two of these were boys, but the one I belonged to were warriors indeed—Umniāmaná's own regiment. All of us had wounds to show, and all on our breasts. The two younger he posted, one at each ford of the brook, and his own he kept on the hill as a reserve.

"The enemy crossed the river; they attacked the young men; they came like a cloud of locusts in summer, and our regiments were like to be eaten up by the swarm. Nearer and nearer they came, still fighting, still struggling. What deeds of valour were done! With what determination they fought! The Umswazi slipped and fell in their own blood, and he who slipped died. Still up the hill they came—our brave young men contending every inch of the way—and still as they came we sat and sharpened our assegais, and said not a word; not a face moved, not a limb faltered.

"Then up spoke Umniāmaná and

[2] The Zulus have no number to express so many; but I have translated in this way some figurative expression relating to quantity.

said, 'My children! you see how this is; you see our enemy coming nearer and nearer; my young men cannot stop them. You know that, in coming here for cattle, we came without the sanction of the king. You remember our father's message, "Return victorious, or return not at all." But in this attempt I alone have led you. I alone induced you to come. Go, therefore, while there is yet time; cross the hill and depart; mine alone will be the blame with the king. Go, then, my children; escape death; but, as for me, I will stay here!' And he folded his arms and sat down. We sprang up (the old savage gasped with excitement)—we sprang up as one man, we clashed our shields together, we shook our assegais in the air, and we shouted from the bottom of our hearts, 'Stay, chief, stay! we will not go; we will bear you company. If we are to die, let us die together; but never shall it be said that a Zulu army turned before Umswazis while one man remained to show front!'

"And we sat down, calm and black, like the thunder-cloud before it bursts. Our chief replied—

"'That is well with such warriors. How can we die?'

"Still the Umswazi came up the hill; nearer and nearer came the mixed throng of warriors, their path black with bodies, and red with blood, until they came so close that we could distinguish their faces. Then! then! upon them we went, thundering down the hill! The cloud had burst, and they saw the lightning flash, which next moment annihilated them. Friend and foe, foe and friend, in one indiscriminate mass of struggling, shrieking fiends, we drove them before us; we carried them on our assegais, we brained them with the poles of our shields, we walked over the brook on their bodies! A panic had seized them; and the plain, which in the morning was black with living people, two days after was white with their bones.

"Slowly we returned, glad for our victory, but sorrowing for the friends who were slain; and, leaving the crows to bury the dead, we commenced our homeward march with the spoil.

"We crossed the boundary, and everywhere were met by the rejoicings of the people. No moaning for dead men was there; they had died in their duty; they had died for their king, who liberally gave to his people the cattle we had brought, which were so great in number that no ten men could stop them at a ford.

"On arrival at the king's kraal, our father killed cattle for us, gave us beer to drink, and gave us permission to marry, as we had earned it by our deeds. The day we spent in dancing and feasting, and in the evening we fought our battles over again, as I have now been doing to you."

NOTE.—The Zulu style of speaking is very sententious; they bring out their remarks in jerks; such as, "Our king is great"—"Our king is black"—"Terrible to look at"—"Great in war," &c.

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

I.—JANE TO HER MOTHER.

Dear Mother, I can surely tell,
Now, that I never shall get well.
Besides the warning in my mind,
All suddenly are grown so kind!
Fred stops the doctor, too, each day
Downstairs, and, when he goes away,
Comes smiling back, and sits with me,
Pale, and conversing cheerfully
About the spring, and how my cough,
In finer weather, will leave off.
But yesterday I told him plain
I felt no hope of spring again.
Then he, after a word of jest,
Burst into tears upon my breast,
And own'd, when he could speak, he knew
There was a little danger, too.
This made me very weak and ill,
And while, last night, I lay quite still,
And, as he fancied, in the deep
Exhausted rest of my short sleep,
I saw him kneel, and heard him pray,
"Oh, Father, take her not away!
"Let not life's dear assurance lapse
"Into death's agonized 'Perhaps,'
"A hope without thy sanction, where
"Less than assurance is despair!
"Give me some sign, if go she must,
"That death's not worse than dust to dust,
"Not heaven on whose oblivious shore
"Joy I may have, but her no more!
"The bitterest cross, it seems to me,
"Of all, is infidelity;
"And so, if I may choose, I'll miss
"The kind of heaven which comes to this!
"If doom'd, indeed, this fever ceased,
"To die out wholly, like a beast,
"Forgetting all life's ill success
"In dark and peaceful nothingness,
"I could but say, Thy will be done;
"For, being thus, I am but one
"Of seed innumerable, which ne'er
"In all the worlds shall bloom or bear.
"I've put life past to so poor use
"Well may'st Thou life to come refuse,
"And justice, which the spirit contents,
"Shall still in me all vain laments;

"Nay, pleased, I'll think, while yet I live,
"That Thou my forfeit joy may'st give
"To some fresh life, else unelect,
"And heaven not feel my poor defect!
"Only let not Thy method be
"To make that life, and call it me;
"Still less to sever mine in twain,
"And tell each half to live again,
"And count itself the whole! To die,
"Is it love's disintegrity?
"Answer me, 'No,' and I, with grace,
"Will life's brief desolation face;
"My ways, as native to the clime,
"Adjusting to the wintry time,
"Ev'n with a patient cheer thereof."—
He started up, hearing me cough.
Oh, mother, now my last doubt's gone!
He likes me *more* than Mrs. Vaughan;
And death, which takes me from his side,
Shows me, in very deed, his bride!
Thank God, the burthens on the heart
Are not half known till they depart!
Although I pray'd, for many a year,
To love with love that casts out fear,
His very kindness frighten'd me,
And heaven seem'd less far off than he.
For what could such a man discern
In such a wife? 'Tis hard to learn
How little God requires of us;
And with my Frederick err'd I thus.
And woman's love to man burns dim,
Unless she thinks she's lov'd by him.
Yet greater love, we read, has none
Than he who for his friend lays down
His life, as Fred did, nursing me
Through many an illness; nay, as he
Did daily, working all the day
That I and mine might eat and play.
Yet could I see no love in this,
Nor feel the kindness of his kiss;
And in the darkness would I trace
His cousin, Mrs. Vaughan's sweet face
And laugh, that made all love mere debt,
Till sick with envy and regret.
That Fred might love the more for nought
Was far beyond my selfish thought,
And how my feebleness might be,
To him, what Baby's was to me.
I pray'd and pray'd; but God's wise way,
I find, is still to let me pray
For a better heart, until I'm tired;
And when indeed the change desired
Comes, lest I give myself the praise,
It comes by Providence, not Grace;

And still my thanks for granted prayers
Are groans at unexpected cares.
First Baby went to heaven, you know,
And, five weeks after, Grace went too.
To hide the gap left by the dead,
I strove to get more near to Fred;
And he became more talkative,
And, stooping to my heart, would give
Signs of his love which touch'd me more
Than all the proofs he gave before;
And in that time of our great grief
We talk'd religion for relief;
And thenceforth many a Scripture text
Help'd me, which had till then perplex'd.
O, what a wondrous word seem'd this:
He is my head, as Christ is his!
None surely could have dared to see
In marriage such a dignity
For man, and for his wife still less
Such happy, happy lowliness,
Had God Himself not made it plain!
This revelation lays the rein,
If I may speak so, on the neck
Of a wife's love, takes thence the check
Of conscience, and forbids to doubt
Its measure is to be without
All measure, and a right excess
Is here her rule of godliness!
To think of how this doctrine meets
My lot, is still the sweet of sweets.
I took him not for love but fright;
He did but ask a dreadful right.
In this was love, that he loved me
The first, who was mere poverty.
All that I know of love he taught;
And love is all I know of aught.
My merit is so small by his
That my demerit is my bliss;
Yet, for the sake of only love,
And that his gift, does he approve
His wife entirely, as the Lord
The Church His Bride, whom thus the Word
Calls Black but Comely, Precious, Sweet,
Fair, Pleasant, Holy, yea, Complete,
When really she was no such thing!
But God knew well what He could bring
From nought, and He, her Beauty's cause,
Saw it, and praised it, ere it was.
So did, so does my lord, my friend,
On whom for all things I depend;
Whose I am wholly, rather who
I am, so am in all things new;
My Love, my Life, my Reverence, yes
And, in some sort, my Righteousness!

For wisdom does in him so shine
My conscience seems more his than mine.
My life is hid with him in Christ,
Never thencefrom to be enticed;
And in his strength have I such rest
As when the baby on my breast
Finds what it knows not how to seek,
And, very happy, very weak,
Lies, only knowing all is well,
Pillow'd on kindness palpable.
O, this unspeakable delight
Of owing a debt that's infinite!
And yet, if possible, more sweet
The folly, vanity, conceit,
Astonishment, and mystery
That he delights no less in me!
Till now, I saw no hope above
This sweet contentment. Yet my love
Dared never ask, "In the other life,
"Dear, would you choose me for your wife?"
But death now comes indeed to bring
The bondage of the wedding-ring.
And who can tell what's yet in store
In heaven, where narrow bonds are more
Narrow, if that's their present bliss,
And life's an image still of this,
But such a strange and glorious one
As is the rainbow of the sun!

II.—JANE TO FREDERICK.

I HEARD you praying once, my Love,
That I might be your wife above;
And this I've written to be read
To comfort you when I am dead.
I cry so I can scarcely write
To fancy you alone at night,
When darkness seems so full of death
That you can hardly get your breath,
Imploring God, perhaps in vain,
For proof that you shall have me again.
When Grace died I was too perplex'd
To call to mind a single text;
And when, a little while before,
I found her sobbing on the floor,
Because I told her that in heaven
She would be as the angels even,
And would not want her doll, 'tis true
A horrible fear within me grew
That, since the preciousness of love
Went thus for nothing, mine might prove
To be no more, and heaven's bliss
Some dreadful good which is not this.

But being about to die makes clear
Many dark things, and I've no fear,
Now, that my love, my grief, my joy
Is but a passion for a toy.
I cannot speak at all, I find,
The shining something in my mind
That shows so much that, if I took
My thoughts all down, 'twould be a book.
God's Word, which lately seem'd above
The simpleness of human love,
To my death-sharpen'd hearing tells
Of little or of nothing else,
And many thoughts I wish'd were true,
When first they came like songs from you,
Now rise with power beyond the reach
Of doubt, and I to you can teach,
As if with felt authority
And as things seen, what you taught me.
Yet how? I have no words but those
Which every one already knows:
As, "No man hath at any time
"Seen God, but 'tis the love of Him
"Made perfect, and He dwells in us,
"If we each other love." Or thus:
"My goodness misseth in extent
"Of Thee, Lord! In the excellent
"I know Thee; and the Saints on Earth
"Are all my love and holy mirth."
And further: "Inasmuch as ye
"Did it to one of these, to Me
"Ye did it, though ye nothing thought
"Nor knew of Me, in that ye wrought."
Thus, Dear, the love of you and me
Is love to God and charity
To all men. Oh, I love you so
I love all other, friend and foe,
And will, perforce, all kinds of good
To all in need and neighbourhood!
What shall I dread? Will God undo
This bond, which is all others too!
And when I meet you will you say,
To my reclaiming looks, "Away!
"A dearer love is in my arms,
"With higher rights and holier charms;
"The children whom thou here may'st see,
"'Neighbours' that mingle thee and me,
"And gaily on impartial lyres
"Renounce the foolish filial fires
"They felt, with 'Praise to God on high,
"'Goodwill to all else equally;'
"The trials, duties, service, tears;
"The many fond, confiding years
"Of nearness sweet with thee apart;
The joy of body, mind, and heart;

"The love that grew a reckless growth,
"Unmindful that the marriage-oath
"To love in an eternal style
"Meant, only for a little while;
"Sever'd are now these bonds earth-wrought;
"All love, not new, stands here for nought!"
Why, it seems almost wicked, Dear,
Even to fancy such a fear!
Are we not "heirs," as man and wife,
"Together of eternal life?"
Was Paradise e'er meant to fade,
To make which marriage first was made?
Neither beneath him nor above
Could man in Eden find his Love;
Yet with him in the garden walk'd
His God, and with him mildly talk'd!
Shall the humble preference offend,
In heaven, which God did there commend?
Are "honourable and undefiled"
The names of things from heaven exiled?
And are we not forbid to grieve
As without hope? Does God deceive,
And call that hope which is despair,
Namely, the life we should not share?
Image and glory of the man,
As he of God, is woman. Can
This holy, sweet proportion die
Into a dull equality?
And shall I, feeble, have to face
The heaven's unsufferable blaze,
Without your arms to hide me and hold,
Whilst you declare it, gazing bold?
Are we not one flesh, yea, so far
More than the babe and mother are,
That sons are bid mothers to leave
And to their wives alone to cleave,
"For they two are one flesh"? But 'tis
In the flesh we rise! Our union is,
The Bible says, "great mystery."
Great mockery, it appears to me;
Poor image of the spousal bond
Of Christ and Church, if loosed beyond
This life! 'Gainst which, and much more yet,
There's not a single text to set.
The speech to the scoffing Sadducee
Is not in point to you and me.
For "Who," you know, "could teach such clods
"That Cæsar's things were also God's?"
The sort of wife the Law could make
Might well be "hated" for Love's sake,
And left, like money, land, or house;
For out of Christ is no true spouse.
I used to think it strange of Him
To make love's after-life so dim,

Or only clear by inference:
But God trusts much to common-sense,
And only tells us what, without
His Word, we could not have found out.
On fleshly tables of the heart
He penn'd truth's feeling counter-part
In hopes that come to all; so, Dear,
Trust these, and be of happy cheer,
Nor think that he who has loved well
Is of all men most miserable.
There's much more yet I want to say,
But cannot now. You know my way
Of feeling strong from twelve till two,
After my wine. I'll write to you
Daily some words, which you shall have
To break the silence of the grave.
Good-bye! Be sure, Dear, Heaven's King
From prayer "withholdeth *no* good thing."

III.—JANE TO FREDERICK.

I've been for days distress'd in mind
With thoughts of all that you may find,
When I am gone, to grieve about:
But if you have it written out
That this, my own death's burthen, too,
Was one I sharply felt with you,
The anguish of the loneliness
Of unshared sorrow will be less.
You'll think, perhaps, "She did not know
"How much I loved her!" Dear, I do!
And so you'll say, "Of this new awe
"Of heart which makes her fancies law,
"This sensitive advertency
"To the least that memory can descry,
"These watchful duties of despair,
"She does not dream, she cannot care!"
Now, Fred, you see how false that is,
Or how could I have written this?
And, should it come into your mind
That, now and then, you were unkind,
You never, never were at all!
Remember that! It's natural
For such as Mr. Vaughan to come,
From a morning's useful pastime, home,
And, having had his lounge at ease,
To go down stairs, disposed to please,
And greet, with such a courteous zest,
His handsome wife, still newly dress'd,
As if the Bird of Paradise
Should daily change her plumage thrice!
He's always well, she's always gay.
Of course! But he who toils all day,
And comes home hungry, tired, or cold,

And feels 'twould do him good to scold
His wife a little, let him trust
Her love, and boldly be unjust,
And not care till she cries! How prove
In any other way his love,
Till soothed in mind by meat and rest?
If, after that, she's well caress'd,
And told how good she is, to bear
His humour, fortune makes it fair.
Women like men to be like men,
That is, at least, just now and then!
And, so, I've nothing to forgive
But those first years, (how could I live!)
When, though I really did behave
So stupidly, you never gave
One unkind word or look at all.
As if I was some animal
You pitied! Now, in later life,
You've used me like a proper wife,
And dropp'd, at last, all vain pretence
Of what's impossible to sense,
Which is, to feel, in every mood,
That if a woman's kind and good,
A child of God, a living soul,
She's not so different, on the whole,
From her who has a little more
Of God's best gifts. And, oh, be sure,
My dear, dear Love, to take no blame
Because you could not feel the same
Towards me, living, as when dead.
A starving man must needs think bread
So sweet! and, only at their rise
And setting, blessings, to the eyes,
Like the sun's course, grow visible.
And, if you're dull, remember well,
Against delusions of despair,
That memory sees things as they were,
And not as they were misenjoy'd,
And would be, still, if aught destroy'd
The glory of their hopelessness;
So that, in fact, you had me less
In days, when necessary zeal
For my perfection made you feel
My faults the most, than now your love
Forgets but where it can approve.
You gain by loss, if that seem'd small,
Possess'd, which, being gone, turns all
Surviving good to vanity.
Oh, Fred, this makes it sweet to die!
Say to yourself, "'Tis comfort yet
"I made her that which I regret;
"And parting might have come to pass
"In a worse season. As it was
"Love an eternal temper took,

"Dipp'd, glowing, in Death's icy brook!"
Or else, "On her poor, feeble head
"This might have fall'n. 'Tis mine instead!
"And so great evil sets me free,
"Henceforward, from calamity!
"And, in her little children, too,
"How much for her I still can do!"
And grieve not for these orphans even,
For central to the love of heaven
Is each child, as each star to space.
This truth my dying love has grace
To trust with a so sure content,
I fear I seem indifferent!
You must not think a child's small heart
Cold, because it and grief soon part.
Fanny will keep them all away,
And you'll not hear them laugh and play
Until the funeral's over. Then,
I hope, you'll be yourself again,
And glad with all your soul to find
How God thus to the sharpest wind
Suits the shorn lambs. Instruct them, Dear,
For my sake, in His love and fear.
Show how, until their journey's done,
Not to be weary they must run;
And warn them 'gainst the blasphemy
That Heaven makes sin necessity.
No fig-leaves hide that shame from God
Which kills love's root within the sod!
Don't try to dissipate your grief
By any lightness. True relief
Of sorrow is by sorrow brought.
And yet, for sorrow's sake, you ought
To grieve with measure. Do not spend
So good a power to no good end!
Would you, indeed, have memory stay
In the heart, 'lock up and put away
Relics and likenesses and all
Musings, which waste what they recall.
True comfort, and the only thing
To soothe without diminishing
A prized regret, is to match here,
By a strict life, God's love severe.
Yet, after all, by nature's course,
Feeling must lose its edge and force.
Again you'll reach the desert tracts
Where only sin or duty acts.
But, if love always lit our path,
Where were the trial of our faith?
And, should the mournful honeymoon
Of death be over strangely soon,
And life-long resolutions made
In grievous haste, as quickly fade,
Seeming the truth of grief to mock,

Oh, think, Fred, 'tis not by the clock
That sorrow goes! A month of tears
Is more than many, many years
Of common time. Shun, if you can,
However, any passionate plan.
Grieve with the heart. Let not the head
Grieve on, when grief of heart is dead;
For all the powers of life defy
A superstitious constancy.
The only bond I hold you to
Is that which nothing can undo.
A man is not a young man twice;
And if, of his young years, he lies
A faithful score in one wife's breast,
She need not mind who has the rest.
Yet, ah, love seems too sacred! But
Life has some knots which life must cut;
And courses, having reason strong,
And not by any known law wrong,
May trust themselves that they are right,
At last, in heaven's most tender light.
In this do what you will, dear Love,
And feel quite sure that I approve.
And, should it chance as it may be,
Give her my wedding-ring from me;
And never dream that you can err
Towards me by being good to her;
Nor let remorseful love destroy
In you the kindly, flowering joy
And pleasure of the natural life
'Tis right to feel towards a wife.
But, Dearest, should you ever be
Inclined to think your love of me
All fancy, since it drew its breath
So much more sweetly after death,
Remember that I never did
A single thing you once forbid;
All poor folks loved me, and, at the end,
Even Mrs. Vaughan wrote, "Dearest Friend!"

IV.—JANE TO FREDERICK.

Frederick, from many signs, I've drawn
That John is thinking of Miss Vaughan.
I'm sure, too, that her parents know,
And are content to have it so,
Seeing how rich our Boy will be
By uncle's Will; and Emily
(Sweet baby!) will of course approve
The first fine youth they let make love.
I never could get courage, Dear,
To tell you this; it was too near
My heart. My own, own Frederick,
I know you used, when young, to like

Her mother so! I love her too,
For having been beloved by you.
Now, in your children, you will wed.
And John seems *so* much comforted
By his new hope, for losing me!
And all this happiness, you see,
Somehow or other, if I try
To talk about it, makes me cry.
I hope you'll tell sweet Mrs. Vaughan
How much you loved me, when I'm gone!
And this reminds me that, last night,
I went to sleep in strange delight
And dream'd I was in heaven—mere dreams,
Yet, to my sickly thought, it seems
To have been true vision! Things not true,
As once you show'd me, often do
To make true things conceivable:
So what I saw I'll try to tell.
Imaged in heaven's crystal floor,
I saw myself, myself no more.
In such a shape henceforth I dwelt
That love me most of all I felt
You must! Though others, to my view,
Were lovelier, yet the love of you,
I found, was all the loveliness
Which there 'twas given you to possess
Or wish for. So, besides the glow
Of God, the same on every brow,
Like me the angelic women were
Each with a private beauty fair,
Which was a lovely mystery
To all, but one who had the key.
Our marriage-robes, that round us shook,
Were love on which the eyes could look,
On which, too, from seven bows in heaven,
Whereof the hues were seven times seven,
And always shifting, fell such light
As made the expressions infinite
In those bright veils; for brief above,
As here, was every joy of love.
A lady came and gazed on me,
And laugh'd, and sang, "Glad will he be!"
And one, "Love, here at last achieved,
"Not only is but is perceived!"
And one, who beckon'd me apart,
Press'd me against her angel's heart,
And said, "'Tis mine to guard his wife
"From strangeness till he comes to life."
Most like to earth's was heaven's good;
Most different was the gratitude!
I saw the rose, and felt the breeze,
And laughed, and sang for bliss of these;
And everything on every part
Was, oh, such pleasure in the heart!

The nearness of the Lord I knew
By mild recurrent glows that grew
Within the breast and died away,
And mark'd the change of night and day.
But this was wonderful, that, when
The day was fullest, all the men
Seem'd women, and the women were
Beautiful babies, whom with care
They kept from noon's o'erwhelming might
Singing them stories of the Light,
The burthen of the lullaby
Being, "All praise to God on high,
"Who makes the babes so soft and sweet!"
Sequester'd from the heavenly heat
And splendours of the fields of love,
The lady showed me then a grove.
Breathlessly still was part, and part
Was breathing with an easy heart;
And there below, in lamb-like game,
Were virgins, all so much the same
That each was all. A youth drew nigh,
And gazed on them with dreaming eye,
And would have passed, but that a maid,
Clapping her hands above her, said,
"My turn is now!" and laughing ran
After the dull and strange young man,
And bade him stop and look at her.
And so he call'd her lovelier
Than any else, only because
She only then before him was.
And, while they stood and gazed, a change
Was seen in both, diversely strange.
The youth was ever more and more
That good which he had been before;
But the glad maiden grew and grew
Such, that the rest no longer knew
Their sister, who was now to sight
The young man's self, yet opposite,
As the outer rainbow is the first,
But weaker and the hues revers'd.
And whereas, in the abandon'd grove,
The virgin round the central Love
Had blindly circled in her play,
Now danced she round her partner's way;
And, as the earth the moon's, so he
Had the responsibility
Of her diviner motion. "Lo,"
He sang, and the heavens began to glow,
"The pride of personality,
"Seeking its highest, aspires to die,
"And in unspeakably profound
"Humiliation Love is crown'd!
"And from his exaltation still
"Into his ocean of goodwill

"He curiously casts the lead
"To find strange depths of lowlihead."
To one same tune, but higher, "Bold,"
The maiden sang, "is Love! For cold
"On earth are blushes, and for shame
"Of such an ineffectual flame
"As ill-consumes the sacrifice!"
By the angel led, in such sweet wise,
There did my happy hearing greet
That which she bade me not repeat.
"Truth levell'd to the world's low eye,
"In heaven," said she, "appears a lie,
"And tales of the seraphic sphere
"Were scandals in the earth's false ear."
And, following thus the lady, she
Turn'd oft to gaze and smile on me,
Saying how like I was to one
She knew on earth, more heavenly none.
"And, when you laugh, I see," she sigh'd,
"How much he loved her! Many a bride
"In heaven such countersemblance bears,
"Through what Love deem'd rejected prayers."
Suffering a momentary lapse
Earthwards, I thus inquired, "Perhaps
"The open glory of the Lord
"Will show, as promised in His Word?"
And she replied, "What may you mean?
"Nought else in heaven was ever seen!"
She would have shown me more, but then
One of a troop of glorious men,
From some high work, towards her came;
And she so smiled 'twas such a flame
Aaron's twelve jewels seem'd to mix
With the lights of the Seven Candlesticks.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LONDON MUSICAL SEASON.

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., MUS. BAC. OXON.

If we wish to ascertain what progress the musical art and musical taste are making in this country, we cannot seek better evidence than is to be found in the records of the performances given during the London Musical Season. The state of the art will be clearly inferred from the more or less perfect manner in which these performances are conducted; while, on the other hand, the progress of musical taste and musical education will be unmistakeably shown by the nature of the encouragement given by the public, and the character of the music which is found to be best appreciated by them. It may be interesting, therefore, to take a brief review of the music of the past London season, confining our attention principally to such as is of a high-class character, and which, therefore, has the most immediate bearing on the questions we have raised.

And we believe it will be found from this review, that while the performances are fast increasing in excellence, the intelligent appreciation of good music, on the part of the public, is also advancing in a corresponding degree.

The public performances of music in London during what is called the season, may be classed as follows :—

1. The Operas.
2. The Oratorios.
3. The high-class instrumental concerts ; *i. e.*, concerts at which music of the first rank, and chiefly instrumental, is given ; and
4. The benefit concerts of private individuals.

We may exclude the first and last as not coming within the scope of our present purpose. The Italian Opera is an institution the object of which is to indulge the upper ten thousand with a fashionable lounge, where they may see spectacles got up in the most magnificent style, and listen to the finest voices and the most highly trained singing the world can procure. The character of the music is quite a secondary consideration. The majority of the audience probably lay no claim to any particular fastidiousness on this head ; and a regular *habitué* of the opera might be sorely puzzled to understand why Der Freischütz, which is never performed, should stand at about the summit of the scale of musical excellence, while La Traviata, of which he can hum every note, would find its place in so low a degree of mediocrity, that no educated musician would care to hear it a second time. The influence of the Opera on musical taste is a very wide question, which we cannot enter into here ; the institution has its chroniclers in almost every periodical that appears, and we may well be excused from including it in our present *resumé*. We may also omit much reference to the benefit concerts, of which the name is legion. Every professor of music who has any connexion finds it expedient to give, during the season, a concert for his or her especial benefit, and to which his or her connexions and friends are expected to subscribe Some of these are got up well, and good music is often produced at them ; but, with certain exceptions we may hereafter allude to, they do not generally assume a sufficiently public character to be included in the category we are at present treating of.

We come, therefore, at once to the two heads of most importance. The Oratorio is the highest form of musical composition, combining in itself the two great divisions, vocal and instrumental, in their most complete development. The vocal part of such compositions not only comprises solo and concerted pieces of such style as to call forth and exhibit the best powers of the most educated singers, but is expected to contain, as its chief element, choruses in the highest school of musical writing, and one unknown in the opera, namely, the severe or contrapuntal style. These vocal elements must be accompanied by instrumental combinations calculated to embody the full powers of the modern orchestra, as completely as in the overture or symphony. Hence the very structure of the Oratorio demands large and unwonted means for its performance, difficult and expensive to bring together. Many years ago it was the custom to devote the musical resources of the large theatres to the performance of Oratorios during Lent, when the theatrical representations were suspended ; but this practice has now been abolished for many years, and the great arena for the oratorio has been at the large musical festivals given triennially in some of our provincial towns. About thirty years ago, however, an attempt was made to give the inhabitants of the metropolis more regular opportunities of hearing this kind of performance, by the establishment of a society for the purpose, called the Sacred Harmonic Society. This, from a small beginning, has now risen to be the largest musical institution in London. It consists of a body of about 150 members, most of whom are amateur musicians, and who give a series of oratorio performances during the season in Exeter Hall, to which subscribers and the public are admitted. These

are on a very large and complete scale; the solo singers are usually of the first class; the orchestra and chorus together number nearly 700 performers. There is also a powerful organ, and the whole is under the able direction of Mr. Costa. The style of these performances is now very perfect; the principal difficulty is of course with the chorus, as to bring so large a body of voices, necessarily of such heterogeneous constitution, into one harmonious whole, is no easy matter. They have, however, been carefully selected, and are regularly and well drilled, and the performances leave little to desire.

The standard repertory of the society is not large, as to get up new oratorios involves great trouble, and almost certain pecuniary loss; hence such stock pieces as Handel's Messiah, and Israel in Egypt, Haydn's Creation, and Mendelssohn's Elijah, which always pay well, are the most frequently recurring in the programmes. But it is right to say that the society, alive to the consideration that something is expected from them for the advancement of the art, get up, from time to time, performances of other great works, which are less known. In the late season, for example, there have been two performances of the Elijah, two of the Creation, two of Israel in Egypt, two of the Messiah, and one of Judas Maccabeus, all which may be supposed to have been profitable. But in addition to these, the society have also given two performances of a work almost unknown in this country, namely, Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, Op. 123. This, one of the latest works of the composer, is on a colossal scale, and of great difficulty, and can be very seldom heard; the construction is complex in the extreme; the solo voices require great musician-like knowledge and skill; and the chorus parts are so novel and intricate, that only the most careful drilling could carry them through. In one particular especially, namely, that of the compass, they put a great strain on even the best voices; and this difficulty is so much enhanced by the fact that the pitch now used is about half a note higher than that for which the composer wrote, that Mr. Costa has been compelled to evade it by alterations and transpositions of some of the parts. There has of late been a desire, strongly expressed by the musical public, to lower the pitch from its present unreasonable height to what it was some years ago. A lower pitch is now established on the Continent, and a movement with this view has also been attempted in England; and it is obvious that, had this original pitch been adhered to, no alteration of the composer's work would have been necessary. But we must not be hypercritical; the Mass was, considering its immense difficulty, most creditably performed, and afforded great gratification to the many musical connoisseurs who, by the courtesy of the society, were liberally invited to attend. The composition is contemporary with the celebrated Choral Symphony of the same composer, and is characterised, like that, by the peculiarities of his third or latest manner; but in our judgment, while the style of the composition is equally elevated, the general effect is much more strikingly grand, and much less mystified by what is incomprehensible and *bizarre*. Some parts, such as the Kyrie, and the Benedictus, are so clear and beautiful, that they might be supposed to have been written long before. This Mass was performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival, in September of this year.

The Sacred Harmonic Society have acquired great fame during the last few years, by the monster oratorio performances at the Crystal Palace. The present manager of this great speculation happens also to be the Magnus Apollo of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and at his instigation, the Crystal Palace directors resolved to get up, in the years 1857 and 1859, a series of colossal performances in honour of the centenary of the death of the giant of oratorio music, the immortal Handel. Every one will remember with what *éclat* these went off; and, though we are hardly prepared to admit that the monster scale of performance is the most effective in a critical point of

view, yet nobody can deny that, as a series of grand musical fêtes, these have been without a parallel. The great "Handel Orchestra" and its organ remain now permanently in the Palace, and have been since used for performances of a similar nature; the oratorios of Elijah last year, and the Creation this year, having been given also on the same scale.

The Crystal Palace managers and officers deserve great credit for the interest they show in music, which has always been made one of the principal attractions of the place. During the summer they organize, for the benefit of the opera-goers, who appear never to tire of their darling platitudes, a series of concerts, where the Italian Opera singers may be seen repeating their well-worn airs in morning attire; and, when these songsters have migrated to more genial climes, there is abundance of pabulum provided of a more substantial nature. The establishment have a permanent orchestra in their service, of very good quality, and conducted by a musician of great talent and ability, Mr. Manns. During the winter season weekly concerts are given, of great merit, both of performance and selection, at which high-class instrumental and vocal music is very creditably given,—the programmes often embracing compositions very little known.

Before quitting the subject of the Oratorio, we must pay a tribute of respect to Mr. Hullah, who, while proprietor of St. Martin's Hall, got up frequent performances of oratorios. These, though of less pretension than those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, were very perfectly and well done, and at a price which brought them within the reach of the million. The late fire has severed the connexion between Mr. Hullah and his music room; but we trust he will long continue his honoured career, as one of the most successful and useful promoters of sound musical knowledge we have in this country. We must also mention that in the present season two new oratorios, by living composers, namely, Abraham, by Herr Molique, and Gideon, by Mr. Charles Horsley, have been performed in London by private enterprise.

We come now to the performances of high-class orchestral music. The principal concerts of this kind are given by the *Philharmonic Society*, which is of very old standing, and whose concert-room was, till a comparatively late period, the only place in England where music of this kind could be properly heard. The society consists, like the Royal Academy, of forty members, all professional musicians of more or less eminence, and thirty-two associates; the affairs being governed by a small body of directors elected annually. They have had intimate relations with almost all the great composers of their time; Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others, having composed works especially for them. The society was first established in 1812, and has given concerts annually ever since. For a long period the conducting of these was entrusted to various eminent musicians in turn; Mendelssohn being, if we recollect right, engaged permanently for one season, if not more. This changing system, however, not being found advantageous, Mr. Costa, then known as the efficient conductor of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, was engaged as permanent conductor, and retained the post for a few years; but, owing to disputes about the extent of his authority, he resigned, and his place was filled by inviting over Herr Wagner, the great Apostle of the Music of the Future. One year's trial, however, of this experiment proved sufficient; and he was replaced by our most eminent English composer, Professor Sterndale Bennett, under whose excellent management the concerts still remain. The performances, eight in the series, are given once a fortnight from March to June. The number was reduced for a year or two to six; but has lately been altered back again. The subscription to the series is four guineas. Each concert usually comprises two symphonies, two overtures, and one instrumental solo with orchestral accompaniment, with a few vocal pieces added as interludes;

the essence of the concerts being, however, the instrumental music. The selection now consists entirely of well-known standard works of the classical composers, such as the symphonies and overtures of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr, the overtures of Cherubini and Weber, &c. Formerly new or unfamiliar compositions were occasionally added, a measure doubtless desirable while this society formed the only means of hearing music of this order; but, now that other bodies have sprung up with the especial object of bringing forward novelties, the Philharmonic Society appear to have considered that they may be dispensed with in their series; and there is little doubt that an audience may always be found to whom the performance, in the best possible manner, of the well-established works, will always be acceptable. If it were not for this resolution of the society, we think it probable that many charming and excellent works of Haydn and Mozart would have a chance of being neglected altogether; and that thus one of the greatest means of keeping up the purity of musical taste, by frequent impressions of what is most beautiful in the art, might be lost to the public at large.

The Philharmonic concerts are held in the Hanover Square Rooms—beyond all question the best for effect in London. The orchestra consists of twenty-four violins, eight violas, eight violoncellos, eight double basses, eight wood wind-instruments, and ten brass instruments and drums — altogether sixty-six players, being just what the best composers have always considered as the most perfect size of orchestra; and it happens to be exactly of the calibre suited for the room. The band has always held a high character. Some time ago, indeed, by indolence and want of competition, they tended to fall off; but now, under the pressure of the wholesome rivalry of the other societies, they have been improving again, and bid fair to retain their old superiority. The Philharmonic band ranks with that of the Conservatoire at Paris, and the Gewandhaus at Leipsic. It is, perhaps, inferior in delicacy and precision to these; but it has the palm in vigour and fire. In the playing of particularly energetic works, such, for example, as Weber's Overtures, or the *finale* to Beethoven's fifth symphony, the English band is without a rival. During the last season, the Society have had a severe difficulty to contend with, in consequence of an unusual performance of Italian operas on Monday evenings,—the night till then held sacred to the Philharmonic. As many of the best players belonged to both bands, and were compelled by their opera engagement to attend Covent-garden, the Philharmonic had to choose between changing their night and re-forming their band. They boldly chose the latter alternative, filling many of the old places with entirely fresh artists, but with little detriment; and it has been pleasing to find that the encouragement thus afforded to new players has been the means of bringing out much talent heretofore not appreciated as it deserved.

The last Philharmonic concert was marked by the assistance of a former conductor of the concerts, much esteemed, and under whose baton they peculiarly flourished, Mr. Moscheles; who, after residing many years in this country, settled in Germany some time ago. He played a concerto of his own with much effect, and met with a most enthusiastic reception.

Next year, 1862, is the Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary from the establishing of the society; and it is proposed by the directors to mark the year as a peculiar epoch in its annals by offering to the subscribers a complimentary extra concert, for the performance, on a large scale, of "the colossal works written expressly for the society by Beethoven, "Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great "composers," and of one appropriate work, to be composed specially for the occasion by Dr. Bennett, the conductor.

The concerts of what is called the "New Philharmonic Society" come next in our list. These were founded about ten years ago by Dr. Wylde, who

associated a number of influential gentlemen with him to give a series of good orchestral concerts in Exeter Hall. He formed a good band, and invited over some foreign musicians of eminence to conduct them; among whom, in different years, were Lindpaintner, Berlioz, and Spohr. The music was well done, and selections of great interest were chosen; for, as a good chorus was provided, vocal works of considerable magnitude and novelty, as well as instrumental ones of high character, were included in the programmes; and the performances excited great interest among the musicians of London. The speculation was a bold and laudable one; but the expenses were very heavy, the place was too large, and the thing did not pay. Dr. Wylde contracted the scale, and removed first to St. Martin's Hall, then to Hanover Square, and finally to St. James' Hall, where the concerts, conducted now entirely by himself, and, we believe, on his own responsibility, are now held. Five or six concerts are given during the season, for a moderate subscription; each contains generally one symphony, two overtures, one instrumental concerto, and some vocal pieces. The music is usually very creditably done; during the last season excellent performances were given of Beethoven's Choral Symphony (apparently a great favourite with this audience), and of Mendelssohn's music to Antigone. Dr. Wylde has done much in these concerts to bring good orchestral music within the reach of moderate payers, and deserves credit accordingly.

We have yet another series of first-rate orchestral concerts, that of the Musical Society. This institution was founded in 1858, having for its object "the advancement of music in England;" and its operations are stated to embrace orchestral and choral concerts of a high class, conversazioni, meetings for the discussion of musical subjects and for private practice, and the establishment of a good musical library. The concerts, given in St. James' Hall, number four in each year; and new or little known works of importance are generally introduced in the course of the season. A novelty this year has been an interesting symphony by Schumann. The band is very excellent, and is well disciplined by the conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Lastly, as regards orchestral concerts, we have had a new society established this year, calling itself the "Musical Art Union," which has given, in the Hanover Square Rooms, three concerts, vocal and instrumental, with the chief object of bringing out high-class music, either new, or not much known. The novelties this season have been an overture by Beethoven, Op. 124, very seldom performed; a new symphony, by Rubinstein, interesting to hear, but of no great success; Cherubini's fine Requiem; and a Cantata by Gade—"The Erl-King's Daughter." The band and chorus mustered nearly 120 strong; the performances, under the conductorship of Mr. Klindworth, were very respectable; and the object was highly praiseworthy. We hope they had encouragement enough to induce the society to continue.

We must not omit to notice, also, the progress, of late years, of another branch of instrumental music, which, though less pretentious than the orchestral variety, is of equally high rank in a critical point of view, namely, *classical chamber music.* It was long supposed that instrumental quartetts and quintetts were of far too refined and *recherché* a nature for the popular ears, and were only to be admired by select circles of highly-educated dilettanti; but it wanted only a trial to disprove this idea. A year or two ago a set of concerts was established, held weekly in St. James' Hall, at a very low rate of admission, under the name of the "Popular Concerts," in which the principal attraction was the performance, by first-rate artists, of music of this kind. The experiment has proved that such music had only to be well brought before the public to be highly appreciated by them. The room was nightly crowded, and the Popular Concerts, under able management, have become a permanent metropolitan institution.

At these concerts an excellent system is adopted—first introduced, we believe, by Dr. Wylde, at the New Philharmonic—of circulating among the audience a programme containing descriptive and critical notes on the principal pieces performed; which, when well done, not only adds much to the interest with which they are listened to, but also greatly enhances their educational influence.

Now let us briefly sum up what all this implies, and see how it warrants the conclusion we have hazarded as to the general advancement of music in the present day.

The Opera proves nothing. It was as popular and fashionable a hundred years ago as it is now; the singers were as well educated, and the music was better. The only modern advancement is in the scale and getting up of the spectacle, and in the magnitude and character of the band, which has simply improved as other public orchestras have done.

The oratorios, however, tell a different tale; for at no former time have the performances been so frequent, or the scale so perfect, or the appreciation by the general public so marked as now. The great commemoration of Handel in Westminister Abbey, in the year 1784, with a band and chorus of 525 performers, was an exceptional thing, only intended to recur, perhaps, once or twice in a century. Now we have performances larger and as perfect many times every year.

The instrumental concerts show a still more marked advance. Down to a few years ago, very few of the world outside the classic inclosure of the Philharmonic Society knew what a symphony meant, and the performance of one to the public in general would scarcely have been intelligible. But now we have no less than four regular series of symphony-giving public societies, saying nothing of the fact that at all sorts of promenade and other concerts, where a capable orchestra can be got together, the performance of a symphony or a portion of one is always welcome; the special nights for Beethoven's, Mozart's, or Mendelssohn's instrumental music, being always red-letter occasions in the treasury of such speculations.

Classical chamber music, too, is no longer *caviare* to the multitude. The fact of a large hall being crowded with one shilling auditors to hear Beethoven's quartetts, is one which could scarcely have been anticipated, and which can only be explained by a most important advance in public taste.

Another circumstance, also strongly indicative of the increasing popularity of good music, has gone hand in hand with the advances in the performance—we mean the vast modern spread of its distribution by publication. A copy of an oratorio was, some time back, a scarce and expensive thing; now, complete editions of almost every popular work of the kind may be had at prices so low that the auditors purchase and use them to follow the performance, just as they would formerly have done books of the words. The number of complete editions of the Messiah, published within the last ten years, would be counted by dozens, and the copies sold probably by hundreds of thousands. It would be odd, indeed, if such an immense circulation of good music at a cheap rate, finding its way, as it must do, to every fireside, did not tell favourably on taste in general. Then, to look a degree higher, the full score of an oratorio or a symphony was formerly a mystical hieroglyphic, only possessed and only understood by the conductor of the orchestra. Now we see a plentiful sprinkling of them in the hands of the auditory, anxious to gather all the additional enjoyment and instruction afforded by the *reading* of a score during its performance, and becoming by that very means more exigeant critics of the accuracy and skill with which the music is done.

We have said that the private benefit concerts do not materially affect our argument; but they show in their general character an increased number of skilled executants, and the London season seldom passes over without the occur-

rence of some special pianoforte performances worth mentioning. This year has been distinguished for a remarkable series by Mr. Charles Hallé, one of our best players—namely, no less than the performance at several morning concerts of the whole of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas, upwards of thirty in number. This, the finest collection of pianoforte music in existence, most unexceptionably played, was, indeed, a great treat to those who heard it, and formed, we think, no mean element of the general high tone which music has taken during the past season.

And, while we are on the subject of the pianoforte, we would not lose the opportunity of raising our voice against the wretched and unworthy style of music which is now so much in vogue for this instrument at boarding-schools and other places where they learn to play. We allude to that amorphous, scratchy, fantastical style of composition (if we may so debase the word), the essence of which consists in torturing scraps of airs into a wild, harum-scarum filagree of notes, scattered about the instrument in a manner so utterly unmeaning as only to excite ridicule or disgust, instead of pleasure, in any well-regulated musical mind. Music this is not; it is not written by musicians, nor played, as a matter of choice, by musicians either; and it is rather puzzling to conceive how, in the face of the great body of excellent and intelligent teachers we have, it can have come into use. Probably Thalberg would be quoted as its originator, but this is a libel on him; his music, though quite novel, and more free in style than any that had gone before, was still intelligible and rational music;—this is music run mad; and we can only account for its existence by supposing it to be the production of authors who are incompetent to produce any proper music, and so fill the sheets of their publishers with rubbish of this kind. It is, we suppose, a fashion which young ladies fall into, like crinoline, or the imitation of the pretty horsebreakers, and which will in due time come to an end. But we warn them, that the prevalence in drawing-rooms of this deplorable style of playing is fast becoming unendurable; and we are apt, on hearing of the profitless difficulties of the pieces, to exclaim with Dr. Johnson, "Difficult! I wish they were impossible!"

We are not among the cynics who would condemn little girls to play Beethoven's Sonatas and Mendelssohn's Lieder. Let us have gay, even trivial, music, if you will; so that it be music, and not empty imposture. We can listen with pleasure to the Pluie des Perles for the thousandth time, or to the Dixey's Land Polka, under the hand of a little maiden of six, with infinitely greater pleasure than to a modern "brilliant fantasia" which has taken a regulation young lady a quarter of finishing lessons to learn, and which, when done, being totally devoid of either melody, harmony, or rhythm, has no legitimate claim to be called music at all.

The true remedy for this, as for all other cases of bad taste in music, is the constant production before the public of compositions of a true and higher standard. It is impossible that any mind, capable of music impressions at all, can, after hearing good music, rest content with bad; and therefore we return to the sentiment with which we set out—namely, that, when we review the constantly-increasing amount of good music offered to the public, and the constantly-increasing interest with which the public receives it, we must augur well for the progress of the art in this country.

GOOD AND EVIL: AN ESSAY.

BY DR. FELIX EBERTY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU, AUTHOR OF "THE STARS AND THE EARTH."

IN TWO PAPERS:—PAPER THE SECOND.

HAVING demonstrated, in our former paper, how humanity is to be considered as an organic whole, whose particular organs are individual men, we are now better enabled to answer the question about the rule of what they have to do and to shun, or in other words, the question about good and evil. We have to seek the rule which determines the actions and aims of mankind, and from this rule we then may infer the laws which must govern the activity of every individual. For every individual, in every action, is a representative of, and works for, humanity, which produces for every given task a particular fitting performer. The organic whole of humanity may here be compared to the thinking artist, and every individual man may be likened to a finger of that artist—a finger which contributes to realize what the thinking head has invented and intended.

We have, first, to find the ruling law for the actions of mankind in the whole. What is a law? This word, "law," has different meanings, of which the following example is an illustration. A timepiece is designed to mark the true time of day, which design is the law of the timepiece. The very best timepieces, the chronometers, do not fully answer that purpose; for the most improved timepieces are indeed almost uniform and accurate in their motion, but the motion does not exactly agree with the revolution of the earth, which must be normal for the timepiece. The real motion of the timepiece, therefore, has another law than that which the artist would have given, if he had been able fully to realize his intentions. Therefore, the captain of a ship, or the astronomer, has to calculate certain tables, which point out the difference between the motion of the chronometer and that of the earth; and by those tables he may know at a moment's notice how much the time measured by his chronometer differs from the revolution of the stars. This revolution, therefore, of the stars, or the calendar, is the law for that which the timepiece ought to be; whereas those calculated tables mark the law of what the timepiece is, and of what degree of perfection this instrument is capable. The two laws in this case differ from each other, because the instrument, whose law is being sought, does not correspond in reality to the rational intention of him who made it. But, if a thing is entirely rational and perfect in all its parts, then those two laws are congruent; and there are no more two laws for it—there is only one. For instance, we never can say of a star that it ought to go in such a manner, but that it goes in another manner, because the calculations of the astronomer do not agree with its orb; but we shall not hesitate to pronounce that the astronomer was wrong in his calculations. The reader will know that we owe one of the most splendid manifestations of human sagacity to this principle—the discovery of the planet Neptune by Leverrier.

This example will make it evident that for a thing entirely rational and perfect there exists only one law, because in reality such a thing is all that it ought to be, so that, if I know what it is designed to be, I at the same time know what it is in reality. Now it is our persuasion that mankind, as a totality, is perfectly rational. Is not the world created by God—that is, by the highest and most absolute wisdom and rationality we are able to imagine? and can the highest wisdom create what

is otherwise than wise and rational in all its parts? But this must be elucidated by some words more.

An entire that is throughout homogeneous can only contain homogeneous parts. A cubic foot of genuine gold can no longer be called genuine gold if the smallest possible part of it is adulterated by the smallest possible alloy of some other metal. A metallic body is perfectly metallic, be it golden, or be it composed of gold and silver, or of a mixture of all possible metals; but, if the smallest part of it is not metallic, then the whole can no more be called a perfectly metallic body. It is the same with the mental and spiritual attributes of a subject. A history is perfectly true so long as not the smallest error nor the smallest untruth is contained therein; and a perfectly rational entire is no more perfectly rational if it contains even the smallest particle of irrationality. It is, therefore, needless to prove that in the universe, created rationally by God's supreme reason, there can be contained nothing contradictory to rationality. It will be objected that, among men, who are doubtless a part of the universe, there occur so many things and actions contrary to reason. But this seeming contradiction ceases to puzzle us if we bear in mind that this irrationality exists only because we look at the individual actions of men as such, and not as forming a part of the whole created world. That is irrational which is in contradiction with the rational intention of Him who has to command; and, in a world created by the wisdom and the omnipotence of God, we cannot think that anything should be allowed to exist in opposition to His supreme rationality, and to His almighty will.

Man is the noblest of all creatures who obey the laws of nature. Favoured with the faculty of acting according to our own free will, and with the power of thinking and reasoning, we may call ourselves the crown of creation. This freedom and self-government of ours cannot be conceived without the faculty of acting according to our own pleasure, either reasonably or unreasonably; for man is not free unless the impulse of being rational be balanced by an equal impulse of being irrational. If such an equilibrium exists, it is as likely that a man should act right as that he should act wrong, and a third power must supervene to engage him to do either. Such an irrationality of human action is irrational only as long as we occupy ourselves with humanity isolated from its connexion with the universe; and human irrationality exists only and exclusively within the sphere of mankind, but disappears as we ascend to a point of view whence the whole world appears as a unity, and mankind as an organical part of this unity. The irrationality inseparable from human nature is rational as an elastic spring within the wonderful mechanism of the world.

He who ventures to deny this may say with equal propriety that fire was only created to warm and to shine, but, when the same fire burns our houses, or ignites the stake to burn innocently condemned persons, declare that this phenomenon is contrary to the purpose of its Creator, and only permitted by Him. If any one should in earnest bring forward such a proposition, it would not be difficult to set him right by showing that he regarded fire from a very narrow point of view, unable to appreciate that so-called element as an indispensable agent within the sphere of matter. Such an individual would mistake that essential agent of nature for an accidental instrument for the use of man. On the contrary, whenever we discuss human affairs, in order to judge clearly, we must keep in view humanity as an organic inseparable Entire. If then this united humanity in its totality bear in itself a power of surmounting and rendering inoffensive the irrationality of the separate parts, then the final result, produced by the conflict of all actions and reactions of reason and error, must be rationality and harmony. Only with this final result, with this surplus of reason, humanity enters as a rational part into the organization of the Universe, despatching the business of combating

and overcoming the errors of individuals by itself quite as a home affair.

The reader will excuse me if I come back once more to the simile of the timepiece. The movement of a pendulum clock will be retarded by heat, which expands, and accelerated by cold, which shortens the pendulum. Now a pendulum, according to certain scientific principles, can be constructed lozenge-shaped, in such a manner that the expansion of the single parts of this pendulum by heat is made up by compensation, because the horizontal middle-piece, being stretched out by the increase of temperature, shortens the dimensions of the whole, exactly as much as the heat would have lengthened it, and the influence of cold is compensated by a similar action and reaction. A timepiece provided with such a pendulum may be said to be subjected to the dominion of the changing temperature quite as much and quite as little as mankind is under the dominion of irrationality. The pendulum must indeed yield to the influence of heat and cold; but, in so far as the instrument is able to vanquish this influence, it may be regarded as independent of the temperature for him who wishes to know the time of day. Quite so is mankind perfectly rational as to that task which it has to fulfil, as an organical part of the universe, vanquishing within its own limits the irrationality of individuals by the rational construction of the whole, and doing its duty with the resulting surplus of rationality.

What kind of duty this task of mankind may be, we learn from history. History shows us in what manner humanity proceeds step by step to fulfil the mission of ruling this our earth by reason and rationality, and lay the foundation of that empire of reason which is destined to extend its dominion all over the surface of our planet. To ascertain that such is really the task of the human race, is the business of those skilled in history; and, having undertaken an ethical and not a historical essay, we must refer the reader for the proof of that proposition to the historian, whose principal task it is to point out in history the rational progress of mankind. Let us remember only that history shows us among the different nations on earth the same division of labour which we saw prevalent among the individuals. Nations appear and disappear one after another; every one of them has certain provinces of art, of science, and of religion to cultivate, and to work out almost to perfection—to such a perfection that, after a lapse of hundreds and thousands of years, we are struck with awe in contemplating the performances of those nations which vanished centuries ago from the surface of our earth. And if the present age, abolishing more and more by its inventions the separating barriers of time and space, has more obliterated the original diversity of nations than any preceding period of history, yet still now such a division of labour between the different nations is to be perceived, and we might point it out, if such a design were within the limits of this disquisition. Nevertheless, we must be aware that in many regions of art, science, and politics, we are standing barely on the shoulders of long-perished nations, not to mention the eternal doctrines of religion, revealed to us by the prophets of a nation which has long ceased to exist as such. But, in worldly matters also, we are far from having produced anything equal to the works of Homer, Sophocles, and Demosthenes; and there is scarcely any piece of furniture within our rooms, but the embellishments of it are taken from Greek or Etrurian models; and the greatest praise we bestow on a modern sculptor is that his works come near those of the ancient Greeks. Roman laws continue to be valid in our tribunals until the present day. In so masterly a way did those nations fulfil their task, and then vanish from the surface of this earth, some of them perishing totally and completely, some others by coalescing with other nations. But this succession of nations is not completely to be understood as yet, because every day brings forth new tasks for the labour of nations and of individuals. Futurity covers with its veil the deeds and actions

reserved for the exertion of posterity, just as the horizon, receding before the navigator, opens to his view those parts of his voyage which formerly he was not able to behold. Such a navigator will finally reach the opposite shore; but the history of mankind has no such limits, and we shall be carried on by its progress as far as to the end of all time. It is, indeed, almost impossible for us shortsighted beings to have a perfect understanding of that career which Providence has ordained for the human race to go through; but, this career being traced to the rational intention of God, the philosopher may observe the small portion of this endless plan revealed to him by history, with the same sagacity with which the astronomer observes the course of a comet. The portion of the revolutions of such a comet which he can follow with his telescope is exceedingly small, compared to the almost endless dimensions of its orbit; but the smallest part of a rational entire is sufficient to reveal to the initiated the law and principles of the whole. This law for the actions of mankind, we have seen, is no other than to establish a rational empire extending its sway over the whole surface of this our earth.

And now we are arrived at that point where it is possible to draw the net of our conclusions, and to see if we have really caught up in it the notion of good and evil which it was the problem of this disquisition to discover.

Before we address ourselves to this, let us not forget that we must not expect to find anything but what is comprised within the compass of the earth on which we are. We are not entitled to expect any higher result, because we started from an ethical point of view, and we have been restricting ourselves all along by the laws of human ethics. This ethical point of view was that from which man considers himself as a finished and perfect creation of God, having to seek his way, and to prepare and to pave it for himself, with those powers and faculties which he has received from his Maker. We, therefore, have only to explore that part of this way over which our path lies during our life on earth, assigning to theology those other parts of this way which lie before the beginning and after the end of our earthly career. It is, therefore, true that the torch of reason is able to illuminate only a short fragment of our eternal life, and that by mere reasoning we never shall gain any knowledge of the life we are taught to expect after death. But reason can never comprehend more than a short fragment of human existence. We do not attain to reason and consciousness at our first entrance on this planet as one of its citizens, but there must be a long period of mere animal or vegetable life, antecedent to the state of distinct consciousness; and again, we quit life in a state of unconsciousness, because there are, in every case, at least some moments of total insensibility preceding death. In this manner our life lies before us like a stream, of which alike the springs and the entrance into the ocean are unknown. Our infantine existence is a dark mystery for ourselves, and what is passing in a child's soul we can but imperfectly guess and conjecture. But, if every man is to himself a fragment and a riddle, how can the boundless history of humanity be more intelligible to him? Enough for us to be able to apply that infinite notion of good which we have tried to develop by our reasoning, to that limited space of our terrestrial life which we with our reason survey and govern.

We began with stating that everybody knows, and must needs know, what in each individual case is good or bad; and that, in this special case, he may judge correctly and positively—not indeed, in general, from a just and clear insight into the idea and supreme principles of good, but rather from a vague feeling, or from a conviction acquired by instruction, tradition, or revelation. If, then, that vague notion really and truly has been explained as identical with a reasonable dominion of man over the earth, this definition must yield a standard by which each of these individual cases is to be tried and determined. We must prove that all we recognise as

equivalent to good, or as a direct consequence of good, is a special case of the general rule about the reasonable government of earth. We must clearly show that the source of all virtue, felicity, human perfection, and duty is completely contained in this rule. For virtue, felicity, perfection, and duty mark the different points of view under which men are inclined to contemplate the supreme good, according to their different education and sagacity.

Our demonstration is not difficult. Man, we said, is to govern on earth; therefore, he has to master the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to stamp nature with the seal of his genius, subordinating matter to his mind, and bringing it as an obedient servant under the empire of reason. Having acquired this power, and in the process of establishing it, man is to develop all those blossoms which the human mind is capable of bringing forth. Is all this to be accomplished? then the first requirement is, that the individual man must enter into an organized community of his fellow-men; for, as individuals, we are weak and helpless. All we perform is the result of the co-operating efforts of many. What is it that renders man stronger than those animals most superior to him by corporeal force? It is not the strength of his body; it is reason, which teaches him the use of arms. What enables him to sever huge granite pillars from earth's massive body? That same reason which led him to construct wheel and lever. Reason tames ferocious beasts, or it wages a war of extermination against them, provided man is to exist at all. Those very earliest operations, without which the naked and naturally defenceless lord of the creation could not have been maintained in existence, require the co-operation of many. The cottage which shelters, the cloak that covers him, are the works of a thousand hands.

Reason thus enables man to understand, what his natural feeling revealed to him, that he must love men—because he knows that every other man forms a part of himself, as well as he himself is on the other hand a part of them. For I am myself not only this individual body animated by a soul; but my own self expands itself, and embraces the world of things as far as I am able to set the stamp of my will and of my mind upon it; and in the same way I produce an influence upon my fellow-men inasmuch as I take a part in their instruction, their welfare and their development in general, just as they do in mine; and without their company I should lose the best part of myself. It has been said of marriage, that its true glory is apparent from the fact that its supreme happiness is coincident with its highest duty, viz. to live for him, and to strive with all our might and main to make him happy, who is dearest to us on earth. Now, such a happiness is reserved not only for the religious man; but it also blossoms even in a higher degree for the ethical man who has thoroughly appreciated the idea of mankind in its due sense. To what do these conclusions lead us but to that which the religious man calls Christian charity? Thus we arrive at the harmony of that highest of all virtues on our rational and logical way, quite in the same manner as the mathematician we spoke of achieved the task of composing a fuga by calculation.

But if, under guidance of our ethical conscience, we have discovered the greatest and highest of all human virtues, without which even the wisest and greatest of all men is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, it would be easy to discover in like manner all other virtues by the same process of reasoning. We will confine ourselves to giving some hints about the manner in which every single virtue is to be deduced from that notion of good and evil which we have explained. If the realization of good consists in the foundation of a kingdom of reason on earth, it is easy to see that the virtue of humility reveals itself immediately to him who is fully conscious of the immensity of such a task, and of the narrowness of the part which the individual, even the greatest and the most

highly gifted, is able to contribute to the solution of such a problem. Fortitude and perseverance are also the results of this idea, because we can never vanquish and obtain dominion if the battle against wrong and absurdity is not fought with indefatigable strength and steadiness. Are not justice and equity, also—that is, the willingness to give to every man his due—to be derived from the knowledge of this same intimate and organical cohesion of all mankind? For the conviction that we are all together limbs of one body, and of one great spiritual community, is inseparable from that other conviction that every one of those limbs is entitled to receive the reward of its labour.

These hints will be sufficient to make it clear in what manner we are able to deduce the notion of every human virtue out of our notion of good. Yet not only virtue, but happiness also and perfection, are the necessary consequences of good.

Perfect is what is congruent with its idea. The human body, wholly equal to that form which came out of the hands of God, is just so shaped and formed as the consistency and the harmony of the whole requires it. It is healthy and beautiful; it is at the same time vigorous and capable of every human occupation; it is persevering in labour and exertion; and of what other happiness and comfort is our bodily existence capable? Thus it is evident that for our body the highest perfection is at the same time the highest happiness; and both do consist in nothing else than in the harmony of the idea with its embodiment. But this is not true only because we speak of the human body, and that it would be otherwise had we contemplated some other object; but it is so, and it must be so, because happiness and perfection are one and the same—of course, only if the subject in question is capable of feeling happiness at all. And so deeply is this conviction rooted in our minds that we are wont to apply it even to inanimate nature, looking with compassion on a crippled plant or a withering flower, because it appears to us as an unhappy being, not having attained the perfection of a healthy development. If, therefore, happiness and perfection are identical, and if we are convinced that good is that which corresponds to the notion and idea of humanity, we are also then aware that good is nothing else than the happiness and perfection of human beings.

Many of my readers will perhaps have wondered, from the beginning of these pages, that, in a research about good and evil, and especially where the performance of our duties was taken into consideration, no mention should have been made of that power within the human soul which is precisely the proper organ of good and evil, viz. our conscience. It might have appeared natural to begin the whole essay with stating that good is what our conscience demands, and evil what it forbids. But such a statement would have been erroneous. The legislation of conscience is such, that it gives its decisions upon all possible individual cases with the greatest promptness and exactitude, having regard to all extenuating or aggravating circumstances. But conscience does not enter into explanations, nor does it give its opinion about general questions of morality. It does not lay down universal maxims and principles. To the thief his conscience does not speak, 'Thou shalt honour the property of others'; but, at the same moment in which he stretches out his hand to lay hold on the moveables of his fellow-man, conscience warns and tries to detain him; and, if he does not obey, the stings of conscience will punish him sooner or later. Now, we have not to decide individual cases of conscience. We anticipated that every man was able to do so for himself. It was our task to lay down general notions and principles which conscience does not take up. If, therefore, we had undertaken to build up a system of good and evil upon the isolated dictates of conscience, that would have been a much more difficult and circuitous road to the place of our destination.

But the verdicts of conscience, deciding merely individual cases, are not

only, in a formal sense, unfit for our purpose; but these verdicts are intrinsically of such a kind as to prevent our drawing from them the highest principles of morality, or the notions of good and evil. For the nature of conscience is not what it appears on the first aspect. Those who have not made the notion of that interior voice the subject of deeper cogitation are inclined to think that conscience is a revelation of God's will in us, giving its commands independently of our own will and reason, as if it were the audible voice of Divinity within our heart's core. If that opinion were true, then our whole disquisition would prove superfluous, every man carrying within himself a revealed philosophy of ethics. But, if we look a little more accurately into the matter, the truth will appear quite different; for, if conscience gave its commands as a direct revelation of God's will, then the conscience of all men, in every land and at every time, must be in perfect harmony, and must give the same decisions, because a voice, emanating from God, can never be in contradiction with itself. But experience shows us the contrary. The consciences of different persons do not agree; but the conscience of one man does very often contradict that of another.

If the testimony of history be true, the Spanish inquisitors, burning thousands of heretics, did but follow the command of their consciences, entirely convinced that what they did was good; and the spectators of those auto-da-fés were not disturbed in the enjoyment of such a spectacle by any remorse. The old Mexicans, butchering prisoners by thousands, and eating them afterwards in honour of their gods, were perfectly in harmony with their conscience, being sure that they were performing a work agreeable to divinity. On the other side, a great number of men feel remorse at such actions as we perform without scruple. Many Indian tribes hold it a sacrilege to kill animals, and they build hospitals for sick and helpless beasts; when we, on our part, do not think that we commit sin by killing animals for our food. We have no reason to doubt the purity and candour of the greatest number of those men; and, if these and similar facts be true, we must be convinced that human conscience is not something perfect and consummate, and never varying, but that the conscience of man is capable of improvement, and that there exists a history of its progress and formation, running parallel with the history of human civilisation in general. The verdicts of conscience are, therefore, well able to give evidence for those notions about good and evil which are prevalent at a certain period among a certain nation; but they cannot inform us of what is good and evil everywhere and for all times. And not time alone makes a difference between the commands of human conscience; but there exists such a difference also between the different regions of earth—so that one may speak of a geographical difference between the notions of men about good and evil.

Against our view it may be objected: If good be that manner of acting which is conducive to the foundation of an empire of reason on earth, this good cannot be the same at all times and places; for this empire of reason requires other deeds of men in antiquity, and other deeds in modern times—different doings near the north pole, and the burning sun of the equator. Now, so it is indeed; but the reader will remember what formerly was pointed out with a particular emphasis—that the actions and doings of men are neither good nor bad by themselves, but indifferent from a moral point of view, and that the good lies only in the intention and the way of thinking. So we are enabled to define the notion of good more strictly by saying: The good is the will tending to subject earth to the empire of reason. This will is one and the same at all times and places to eternity, though this will may appear acting ever so variously and contradictorily. So the good is eternal and invariable. Having understood this definition, we shall perceive a common and identical characteristic in the contradicting commands of the consciences of

different men and times. This common identic part of conscience is its voice warning us if our actions do not come from the intention of doing right. This warning is, indeed, the divine behest made known to us immediately by the organ of conscience; and in this sense the voice of conscience is indeed the same eternally. On the other hand, the knowledge of what is good was not at all times the same among mankind. This knowledge is revealed in the course of history with ever-growing clearness and splendour, partly by the trials and destinies of nations, partly by single eminent geniuses; and the greatest of all revelations of religion and morality, Christianity, has the call of finally governing the world.

The idea of good is eternal; but the knowledge and the understanding thereof has a history of its own, full of seeming aberrations and bye-ways and of wonderful entanglements, and the knowledge of Christian morality will require many centuries more before seeing its commands universally respected on earth. For do not the most extensive empires, in the old and the new world, recognise slavery and bondage up to the present day as legal institutions within their territories? But, if the way is long to the knowledge of good, how much longer must it be to the doing of it? And, if we are entitled to hope that mankind will subsist until the principal part of its task be fulfilled, and until a kingdom of reason be founded on earth, we then may be assured that our planet has to roll thousands and thousands of years more within its heavenly orbit.

Having now defined good as the intention of helping to further the rational government of earth, we need not inquire what evil is. It is sufficient to state that evil is the contrary of good, viz. such will and such intention as disturbs and hinders the settlement of the rational kingdom on earth. This evil will generally result from the ignorance of those who are not fully aware of their connexion with the totality of mankind —preferring, therefore, what they erroneously think to be their own interest to the welfare of all others. They do not understand that what they call their comfort and happiness must be the result of the happiness of others, and that to give is more blessed than to receive. Evil is ignorance; for it cannot be thought that any man could act from an intention of hindering the dominion of reason. That would be a disposition contrary to human nature, and appropriate only to that being which we call the Devil.

We now have finally to inquire into the practical application which the ethical man makes of the discovered notion of good and evil. This notion ought to be the norm of his actions; but this is not to be understood as if a man in everything he does ought to examine precisely if such an action is conducive to the foundation of the empire of reason on earth. Such a perpetual self-examination would entangle us in a net of ethical and philosophical subtleties, and we should be unable to find our way through life at all. But we must once for all adopt the right manner of thinking and feeling in such a degree that we can do right without much ruminating and scrutinising. We must obey the commands of the laws of morality with ease. It is not difficult to understand how that may be done, because every one of us does so in many pursuits of daily life. If we write, for instance, we observe all the laws and rules of orthography without being hindered by it in the process of our writing. A man who has possessed himself perfectly of a certain science is able to do correctly all that comes within the limits of that science. He who has learned to perform on the piano can play every piece of music with correct fingering, without deliberating, at every note, whether he shall put his thumb or his forefinger on the keys. In this manner our mind has the faculty of appropriating to itself a system of rules, and can apply it with ease even in such cases as have formerly not occurred to him; and that is the reason why the ethical man will be able to wander freely, and undisturbed by

scruples, on that road which he has chosen as the best one.

We have accompanied the ethical man thus far in his researches about good and evil. We showed how his manner of proceeding was different from that of the religious man, as well as from that of him who, without much reasoning, follows merely the interior voice of his conscience. But we must not forget that in real life those three modes of viewing morality do not lie strictly separated in different individuals, but that every one of us will find in his mind a combination of all these three elements. We very frequently act from some unintelligible instinct; more frequently still do we look up to heaven for strength and consolation on our earthly pilgrimage; and there will ultimately occur certain moments in every man's life when he finds himself standing on a cross way, and compelled to exert all his sagacity to find out the true direction of his path. But, whatever road we take, with the sincere intention of attaining to that which is good, it will lead us to our goal; for the will and the intention of going on the right way is good and right in itself.

THE AMERICAN UNION, AND THE DUTY AND POWER OF THE NORTH TO MAINTAIN IT.[1]

You doubtless feel deep interest in the conflict now going on in this country. A state of things exists as little foreseen a year ago by the astutest Northern statesmen as by remote and uninterested strangers. Yet, looking backwards, it is clear that many Southern politicians have been long plotting to form a separate government. I expressed to you some years ago—in 1852, I believe—the opinion, that the conflict going on between the interests of slaveholding and the sentiment of freedom was not without danger to the integrity of the Union. I think I also expressed to you the opinion, which I have long entertained, that, had England retained slavery in its West India islands, the cotton and sugar-growing States would long ago, if possible, have cut their connexion with the other States, and united themselves to England in some intimate way. It also seemed to me that the attempts made to get possession of Cuba and Central America were with the view of maintaining the predominance of the Slave States, and holding them in readiness to break the Union if it seemed for their interest to do so. But, lacking such powerful foreign aid, and having failed in their attempts on Cuba and Central America, it had not occurred to me that the Southern leaders would be bold or rash enough to attempt to destroy the Union. Nor would they have been, had not men more than usually wicked got control of a president more than usually weak, and been able for four years to demoralize the Government, and weaken its power, while fostering treason and hatching rebellion. But rebellion is upon us. Eleven States have passed acts declaring that they are no longer parts of the government known as The United States of America. They have formed a new combination, appointed a president, raised an army, and claim to be independent. The question is, What will come of

[1] We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this exposition of the nature, origin, and course of the great American struggle—containing, as it does, important views and reasonings which we have not seen elsewhere set forth. The writer is a lawyer of eminence in New York, in no way connected with political parties or taking part in public affairs. The communication was sent by him, as a letter, to Mr. Edwin Chadwick, with whom he has been accustomed to correspond; and Mr. Chadwick has thought it due to authorise its publication.—Ed.

this? To many Englishmen it seems very clear that the residue ought to acquiesce. "Why not let them go?" is a question often put, I see. It was recently sent to me by a highly intelligent Manchester solicitor, who is much interested in American affairs. To me it is clear that the attempt to sever the Union ought not to succeed, and that it will not succeed.

Our present government was not intended to be, and never was, a *mere* confederation of states; but it was intended to be, for certain great purposes of common defence, and the promotion of the general welfare, a union of the people of the states into *one nation.* While colonists, the Americans formed a confederacy under the title of "The United Colonies of North America," and declared that such Union should be binding on themselves and their posterity. So, before they had declared their independence, and before "the States" existed, the colonists had, for certain purposes, united, as far as they were able, as *one people.* When they came to declare their independence, the colonists in no part of their declaration named the separate colonies or states, but spoke of themselves as one people. But for their Union there would have been no states. The states were born of the Union. The states having come into existence by virtue of the Union, the problem was, how to secure the common defence and general welfare, and yet leave to the states, as far as compatible with those objects, sovereign power over their internal affairs. They were some time in solving the problem. The original articles of confederation reserved much greater powers to the states than the present constitution. They, however, declared that the *Union* of the states should be *perpetual.* The Union acted by the Continental Congress, but acted on the states instead of directly on the people. It was based on the confidence, that whatever Congress ordained to be right and fit for the states to do for the common welfare, they would promptly do. The plan worked badly. The Government was weak and clumsy. It had neither the respect of foreign nations, nor the confidence of its own people. To remedy these evils, the present constitution was framed by a general convention, and was adopted, not by the several states acting through their usual governmental officers, but by *the people* of each state, acting through their specially appointed delegates in convention assembled. That constitution begins with this declaration of its source, its purposes, and its character:—"We, the people of the United "States, in order to form a more perfect "Union, establish justice, ensure domestic "tranquillity, provide for the common "defence, promote the general welfare, "and secure the blessings of liberty to "ourselves and our posterity, do ordain "and establish this constitution for the "United States of America." Not a word, as you will see, about a league, a compact, or confederacy of States. It is an ordinance of the people of the whole States, acting directly on the subject, and establishing for themselves *a government.* This government, within its sphere, is supreme, and acts directly on the subject. State limits, in reference to the exercise of its powers, are no more than county limits with you. Thus we have a system of government in which the usual powers of legislation and administration exercised by one set of public functionaries, as by the Crown and Parliament of England, are distinctly separated. Whatever appertains to foreign relations, and to certain great matters of internal policy and administration, is under not merely the supreme, but the sole control of the United States. The states have no more power here than have the English counties. In certain matters of local and domestic character the States have exclusive right of legislation and administration, and the United States have no right to meddle. Thus is formed a strong central protecting and regulating government, with numerous commonwealths, independent of it, and of each other, as to their municipal and domestic affairs, moving securely within its sphere. A system well adapted to unite into one people the inhabitants of a greatly ex-

tended and diversified territory, establish their power, and secure their liberty!

The supreme, self-acting, self-vindicating, and self-perpetuating character of the United States' Government will be apparent on examination of the provisions of the organic ordinance, all of which provisions have been in actual operation for near seventy-five years. It is thereby declared that the constitution of the United States, the laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under their authority, "shall be the supreme law of the land;" and the judges of every state shall be bound thereby, "*anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*" It is further provided that the members of Congress, and of "*the several state legislatures*, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and *of the several states*, shall be bound by oath or affirmation *to support this Constitution.*"

By the Constitution a Legislature was established, consisting of a House of Representatives, elected in the several states in *proportion to their population*, and a Senate, composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the Legislatures thereof. Their acts may be vetoed by the President, but may nevertheless become laws, if, after consideration, two-thirds of both houses approve. The executive power is vested in a President, who is chosen by electors from the respective states, each state being entitled to *as many electors as it has members of Congress.* The judicial power is vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish.

I have said that, as respects foreign relations, we are one nation. The United States Congress has power to lay and collect duties and imposts; to provide for the common defence and general welfare; to borrow money on the credit of the United States; to regulate commerce; to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations; to declare war; to raise and support armies; to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces. Lest it might be supposed that the states had some concurrent powers in such matters, it is further provided that no state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque or reprisal, or, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties; lay any duty of tonnage; keep troops or ships of war in time of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with a foreign power; or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. The president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into service of the United States. He has power, by and with the advice of the Senate, to make treaties, and appoint ambassadors and consuls.

Then, in respect to many matters of interior regulation, the Government of the United States has many of the highest prerogatives of sovereign power, and the states are powerless. Congress has power to regulate commerce among the several states, and with the Indian tribes; to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States; to coin money; regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to issue patents and copyrights; to provide for calling forth the militia; to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; and to exercise exclusive legislation over the seat of government, and over all the forts, magazines, arsenals, and dock yards owned by the United States, within the limits of the several states. The states on the other hand are expressly prohibited from coining money, emitting bills of credit, making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debt, passing any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligations of

contracts, and from entering into any agreement with another state.

The restrictions on the powers of Congress are equally significant of the intent to make of the people of the United States one nation. Congress has no power to lay a capitation or other direct tax, except in proportion to the census; no power to lay a duty on articles exported, nor to give preference, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another; nor to oblige vessels bound to or from one state to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

Then, again, the citizens of each state are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states. A person charged with crime fleeing to another state is to be delivered up; and no person, held to labour or service in one state by the laws thereof, escaping into another, is to be discharged from such service or labour, but is to be delivered up to the party to whom such service or labour is due. And full faith and credit must be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state.

That nothing may be omitted necessary to keep all harmonious, and render all disputes amenable to judicial construction, the Supreme Court has power over all cases in law or equity arising under the constitution and laws of the United States, and treats of all cases affecting public ministers and consuls, of all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction, of controversies to which the United States is a party—controversies between two or more states, or between one state and citizens of another state, and between citizens of different states. In the exercise of these high powers it may declare a law or a clause in the constitution of a state void, may annul the judgment of the highest court of a state, may enter a judgment or decree against the state itself; and, as the President is bound to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, he must execute its judgments.

Not unmindful of the possible necessity or desirability of change, a way is appointed in the constitution for its own alteration. By the consent of two-thirds of the members of both Houses of Congress, amendments thereto may be proposed, and by the consent of three-fourths of the states they may be ratified. On receiving such sanctions the organic change is established, and all the people of the United States become bound thereby.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the People. These powers are many and important. I may instance their right to decide their government-organization, provided it be republican; the qualifications of electors; the tenure of office; their judicial system; their civil and criminal law; their banking system; whether slavery shall exist, be prohibited, or abolished; and a great many other matters—indeed, nearly all that concerns the every-day transactions of life.

The immense gains of each state by the consolidation of all are obvious. Each is defended by all, is part of a mighty nation, and has the advantage of the great power and *prestige* of all. Uniformity in the standard of value, and a uniform system of postage, are secured. The revenue laws are equal. There are no conflicting tariffs, and no frontier lines to be guarded against smuggling. Internal or inter-state war is precluded. The disputes of states are subjected to judicial cognizance. Beyond all, I had almost said, absolute freedom of trade and intercourse are secured among all the people of these numerous and widespread commonwealths. These are advantages to which, in my opinion, more than to all other things, they owe their great and rapid material prosperity.

No proposition can, it seems to me, be clearer than that the conduct of the Secessionists is without warrant of law. The absence of the right of a state to secede is indeed so obvious, that its assertion by the Southern leaders can hardly be viewed as anything but one

of the desperate means employed to mislead the uninformed.

There is, as I have shown, no colour of right to secede in even any of the thirteen original states. Their assertion of such right is not, however, so startling as in the case of the states since admitted. Its assertion by them is audacious in its effrontery. They have, with the exception of Texas, been formed out of territory every inch of which was owned, and most of which was bought, by the United States; and Texas itself can hardly be deemed an exception. Speaking generally, the mode of forming a state is this—A portion of the territory of the United States is separated from the rest by metes and bounds, is named, and formed into what we call a territory. The United States appoints a governor to this territory, and enacts its laws, or allows the inhabitants of the territory to do so, subject to the supervision of Congress. This condition of things continues, the United States bearing the expenses of the government, protecting the inhabitants from Indian depredations, buying out Indian rights, and in every way promoting its welfare, until it is thought sufficiently populous for self-government, when the United States Congress passes an act, authorizing the people of the territory to meet in convention and frame a constitution for organizing themselves into a state. The people meet by their delegates, form such constitution, and afterwards present it to Congress; and, if approved, the state is admitted on such conditions as Congress chooses to impose. One of these conditions always is, that the lands within the territory, undisposed of, continue to belong to the United States, and that the state will not interfere with the first disposition of them, and will impose thereon no tax, impost, or duty. The new states are, therefore, mere creations of the United States; and, though they are admitted on the footing of the original states, it is by grant from the United States. They never had any power not conferred by Congress; and, therefore, the cant phrase of the secessionists, that they are *resuming* the powers which they *had delegated* to the general Government, has not even a plausible basis of pretence. They never had any rights as states, except as limited and restricted by the paramount rights of the United States under the constitution. Of the eleven seceding states, *six* were thus formed out of the territory of the nation; and, as to them, the legal effect of annulling the ordinances constituting them states would be, not to make them independent, but to restore them to the condition of territories of the United States, to be governed by Congress.

The right of secession, if it exists, does so from the moment the state is admitted into the Union. So, one day, a territory containing seventy thousand men, women and children, a hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land, and numerous United States' forts, may be admitted as a state; and, the next, these people may secede, declare themselves separated from the United States, and independent thereof, and carry with them all the land, forts, post routes, and other property of the United States, dismember its territory, block the passage between loyal states, render necessary frontier custom-houses and defences, and destroy the unity and harmony of the system of government. Florida, one of the seceding states, affords a striking illustration of the brigand character of the secession movement. It was owned by Spain—lay on our south-eastern frontier—a peninsula, washed on the east by the Atlantic, and on the south and west by the Gulf of Mexico, to which it formed, with its islands, the most important key. As it was strongly desired by the United States, they fought, and treated, and finally obtained its cession, on payment to Spain of two millions of dollars. The coast-line is at least 700 miles. The United States have built on its coast forts and lighthouses at great expense. It was in part occupied by numerous and powerful Indian tribes, which were fiercely and persistently hostile to the United States. In various ways Florida has doubtless cost a hundred and fifty

millions of dollars over any income derived from it. Draw a circle of five miles around Union Square in New York, and you inclose more than ten times as many white people as there are in the whole of Florida; and yet the inhabitants of Florida, who have no rights as a state except such as were conferred in the manner I have described, pass an ordinance of secession, and assume to take possession of all the land, forts, lighthouses, and property of the United States, and to declaim against the retention of any such property as a usurpation by the United States, to be overcome if necessary by force! The southern politicians and their subservient northern allies were bent some years ago on buying or stealing Cuba. They had control of the government, and would have given to Spain as much as three hundred millions of dollars for Cuba, if Spain would have sold it. Suppose the purchase made, Cuba paid for, and admitted as a state; she could, the next day, if this right of secession exist, have voted herself out of the Union, and set up for herself as an independent nation. I need not say that the admission of such a right by the United States would be to admit that it is a mere sham of a government—a mere show and shadow of a nation, dealing with the world under false pretences; making treaties which there may be no people to keep; and borrowing money which there may be none to make payment of. For, if one state may secede, all may do so severally.

The question, then, "Why not let the seceding states go?" may, it seems to me, be very conclusively answered. This government, in suppressing the revolt, is not only reclaiming its stolen property, suppressing insurrection, putting down rebellion, and punishing treason, but is asserting *its right and power to be.*

I concede that a regularly constituted government may be so oppressively administered as to justify revolt; but it is not necessary to discuss the action of the seceding states in that aspect, as no pretence worthy a moment's consideration has been urged as a justification of revolution. The utmost effort of the more reputable of the secessionists has been to make a plausible excuse for *exercising* the assumed right of secession. The fact is, the slaveholding states have had control of the United States' Government for nearly the whole period of its existence. The making of the laws, the negotiation of treaties, the placing and conduct of officials, have been chiefly controlled by them. To a great extent the laws have been judicially expounded under a bias towards pro-slavery opinions and interests. Slaveholders, or their nominees, have almost exclusively held the office of president. They have had a greatly preponderating influence in the government, and have shaped its action for the most part as they pleased. They have been overruled only when bent on committing some unusual outrage on the rights or conscience of northern men. Indeed, their great outcry, in firing the southern mind, was not in respect to any act done, but as to apprehensions of wrong from the successful president—though he was in every way pledged to guard the rights of the South, and he has never attempted, threatened, or, so far as can be judged, intended or desired to violate any of those rights.

Aside from the bad ambition of the leading southern politicians, the real cause of revolt is the manifest weakening of the power of the slaveholders to subordinate the legislation and administration of the country to the promotion of slavery, and the growing power and coming preponderance of the free North, and its supposed purpose to use that power, so far as it constitutionally may, to restrict slavery within its present enormous territorial limits, and save from its blighting influences the territories now free.

During the revolution, and while the government was forming, there was a common belief throughout the land, north and south, that slavery is wrong. The intellect of the nation was aroused and enlightened, and its conscience touched.

All agreed that slavery ought in some way to be brought to an end. With the invention of the cotton-gin came the means of turning slave labour to greatly increased profit; the love of gain and of power stifled the sentiments of justice; and the purpose was formed to maintain slavery at all hazards. But it could not be maintained by excuses. It was especially hard to admit slave-holding to be wrong, yet insist on its extension; so a new doctrine was started, of which Mr. Calhoun was the great advocate—that it was the right and duty of the white man, that it was just and kind to the black man, to hold the negro in bondage. This gave to the slave-holder a weapon in place of a shield, and he was able consistently to become aggressive. *The dogma of the righteousness of slavery lies at the basis of the late revolt.* Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, said, in a speech at the seat of the new government, intended to be an exposition of the superiority of the Constitution of the Confederate States, "The prevailing ideas entertained by Mr. Jefferson and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the law of nature—that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. . . . Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested on the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation for a government to be built upon; and, when the 'storm came and the wind blew, it fell.' Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man—that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

For at least thirty-five years the proud, plucky, but pestilent state of South Carolina has been educating the Southern mind in this doctrine, and preparing it to adopt any means necessary to make it the ruling principle of the Government. If the Free States could be coaxed or bullied into its support, the Union might stand; if not, it was to be broken. In or out of the Union, the slaveholding dogma of the righteousness of slavery, and the duty of Government to uphold and promote it, must rule.

Leaving out its moral aspects, there is something very fascinating, doubtless, in what may have been the aim of the more ambitious and imaginative of some of the Southern leaders—a vast confederacy of slaveholding states; a grand commonwealth of English-descended lords of the soil, firmly established on the islands and archipelagoes of the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea—owning, too, all the continent which sweeps the surrounding shores, and extending along the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as far as cotton, sugar, coffee, and other tropical products could be grown—with a vast slave population, to be increased as occasion might require, from Africa, working for their lords, absolutely and for ever subject to their will;—the master race the brain and guide, the abject race the muscle, of this new Arcadia!

The doctrine of nullification, insisted on in President Jackson's time, as a state right, contained in it the seeds of the modern doctrine of secession. The right to declare any law of the United States inoperative within the state involves the right of declaring all its laws inoperative. During Jackson's Presidency, South Carolina put itself in hostility to the United States, claiming to nullify within its borders an act of Congress; but Jackson was not a man to be trifled with, and he quickly suppressed the attempt to prevent the execution of the laws. In the usual hyperbolical style of Western vehemence, he threatened that, if it proceeded, he would hang the leader Calhoun higher than Haman. All knew that he was a man who would so far execute his threat as to hang him high enough to render it necessary to bury

him; and so nullification, with a little bluster, shrank out of sight. But it was ever afterwards hatching, and has now brought forth its fearful progeny. Unfortunately, secession came forth during the presidency of Mr. Buchanan—a man destitute of moral courage, and of feeble moral principles. It grew into vast proportions under his eyes, and became of a sudden a great power in the land. A conspiracy was, as is now evident, formed—including governors of states, senators, representatives, army and navy officers, Cabinet ministers, and many of their chief clerks, a great proportion of whom were under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, were receiving its pay, and bound by every consideration of honour and honesty to be loyal—the object of which was to destroy the Government they had sworn to support. Floyd, the secretary of war, so weakened the garrisons, and so distributed the forces, that the forts, forces, arms, ammunition, and other property of the United States, should be capable of easy seizure. From senators, representatives, and officials, still forming component parts of the United States' Government, the orders to make such seizures went forth from the city of Washington. The orders were executed, and the nation for a time paralyzed. It is now clear that the split in the democratic party, and the consequent election of Lincoln, was part of the plan. They were ready for the revolt, except that they lacked the excuse; and for that Lincoln's election was necessary. They aided to the utmost of their power to secure that election by distributing the residue of the votes among three candidates.

Want of indignation at such conduct would show want of virtue. The desire to disappoint and punish such treachery and disloyalty is the first impulse of every honest and honourable man. The very force and activity of this impulse is, it must be admitted, apt to mislead the judgment, and draw the attention from what is, after all, the true question. Is it not best to let the slaveholding states go? However often I put the question to myself—and its recurrence doubtless implies some want of reliance on my conclusions—I come to the answer that it is not. In attempting to vindicate their rights, and thwart traitors, the North is in the line of duty. In case of doubt, *that* should turn the scale; but some things are clear enough, which would render such acquiescence unwise. The advantages intended to be secured by the formation and extension of the United States' Government would be in a great measure lost. The unity of its territory would be destroyed. It would not own a foot of territory on the Gulf of Mexico. The mouths of the great Mississippi, the inlet and outlet to a large number of free states and territories, would be held by a foreign nation. The capital would be within gunshot of the Confederate States. There would be a vexed and irritable frontier of more than a thousand miles. The establishment of a strong military government would be a necessity to a slaveholding confederacy, and accord with its temper. Such confederacy would be aggressive. It would seek to possess the islands of the gulf, and all the continent adjacent to it. It would at first covertly, and, as soon as strong enough, openly, promote the slave trade. This state of things would render powerful military and naval establishments necessary to the North. We should have frequent quarrels, and probably not unfrequent wars with our southern neighbours; but we should, at any rate, be kept continually on guard at enormous expense. It is, it seems to me, no less wise than just to put down this revolt.

But can we do it? It is doubtless an arduous undertaking; but I think we can do it with no greater cost of life and limb than that by which Lombardy was added to Sardinia. We have the long-established Government, with its organization, its *prestige*, and its relations with foreign powers. We hold almost all the naval power and resources of the country, and command of the entire coast. We are much more numerous than the Southerners, have vastly more accumulated wealth,

and productive power, as to all the results of mechanical skill, including munitions of war, many times greater. Northern men are as brave as Southern men, and more industrious, skilful, and persevering. The moral forces are on the side of the North. War, it is true, is a hazardous venture; so much often depends on the skill and genius of a single man. Then, again, the secessionists are fighting for enormous stakes—their lives, their property, their reputation, their hopes of the future. If they succeed, they become the rulers of the new Confederation, the founders of a new empire. Their names become historically great in the records of the new commonwealth. If they fail, they become powerless and infamous. They are likely to fight desperately. Still I think that the United States' Government will subdue them. It is greatly the superior power.

Further—and this enters largely into the question of both the desirableness and practicability of putting down the revolt—there are in the Southern states a great many persons opposed to it, and who would be glad to see it put down. The conspiracy was wide-spread and was long maturing. The conspirators organized and got control of the State organizations, and of the forces which operate most potently on public opinion and popular impulse. Yet the majority of the seceding states were carried out of the Union against strong opposition, and, for the most part, without giving the people the opportunity of directly approving or disapproving. A few men aming at one object, banded together, well organized and well armed, and prepared to concentrate and act at any given point on the order of a central will, can subdue and awe large unorganized masses, and produce seeming acquiescence, or even seeming unanimity, where great secret dissatisfaction exists. It is clear that the favourers of secession are very numerous; but I doubt if they are even now a majority of all the white inhabitants of the slaveholding states. Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky side with the North, though the state-organizations of the last two states were in the hands of traitors, who did all they could to carry those states over to the Southern Confederacy. In the face of great danger, and a system of terrorism, Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee remain loyal. There is, in fact, a tract of hill and mountain, lying medially between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and stretching through the Southern states, from the Ohio southwards into Northern Georgia and Northern Alabama, inhabited by a hardy, independent race of men, the great bulk of whom are loyal, and will welcome the Government troops as deliverers. This highland tract, when fully occupied, will be like a wedge, splitting the confederates in two. In this connexion it is not to be overlooked that, while at the North the capitalists freely lend to the Government all the money it asks, at the South there is evident reluctance to lend the Confederate Government anything; and that, while the men of the free states rush to enrol themselves for the war in numbers beyond the wants of the Government, there is clear evidence that much coercion is used to man the southern army. Let the United States' Government disperse the rebel army, arrest the original conspirators, and retake its forts, and the masses will, in my opinion, for the most part gladly declare their allegiance to this Government, which will be immensely strengthened by the dangers it will have overcome.

I have not yet touched upon one subject which has held a conspicuous place in the controversy—that is, the treatment of fugitive slaves. The framers of the constitution intended it to be a charter of freedom. They looked forward to the time when slavery would not exist. But it did in fact exist at that time in many states. If there should be no provision respecting it, a slave escaping from any state would, pursuant to the case of Somersett, by that act become free. This would have led the slave states to encircle their borders by cordons of armed men. To prevent

this extremely dangerous necessity, and yet impose on citizens of the free states no duty to promote or uphold slavery, was the problem to be solved. They attempted the solution by ordaining that "No person, held to service or labour in "one state, under the laws thereof, "escaping into another, shall, in conse- "quence of any law or regulation "therein, be discharged from such ser- "vice or labour, but shall be delivered "up, on claim of the party to whom "such service or labour may be due." It will be seen that the provision relates only to persons *escaping*. All other cases are left to be dealt with as at common law.

The right thus secured by the constitution slaveholders are clearly entitled to the benefit of; but they are bound to consider that, when so precious a natural right as that of freedom is withheld from a man, he will try to escape from his bonds, and that the instinctive prayer of all whose emotions are not stifled by personal or class interests must be, "God speed the fugitive!" Southern men cannot always so far keep down human sympathy as to wish success to the pursuer, and it would be monstrous in them to expect the manifestations of such sympathy to be utterly suppressed at the North; yet they have magnified such manifestations into proof that the North was regardless of the constitutional rights of Southern men.

Now, first, as to the facts in respect to escaping slaves. Certainly not one slave yearly in three thousand—I think not more than one in five thousand—escapes from slavery. Of these a very large number never reach the North. Some flee to the swamps, some to the hills and forests; some are forced or coaxed away by slave-thieves. The number that escape to the North from the states which started the rebellion is so small as to render complaint mere cavil. Take, for example, South Carolina, the hatching-place of this rebellion. In order to get from it to a free state by land, the fugitive would have to make his way through two, at least, of the other slave states. In order to escape by water, he would have to make his way to a port, get on board a vessel stealthily, stow himself away in some hidden place, run imminent risk of detection after finding a hiding-place, with the certainty of being given up and punished if discovered.

Then, again, the United States' Congress has enacted very stringent measures for the restoration of fugitive slaves to their owners. There is no law on the statute-book more ingeniously elaborated in its provisions for insuring the accomplishment of its purpose, and not one which has been more stringently and uniformly enforced. Much has been said of the so-called liberty laws of several of the free states; but these laws were simply intended to prevent state officials and state houses of detention from being made subservient to slave-catching, and to insure free men from capture under the false pretence that they were slaves. At any rate, these laws have not prevented the rendition of a single fugitive slave.

In bringing this subject to a close, let me add, that to me one of the most impressive phases of this matter is the retributive nature of the troubles and sufferings we are undergoing. The institution of slavery has fostered and established in Southern men a proud, imperious, disdainful, and arrogant temper. It has led them to scorn labour, to be bitter of speech, apt at insults, ready with the murderous blow. It has led them to greatly overrate their own importance, courage, and prowess, and to underrate the bravery, skill, determination, and resources of the men of the North. On the other hand, the Northern men have yielded in an unmanly way to the unjust assumptions of Southern men—have been led, by undue regard for peace, pelf, or place, to shut their eyes to the humiliations to which the South was continually subjecting them. All are now paying the accumulated penalties of their misconduct.

Such are the views I entertain of this rebellion, its origin, merits, probable course, and end. Seeing how influential

you and your friends may be in moulding England's opinion, and influencing England's action, I desire that you should be well informed on the subject, and that it may be clear to you and them, that on the side of the Government of the United States all who love justice and liberty, and hate fraud, treachery, and rapine, ought to array themselves, and that England's neutrality of action should be accompanied with a clear manifestation that her sympathies and good wishes are with us in this time of our great tribulation. You may rest assured that the Government will now persevere to the end, and that the end will be the suppression of the rebellion. The result will be the same whether England bid us good cheer or not; but, if she gives us cheering words, and especially if she be to our faults and shortcomings a little kind and tender, it will be very pleasant to us and will not be forgotten by us when the hour of trial comes to her as it comes to all. All the effects of the success of the Government I shall not attempt to foretell; but I think it may be safely said, that slavery would never be allowed to extend beyond its present boundaries—that the government would be administered in the love of freedom—that the slave trade would be suppressed—and that all attempts to despoil other states of their territory would be discountenanced and promptly put down.

NATURAL SCIENCE IN SCHOOLS AND IN GENERAL EDUCATION.

BY J. M. W.

So much attention has been paid of late years to the improvement of middle-class education, that it seems to be tacitly assumed that the upper education of the country requires but little to perfect it. In fact, however, there have been introduced considerable changes in the last thirty years, and signs are not wanting to show that the permanent state is far from being arrived at. The study of natural science in schools, taken in connexion with certain features of middle-class education on the one hand, and the encouragement and progress of science at Oxford on the other, seems worthy of attention at the present time, in order that it may be distinctly understood what are the objects of the study, and the hopes of those who are engaged in teaching it, and the grounds on which they defend the introduction into schools of one more branch of study.

Now, it would be very easy to compose a panegyric on the study of natural science; but the real point at issue is not whether natural science is worth studying, but worth studying at school; not whether its results are valuable, but whether the study is valuable as a mental gymnastic, as a part not of professional, but of liberal education. Further, the point at issue concerns not its absolute, but its relative, value—whether or not natural science should be taught in the place of something else. There is but a limited number of hours in the day, and in schoolboys there is an insuperable passive resistance to more work than a certain assignable amount.

If the object of all education be to strengthen the mind, to fit it for sound reasoning and wise action, and to make the analysis of thought possible, the study of language will necessarily take precedence of all other, for it is the foundation of all logic; and, when taught scientifically, and by men of refined education, it will include the elements of the first part of logic, grammar, history, philosophy, and criticism. Not one word in the following pages will be spoken against the study of classics.

The elements of the next part of logic are taught in mathematics. Exercises in the simple syllogism, in the contemplation of necessary truths, and perfect inferences, are combined with the necessity of attention to the steps of a demon-

stration ; soon, also, judgment and skill, and habits of abstraction, of expressing statements of facts in symbolical language, are called into play; and, finally, the great increase of power given by symbolical reasoning, and all the generality of the fact of its possibility, dawn on the mind. The main value, however, of mathematics at school is the perpetual exercise in attention and accuracy. Not one word in the following pages will be spoken against the study of mathematics.

The first two parts of logic are *words* and *simple reasoning;* and the training in classics and mathematics have these for their main object. I say the main object, because classics, when well taught by men of logical habits of mind, perpetually furnish processes of the third part of logic, *induction.* But these processes are not easily recognised as such by boys, and very rarely pointed out by masters, and from other reasons are not so valuable as would at first sight appear, as examples of inductive reasoning. What I shall endeavour to establish in behalf of natural science is, that it takes this place which is practically unoccupied, and that, in so doing, it gives more than anything else the power of forming correct judgments, and brings with it certain other very practical advantages.

Firstly, then, the study of natural science furnishes boys with *easy examples of reasoning* of all kinds. Granted that the two studies previously mentioned have given some notion of the value, resources, application, and delicacy of language, and of the power of the simple syllogism, the possibility and range of consecutive argument, some field for the application of these results is wanted—some subject on which the improved faculties may exercise themselves in the same manner as they must in the problems of real life; in which, too, inaccuracy can be immediately exposed by an appeal to experiment. How much more certain and convincing, and therefore more easily wielded, would be the laws of induction when instances of the laws of experimental inquiry, and generalization from experience, whether true or false, rise spontaneously in the memory to illustrate the weight of the evidence of any general assertion. Many a man has felt, when the logic of induction seemed most uncertain, that a happy instance from some science has been able to clear his horizon again. Here are examples, necessarily occurring at every step, of processes in reasoning, of induction and deduction, of varying experiments, of searching after unambiguous results, of eliminating extraneous phenomena, of interrogating nature ; processes of all degrees of complexity, leading one to another ; processes practically felt at the time as examples of reasoning. I do not mean that boys, who are watching a set of experiments on radiation of heat, are conscious that they are interrogating nature ; but that the proof of the simple laws of radiation does become logically conclusive to their minds by steps which they are with more or less of clearness able to describe and arrange. I am speaking of the average of boys. Some do this with considerable readiness ; with others, wandering, wool-gathering thoughts, and imperfect powers of concentration, prevent any impression being made at all. The experiments will then appear as "all sorts of curious dodges about heat." But the number of such auditors ought not to be many ; when there are, I will willingly admit that it is the teacher's fault. He has overestimated the powers of his class.

Secondly, as I am writing a very practical account of this matter, I shall not omit to mention that nothing furnishes a better scope for *accurate description.* The object of essay-writing at school is, perhaps, ultimately to make boys think ; before they can think, they must have a ready use of the instrument of expression. That difficulty is immediate and overpowering ; and the vague sense of want of something to say is the more difficult to overcome, because, when ideas do suggest themselves, the mode of expressing them does not simultaneously suggest itself too. Hence the two difficulties should be at first entirely separated, as they are in translation from classics ; and then that style of composition which involves the greater

difficulty in the least possible degree should be studied. Boys have so little notion how to describe anything, that essay-writing must be taught; and very difficult it is to teach. Essays by boys on commonplaces are generally very commonplace indeed, and very difficult for them. Descriptions of every-day things are tenfold more difficult, because they are every-day, and boys see nothing in them to describe; and weekly essays on historical subjects are, with few exceptions, meagre compilations, in which the thought cannot be, and the language rarely is, original. But to describe an experiment—a phenomenon certainly striking, and which, therefore, appears the more clearly to admit of a description, after the first notion of what a description is is attained—is at once easier, and admits of all degrees of excellence, and certainly can be (for it is) well done by boys who will not write on truth, the holidays, or Cincinnatus. But, besides being a description, and admitting of all degrees of picturesqueness and felicity in language and arrangement, such an account calls for attention at the time, and an orderly memory afterwards; and, what is more important, it must be *accurate*. Any vagueness in description is instantly perceived and felt. In fact, nothing will furnish such varied and such fit subjects for description, and therefore nothing will afford a better training for boys in the ready and accurate use of language, than the note-book in a class of experimental philosophy.

Thirdly, the perpetual reference to the grounds of belief, the contemplation of the individual phenomena on which the beliefs immediately depend, gives a caution in examining evidence, a suspicion of hasty generalization, and a constant recurrence to facts in all kinds of practical investigation. It teaches a most important lesson: that "facts are awkward things to drive—one man to many of 'em, werry." *It necessitates suspension of judgment, and being content with uniformities of a low order.* No other branch of education furnishes a parallel to this; yet it is a habit of mind which is at once valuable and rare.

The disposition to rapid generalization from imperfect data is, perhaps, the surest mark of an uneducated man; yet nothing whatever is done to counteract it. Mathematics here are, I believe, positively prejudicial, if taken alone. It is no less a man than Pascal who says that it is rarely that mathematicians are observant; and the impatience of mathematicians, when brought into contact with multitudes of disorderly facts, is almost proverbial, and fully accounts for the little confidence generally placed in their judgment. It is not necessary, however, to praise science at the expense of mathematics, or to extol Penelope by depreciating her maids. They cannot be separated without an injury to both. A subject, however, which, like chemistry, checks this disposition by ever-recurring disappointing exceptions, furnishes precisely that kind of exercise in submitting to the supremacy of facts as greater than theories, and yet viewing all collections of facts, whether in natural or social science, as the basis of uniformities and theories successively to be established, which is vastly wanted at the present time. Of what great value would be a wide-spread conviction that the facts and statistics of every-day life are some day to be grouped into a social science!

But, again, the perpetual observation of facts visible to the eye, the continual exercise in classifying and arranging those facts according to observed and inferred uniformities, and reasoning on them, is the most valuable part of a scientific education, because it furnishes at the same time the simplest and the most comprehensive examples of *method*. Nor can this be taught by anything else. The analysis of books is valuable, but not a tenth part so valuable as the analysis of observations. Natural history is an admirable study for encouraging the art of seeing; but it furnishes only observation without experiment, and classification without induction. We want some subject of which the results are not familiar to everybody. No one for instance could now rediscover the principal facts in astronomy. We accept them as self-

evident. We cannot place ourselves in Kepler's point of view, and grope our way to the orbit of Mars from observation. Newton has placed the whole civilized world in a point of view from which there is no descending. To bygones in science, as in everything else, there is no return. In this point it will be seen that science furnishes an admirable corrective and complement to mathematics.

Again, it serves to provide models of the most valuable kinds of *reasoning on a more extended scale.* The process by which those uniformities which are called laws of nature are established, is at the same time one of the most valuable exercises in reasoning, and one of the most admirable examples of the art of observation. The divesting an experiment of its particular, and, so to speak, accidental circumstances, and, from a comparison between different experiments, arriving at a uniformity which shall include them all, can be made an excellent gymnastic of what may be called, perhaps, the intuitive imagination. The process is in itself identical with that which a skilful classical teacher performs, whether in pointing out the significance of a peculiar form of expression, or order of words, or in analysing sentences into their normal forms. But it is very difficult to get boys so to think about ἄν and the optative, that they shall arrive by reflection at the laws of such matters (which I think I once for a few hours at school understood to depend on such an abstraction as "the whereabouts of the subjectivity"). Nothing is more difficult than to teach anything philosophically. Most classical teachers, happily not all, address themselves to correcting blunders, fending up gaps, and strengthening weak points. This will not do in science: the difficulty must be faced here, and it is well that the difficulty should be faced somewhere. To accept rules for ὅπως and ὅπως ἄν—to accept theories in science as true at the word of the master—is as easy as it is worthless to the boy: and it is this unquestioning, unhesitating belief, and transference to the note-book of generalizations in which the successive steps are wholly misunderstood, that it is so difficult to prevent. To a mathematician the difficulty is tenfold increased. Accustomed to the rapidity and certainty of mathematical inference, armed with the power of abstracting from the point at issue all extraneous circumstances, it is vastly difficult for him to allow for the well-founded incredulity of boys as to the soundness of a proof which appears to him to be perfectly conclusive. I am sure that the truth of this will be felt by any one who has watched a class of boys before the table of an experimenter. While he sees steam delivering up its latent heat, and is explaining how this is made sensible, can be produced, and measured, and is intent on measuring it, they see a lamp burning, water boiling, an oddly bent glass tube, with something bubbling at one end into water, and the thermometer rising, and, I dare say, twenty things besides. The extreme unwillingness of boys to think at all is greatly increased when the process of thought requires several steps before the conclusion is reached, and can only be overcome by breaking up the investigations at first into their simplest elements, and leading them on to put the parts together again. The very difficulty of the operation, when one considers that all matters that need judgment and reflection require it, is some argument for its value.

But it is very possible for explanations to be pressed too far; for an explanation is nothing more than the resolution of a complex phenomenon into simpler uniformities previously known; and, until a sufficient number of instances has been given, or phenomena exhibited, which admit of being included in certain uniformities, all such explanations are merely *obscurum per obscurius.*. The necessity of a generalization from two or three instances, which the experimenter himself views as typical of a whole class of instances, is not felt by boys, who note the differences more readily than the points of agreement between the circumstances of

a set of experiments. The fact is that, though the steady contemplation of chemical phenomena, or experiments in other branches of natural science, will furnish a man who is used to reflection and reasoning with the clearest evidence of the scientific explanations—*i.e.* the uniformities involved in these experiments —yet the conclusion is one of a high order of reasoning, and a process is gone through which cannot, without careful training, be performed by any two persons, men or boys, alike.

Nearly every word of this is as applicable to classical as to scientific training. Only, in teaching classics, the method is far more complicated, and is too often sacrificed in impatience to produce immediate results.

But nothing can be more valuable than the gradual dawn of the *certainty of inductive proof;* and this can be attained in no way that I know of, except by the study of the physical sciences. A few well-selected examples, such as the theories of combustion, dew, equivalent weights, the barometer, &c., well worked out, and categorically arranged, will do more to introduce logical order and logical conceptions into the mind of a boy than all his previous training, provided that he has before him, or knows by experience, the facts on which they are founded.

When the conviction of one or two comprehensive generalizations is attained, it is as if a new faculty were created in the mind: whole tribes of phenomena cease to present themselves as tangled masses of varied circumstances, but as examples of certain uniformities variously modified by acting in concert. The process is more and more rapid as the new faculty grows stronger and clearer-sighted, and the simpler uniformities combine into more general ones—the laws of nature as at present arrived at. Last process of all, these laws themselves are seen to require generalizations of a still higher order, to be made by philosophers still unborn!

The value of these convictions, thus soundly, and as it were experimentally, established, is felt immediately in all departments of thought. The necessity of principles leads the student to look on classics as the systematic study of our instrument of language and thought, and to examine the laws of language with an exactness of aim before unknown. Algebra, pure mathematics, will, ere long, though by no means at once, be seen to be the study of symbolical language, according to necessary rules of operation, but with interpretations varied according to the "science of suggestion" on which it may happen to be founded—whether arithmetic or geometry, or mechanics, or any other science in the world. The philosophic study of history is rendered more intelligible. The maze of facts comprehended in such sciences as natural history, meteorology, physiology, &c., is contemplated in an entirely different light. The conviction that, where causation is manifest, there it is absolutely certain that laws of causation exist, extends to all collections of connected phenomena. The tangled web of social science offers facts from which it is perfectly certain that the laws of social statics and dynamics can be ultimately arrived at. Political theories, and political economy, will be seen from the same point of view. The moral sciences and metaphysics, the mysterious relations of mind and matter, stand as the goal to which, as knowledge grows, and as scientific methods become more complete, the range of induction may some day reach. This may be summed up by saying that the study of physical science gives philosophical method and modes of thought.

Finally, he will regard all these inductions as the humble attempts of a creature infinitely small, yet endowed with godlike reason, to comprehend and follow the laws of action of the Creator. The establishment, and, still more, the probability of the establishment of general laws, is often painful to wise and excellent men. Those who are excellent without being wise kick at all attempts to establish such laws, and look on scientific men as dangerous. And dangerous, in current phraseology, they will be held, till the knowledge of natural

science is more widely extended than it is at present. Religion has always feared science since the days of Leonardo da Vinci and Galileo; but the sublime conceptions of geology will furnish, no less surely than those of astronomy have furnished, some of the noblest illustrations, in the hands of the Christian man of science. Religion has nothing to fear, but everything to gain, from an extension of physical science; and, even if Darwin's theories, in the utmost generality which his opponents have dreamt of, be some day established, not one jot or one tittle of real religion will pass away. The alarm is natural; but, to judge aright, read the history of science, and see whether the highest laws yet discovered by Newton or Dalton, Franklin or Faraday, Cuvier or Lyell, are incompatible with the most simple and childlike, as well as the most manly and rational, belief. Comte's positive philosophy is right, so far as it is positive: when it becomes negative, it is wrong.

It would be very easy to say more in behalf of the study, on grounds which will occur to every one, or at least to every reader of Herschel's Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy. But I have not attempted to mention even the main heads of the arguments such an essay would contain. What I have endeavoured to do has been to show its place in the general scheme of higher education, its position relative to the other branches of it, and to the subsequent growth of the speculative faculty. These three studies—classics, mathematics, and science—form the basis of a scheme of intellectual education at least theoretically complete, and on which there seems some prospect that the higher education will one day be modelled.

It may, however, put the relative position of these essential branches of a complete education in a new and suggestive light, to examine how they arrange themselves under another division of the subject. It seems to throw some light on various questions that have been recently agitated, both with reference to schools and universities, and to non-gremial and Government examinations, to divide educational influences into the two heads of statical and dynamical—those, namely, which bear on the formation of a well-balanced quiescent character; and those which invigorate, stimulate, and supply the principles of influence and authority. This division will extend to moral as well as to other influences. Dr. Arnold was dynamical, Dr. Vaughan statical; Oxford is dynamical, Cambridge statical. This is not the same thing as saying that the one is a lover of the new, the other of the old; nor is it the same thing as can be expressed in any other way, for it is an expression of a fundamental difference in the results in terms of the mode of operation of the causes. Among subjects taught, classics, as usually taught, and mathematics necessarily, are statical; history, political economy, divinity, are clearly dynamical, as giving (if they give anything) principles which must find their vent and scope in action; science is intermediate, its results being mainly statical, whereas its methods are highly dynamical—both by impelling to research and knowledge and action, and by furnishing the most potent instruments for all three.

We must now pass on to a point of infinitely more difficulty, and which cannot be shirked. A question is here touched on which demands fuller explanation, or should have been passed over in silence. It is the relation of natural science to the questions now agitating the world. Is there any significance in the fact of its unparalleled extension in the last thirty years? Is there any relation between the establishment of a school of Natural Science at Oxford, and any other characteristics of that university? What mean the countless text-books on science? Is it anything more than the mere thirst for knowledge?

The answer to such questions is inevitable. It would require an essay in itself to develop the very close connexion between the spread, not so much of the knowledge of physical facts, but of the spirit of scientific method, and the

change in the point of view from which theological questions are now handled. Theological dogmatism has become impossible. There can be no comparison whatever between the state of mind of those who are called men of education now and three hundred years ago. The fundamental conception of law is so deeply impressed on our generation, that it has become the pervading idea of our politics, our science, and our religion; of our relations to man, to nature, and to God. The central spring from which this has sprung—or, if we must look deeper for that, at least the earliest, widest, surest, and most sublime manifestation of it—has been physical science. Let no man hope to have influence in turning or guiding the current of thought who does not recognise this fact. Be it right or wrong, painful or not painful, let us look at the stream of thought for one moment, and ask whither we are drifting. Is there a widening gulf between men of science and men of religion? between the highest thinking and the highest feeling? Whatever we are forced to admit on contemplating the frightful doubts, the hideous uncertainty which vexes so many of our best and ablest men, one thing is certain. The development of the idea of law has been gradual, progressive, all-absorbing; the subjects it has once touched it has never relinquished; it advances, but never recedes. Where will it stop? The agonized mind views its unrelenting inhuman advance, and begins to count the moments ere itself is crushed beneath it. Some deny the facts, others hail the consequences; but more men cast glances of doubt on one another, and hold their lives, their beliefs, in their hand. What are such men to do? To tamper with the certainty of their intellectual convictions? Impossible! So far the Positivists.

Let us look at the other side, and the prospect will not, perhaps, be so gloomy. The idea of law is evolved from necessary sequences, which we call causation: if an entirely erratic condition is involved, there can be no law; and, so far as any condition is erratic—that is, self-moving and uncontrolled—so far are all phenomena in which it plays a part incapable of being reduced to laws. And the human mind and will is erratic. It may be proved by metaphysicians, or Positivists, that it may not be, ought not to be, cannot be, erratic; but we each become Cartesians instinctively, and need no external proof of independence of will. Here, then, is the barrier beyond which law can never come. It can never affect individual consciousness of freedom of will, of duty, of right and wrong in reference to man and self, of right and sin in reference to God.

Here are the two piers on which the bridge must be built to overreach the horrid chasm. Both are absolutely secure—the one on the surest foundation of reason; the other on the eternal fact of man's heart and conscience, and consciousness of spiritual guidance and support. Temporarily, the bridge has been "honey-combed with unbelief;" let us protect and strengthen the piers—both the piers—lest one of *them* be carried away, assured that some day there will be erected on them an edifice which shall more than compensate for the one now crumbling, and being whirled in bitter triumph away.

FROM LONDON TO BALLACHULISH AND BACK.

"Let us have a few days in the Highlands," we said; "they will do us more good than a trip to Paris." So we changed our plan, my companion and I; Monday, the 2d of September, saw us buying knapsacks at Charing-Cross; and on the evening of that day we were in our places in the third-class carriage at Euston Square, booked for Glasgow. Is there any man who would give 5*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* to go first-class, or 4*l.* 2*s.* to go second, when he may have a third-class return-ticket, good for a month, for 2*l.* 2*s.*? There may be such fools, but such were not we.

A night-journey in a third-class carriage is not altogether uninteresting. You can't, of course, look out much. The gleaming succession of indistinct fields, broken by black embankments and hedges as they whirr past, soon fatigues you; and you turn contentedly inwards. Railway economy does not afford much light even here to third-class passengers. One lamp in the middle of the roof of a long carriage of four compartments is not enough to read by; it hardly serves to let you see clearly who are in the carriage. So, after watching for a time the exchanging that goes on of hats for caps or wide-awakes, the adjustings of cloaks and rugs for softer seats or for the chances of a snooze, the openings and shuttings of the windows according to the various demands for air—compromised at last into keeping them shut all the way, save at stopping-stations, or when some incorrigible smoker will lean out into the infinite to enjoy his pipe in peace—you contract your regards to yourself and your companion, and settle down as you best may. The noise makes talk difficult; and, save by way of due recognition of each other at intervals, you give it up. Then begins the real power of railway-travelling at night. You are left to yourself, and it depends on what kind of "self" you have how you get on. By the mingled jostling and silence it seems as if some deep under-memory, in which each one of us keeps locked up all the recollections of our past lives, were loosened and shaken, so that recollection after recollection floats up detached from the concealed accumulation beneath, bringing with it visions of things long forgotten. Faces of other years flit past; the grave yields back its dead; pieces of solitary road, along which you walked long ago, thinking of nothing that you can remember, are seen again with a startling distinctness, for which you cannot account; your feet are again on stairs they used to haunt of old; you stand again in rooms warm with the winter's light and fire of particular evenings long gone, hearing once more familiar voices. Mayhap, little histories of early love are rehearsed, and some fair image, young as ever, becomes luminous, in a violet halo, before the half-shut eyes. Well for those whose recollections, as they are thus jostled up, bring not more of what is dark and dismal! Could the recollections of all the persons, twenty-four, or so, in number, who are thus being whisked together through the night in the same wooden box over the fields and past the sleeping villages of mid-England, be but mixed and made common, what revelations there might be of mutual horror! Ere now, so must have travelled, huddled up in his corner, the undiscovered murderer. As such fancies come, you peer into the farthest corner of the carriage, to make out, in the object huddled up there, the awful man of the present journey. It is but an innocent young Cockney, fast asleep! Gradually, your reminiscences passing into dreams, you doze too, a few minutes at a time. And so, what with such occupations, what with gettings out now and then to stamp the feet on the platforms of unknown stations, the hours pass till it begins to be daylight. It was so with us before we reached Penrith; from which place northwards, with the advantage of the light, we had more to

see both within and without the carriage. The feeling of proximity to Scotland, after we had passed Carlisle, seemed to have an exhilarating effect on all of us; and, when we crossed the little stream of the Sark, which slightly divides the two countries, and it was announced that we were actually in Scotland, there was quite a rustle of interest. Thence, onward through hilly Dumfriesshire, our course was pretty lively. To Dumfriesshire succeeded Lanarkshire; in time we were at the Carstairs Junction, where the carriages for Edinburgh and those for Glasgow part company; and by half-past ten we were at the Glasgow terminus.

Our intention had been to get some way into the Highlands that same day. We had in fact set down Lochgoilhead, in Argyleshire, as our first resting-place, meaning from that to walk our way to about the extreme north of Argyleshire, —we cared not exactly by what route, so that it involved Glencoe. But "the best-laid schemes," &c.; and *our* scheme was opposed at the outset by an unexpected obstacle—the Channel Fleet. This great national institution, it seems, has recently been under orders to sail about and exhibit itself at various parts of our coasts. It had just arrived in the Firth of Clyde; and the whole population on both sides of the Firth, from Glasgow downwards, were agog about it. Accordingly, when, after breakfasting, we stepped down to Broomielaw Quay to take the afternoon boat for Lochgoilhead, we found that the boat was off its usual beat that day, and was away conveying a load of Glasgowegians down the river to see the fleet. Our conclusion was to get on board the Arran boat, and go down the river too, as far as Gourock, where the morning boat for Lochgoilhead would be convenient enough.

What a blessed people the Glasgow people are, with such a river and firth at their command! To be able, in an hour or two, and at the expense of a shilling or two, to leave the city behind and be set down on some lovely bit of half-Highland coast, or on some romantic island, or at the mouth of some Highland glen miles up one of the mountain-girt salt-water lochs which open from the Firth—what the Londoners would give, if they could get all this, with no commercial deduction, out of their Thames! The Glasgow people are fully aware of their advantages. "Down the water" is a universal custom among them in summer time. There may be an evening's excursion, or a whole day's excursion, for those who *must* reside in Glasgow; and all along the Firth are the villas of merchants and manufacturers, where their families are quartered several months of the year, while Paterfamilias runs up and down as business requires. Ninety per cent. of the wooing of young Glasgow takes place, and ninety per cent. of the matches are made up, "down the water." Indeed, now that travelling is so easy, a large proportion of the Edinburgh people, and of the east-coast people generally, take their annual holiday, as a matter of course, somewhere down the Clyde.

Our boat, steaming past Dumbarton Rock, and then, in due time, through the middle of the Channel Fleet, opposite Greenock, gave us a capital view of the ships, the rigging of many of which was covered with Jack's shirts and hammocks. All day, we were told, the ships had been receiving visitors in shoals. There was to be a grand ball in the evening at Greenock in honour of the fleet, at which all the officers were to be present; and what flirting there would be between Jack and fair Jemima Watt ere the fleet left the famous port, no one could tell.

Leaving the attractions of the ball behind us, we spent the night at Gourock, two miles below Greenock. What little was to be seen or done in this village, or its pretty straggling continuation of villas on green heights, called Ashton, we saw and did before going to bed. One thing greatly perplexed us about Gourock. We had heard of it as a bathing-place; its very look solicited bathing; we were told that bathing went on in it; but there was no sign of bathing-machine or bathing-box; no spot

of the beach for a mile or two but was under the direct inspection of villa-windows or house-windows; and how one could bathe in these circumstances, and yet avoid the "prosecution according to law" with which frequent boards threatened any too obvious bathing, was a problem we could not solve. My belief is that they do bathe at Gourock, but that it is done solemnly, to slow music, at the dead of night.

Early in the forenoon of Wednesday, September 4th, we were away from Gourock pier, where we had been watching boys fishing, and were steaming across the Firth to the mouth of Loch Long, seen in a rainy haze opposite. This noble loch, which runs northwards about twenty-two miles, separating the Argyleshire from the Dumbartonshire Highlands, is ascended by two sets of steamers—the one going the whole length of the loch as far as Arrochar, whence the walk is short to Loch Lomond; the other leaving the loch at about half its length up, and taking to Loch Goil, which is a smaller loch, about six miles in extent, branching more westward into Argyleshire. Ours was the Loch Goil boat; and so, after ascending part of Loch Long, enjoying the sight of its slopes and heathy steeps on either side, and touching here and there at the prettiest little piers and watering-places, we turned into our steamer's own peculiar loch,—the loch of Campbell's ballad:—

> "'Now who be ye would cross Loch Goil,
> This dark and stormy water?'
> 'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
> And this Lord Ullin's daughter.'"

The loch is about a mile broad. On our right were the rugged skirts and shoulders of the grand mass of fissured mountains to which some grim stroke of poetic jest in old times has given the name of Argyle's Bowling Green; on our left were the steeps of Knap Hill, and the stern heights of Benular. Midway up this water-gap of wild scenery, on a rock jutting into the loch on its left side, was the ruin of Carrick Castle, as old at least as the fifteenth century; near which spot, according to legend, the hero and heroine of Campbell's ballad, fleeing from the angry father, embarked in the fatal ferry. Ere we knew, however, we were at the end of the loch—released from the steamer at the little village of Lochgoilhead, and left to our own devices.

Hell's Glen—do not start, reader!—lay before us. A coach, waiting for the steamer, takes passengers through this glen; but, though we had heard of the fame of John Campbell, the driver of this coach, and had been told it would be worth while to get beside him and hear some of his stories, we set out on foot. We had come to do a bit of walking, and, though we had misgivings as to the weather, would not knock in at once. This matter of the weather was our only care during the trip. Though there had been astonishingly fine weather for a long time in England, though we had left the grass about London actually brown for want of rain, the report in the parts where we now were was that there had been nothing but rain, rain, incessant rain, in the whole west of Scotland for eight weeks, and that no other such season of continuous wet was remembered. Hearing this, and having indeed had rain, or the threatening of rain, with us from Glasgow to where we now were, we entered Hell's Glen rather dubiously. Scarcely had we done so, and John Campbell's coach had passed us, when the rain came, with a good blow of wind to boot, and we were fain to put on our waterproof leggings. These, with our over-coats, served us very well; and, though we had rain at intervals all the way, our Hell's Glen walk was cheery enough. "Deep, rugged, and gloomy," is the character given of the glen; and so we found it, though hardly in the degree which the name had led us to expect—perhaps, because the road does not keep to the bottom of the glen, but winds by steep ascent through it the whole way for about four miles. But the heights, the clefts, the big masses of stone, and the rushing of streams, white and narrow in their feeders down the hill-sides, but brown as they tumbled in their rocky

channels below,—all these, under the dull, wet sky, furnished, to eyes accustomed for some months only to English flats or hills like that of Primrose, a tolerably weird-like spectacle. There was, at least, solitude in abundance. In the whole glen we encountered but two human beings. One was a Gaelic veteran, ditching in the wet by the road-side, near its entrance—to whom a glass of whisky from our flask came like a celestial surprise, and who will think of us for ever as the two angels of Hell's Glen in waterproof leggings. The other, whom we overtook about half-way through the glen, was a poor woman from Glasgow, trudging along very fast, in the same direction as ourselves, barefoot, and meanly clad, though with a bonnet, and coloured artificial flowers in it, over which she kept a small bit of checked shawl to save it from the rain. One easily knows a Lowlander from a Highlander on the road in these parts, if only from the greater rapidity with which the Lowlander answers a question, put in English. But we had the poor woman's story from herself. Her husband was a Glasgow tailor; a very quiet man, she said, except when—the usual Caledonian exception! He had been out of work for some time, and, the Saturday before, he and some of his comrades had gone down the water in an excursion-boat to Lochgoilhead. Here there had been drink, a row, and fighting; her husband, struck by another first, also a tailor, had knocked him down, with a cut on the head; the police had been called in; and, while the others, including the wounded man, had got back to Glasgow, her husband, resisting the police, had been kept in custody. Only on Monday had she learnt this; she had written to the police at Lochgoilhead; but, receiving no answer, she had left her two children in Glasgow, and come down herself—in the same boat with us, it seemed—to see what could be done. At Lochgoilhead she had been told that her husband had been taken to Inverary jail; so she was now on her way, in her draggled condition, to Inverary, to see the Fiscal. Her ideas as to the course of justice were rather vague—amounting to this, that, as her husband had been sent for by his employers, and as he belonged to a society, "maybe the Fiscal wad tak' siller, and lat him oot." She trudged along with us, or a little ahead of us; and we eased her fears about missing the usual ferry to Inverary, which had been the cause of her walking so fast, by telling her she could go over in the boat with us.

Arrived at the head of Hell's Glen, we had the descent to St. Catherine's Ferry before us, and the expanse of Loch Fyne in view, with Inverary and its woods opposite. The redoubtable John Campbell, we found, was ferryman as well as coachman; and, in the sail of more than half-an-hour which we had across the loch from St. Catherine's to Inverary, tacking twice in what seemed a gulf of mist—John himself handling the rudder, and giving his orders about the sails in Gaelic to his assistant, while he talked with us in the most fluent English—we had an opportunity of judging of his colloquial powers. In appearance a handsome edition of Rob Roy, with light reddish hair and beard, and as strong-looking a head as one would see anywhere, John is no mere unsophisticated child of nature, like those Celtic pedlars and drovers from whom his namesake, Mr. Campbell of Islay, collected his Gaelic legends, but a shrewd, wide-awake, perfectly cultured and conscious rhetorician, who has passed through his hands streams of tourists for many summers past, taken the measure of that style of article, and whetted his wits upon it without much respect for it. We evidently ranked rather low in his esteem; but he condescended to us nevertheless. Among the topics that occurred as we were in the mist on the loch, with the wet brown sail flapping over us, was that of wealth and gentle blood. Though a Highlander, John took—for the nonce only, I believe, and to introduce one of his sayings—the Saxon view of the subject. "Are we not all descended," he said, holding the rudder, but in a cadence that would

have done as well on a London platform as in the mist of Loch Fyne, "from one man, who was turned out of his situation for an act of dishonesty"? We had other sayings and stories from him, more in local keeping, before we clambered from his boat on to the slippery pier at Inverary. Here, while our poor dripping companion from Glasgow set out to seek the Fiscal—in which quest our small acquaintance with the place did not enable us to assist her—we were taken possession of by a "boots," and walked off to the George Inn. Our first stipulation was for Loch Fyne herrings at dinner. In the rest of our journey we found all kinds of fish scarcer than we had anticipated; we saw no grouse or other game at any of the inns we stayed at; the most get-at-able food everywhere was small Highland mutton chops.

Inverary, of itself, and as it now is, would win the glance of interest from whatever eye, susceptible to natural beauty, should rest on it, or sweep the scene around. But, whoever would come with the full preparation of sentiment for this locality, let him be fresh from the reading of the *Legend of Montrose*. After all, how much of the power of natural scenes over our feelings depends on the richness of the associations with which History, or human genius inventing History, may have invested them! And, so long as Scotland lasts, shall she ever, by all the statues she can erect, express one tithe of the gratitude her very soil owes to Scott? Scarce any considerable part of her varied territory, Highland or Lowland, from the Border to the remote Orkneys, but, in some one of his works, he has consecrated it, enriched it, made it poetical, endowed it with an actual magnetism, compelling to it the feet of many from the rest of the earth, and the fancies of myriads more. What parts he did omit so to honour in the distribution of his fictions are by that everlastingly the poorer. It might have been even commercially worth the while of any of these towns or districts, now left undignified by one of Scott's creations, to have sent a deputation to him while living, and offered him a month's free quarters in the midst of them, with all expenses paid, and 10,000*l.* down, only for a waft of recognition in his next novel to repair the omission. Even to the ducal house of Argyle it has not been of no consequence that Scott has taken such large liberties with their name and kin in his novels, and has so used their wide and wild domain as footing for the incidents and characters of his fancy. Most notably of all, perhaps, it concerns them now that it entered into his head to send the famous Dugald Dalgetty, as Montrose's emissary, to the Castle of Inverary. "Embarked on the bosom of Loch Fyne," says Scott, describing that champion, and his steed Gustavus, approaching the castle in the galley, "Captain Dalgetty might have admired one "of the grandest scenes which nature "affords. He might have noticed the "rival rivers, Ary and Shira, which pay "tribute to the lake, each issuing from "its own dark and wooded retreat. He "might have marked, on the soft and "gentle slope that ascends from the "shores, the noble old Gothic Castle, "with its varied outline, embattled "walls, towers, and outer and inner "courts, which, so far as the picturesque "is concerned, presented an aspect much "more striking than the present massive "and uniform mansion. He might "have admired those dark woods which, "for many a mile, surrounded this strong "and princely dwelling, and his eye "might have dwelt on the picturesque "peak of Duniquoich, starting abruptly "from the lake, and raising its scathed "brow into the mists of middle sky; "while a solitary watch-tower, perched "on its top like an eagle's nest, gave "dignity to the scene by awakening "a sense of possible danger." This description is good yet, save that the old Gothic Castle—which Scott must have seen, for it was not taken down till 1810—has now disappeared, and the ducal residence is now that "massive and uniform mansion" of which he speaks by anticipation, and which was erected in 1745. Another change is, that the town of Inverary, which in Captain

Dalgetty's time stood directly in front of the old castle, between it and the loch—"a rude assemblage of huts," as Scott describes it, "with a very few stone mansions interspersed"—is now also gone (erased in 1745, say the guide-books, when the new castle was built), and that its successor, a neat little stone town of about 1,200 souls, stands a little way clear of the Duke's residence. But the moral change from Dugald Dalgetty's time was, to us, the most remarkable. When that valiant Ritt-master made his acquaintance with Inverary, the first object that struck him in the market-place before the frowning castle-gate, and which turned even his stout heart, was the gibbet with five dead bodies swinging from it—three of them Highland caterans, and two of them "Sassenach bits o' bodies that "wadna do something that M'Callum "More bade them;" and, when he got to the castle-gate itself, there stood the huge block, with the axe upon it, and the bloody sawdust round. Dugald himself, as the veritable history tells us, when he came into the presence of the great Gillespie Grumach, whose power and his stern administration of it these sights typified, found his safe-conduct of little use; and the first Inverary food he tasted was bread and water in the dark castle-dungeon into which he was unceremoniously tumbled. *Now*, though we, too, were invaders of the great M'Callum More's stronghold, and though one of us claimed some connexion with that very Marischal College of which Captain Dalgetty was the living son (alas! the famous college exists no longer, and the roll of the Dalgettys is closed), we strolled about with no such fears. The gibbet was gone; the block and the sawdust were gone; there was, we believe, no castle-dungeon; and all we had to remind us that Inverary was still a centre of justice for Argyleshire was the thought of the poor Glasgow tailor locked up in the jail near.

Seriously, the Argyle family, though they owe much to Scott, might have an action of damages against his executors, did the law allow such a thing, for that particular liberty with their family history which consists in his representation of the great Presbyterian Marquis, Gillespie Grumach. A novelist may do what he likes; and if, with something of antipathy to a celebrated man of the past, caused by his own political and historical prepossessions, he gets up a scene in which this personage slinks in disguise into a dungeon to extract information from his prisoners, and one of them recognises him, pins him to the ground, and half throttles him—the throttler being a Dugald Dalgetty, for whom the reader's sympathies have been so thoroughly secured beforehand that the throttling is a perfect treat to think of—why, History may toil for ever in vain to obliterate the impressions thus made by Fiction. In reality, however, Gillespie Grumach and his connexions with Scottish History form a theme which not the Argyle family alone might desire to see rescued from the possession of merely fictitious literature. So much of Scottish history is wrapped up in the lives and fortunes of the Argyles, more especially from the time of Gillespie Grumach through the two or three generations following, that one wonders why this family history remains to be compiled. So fully did we feel this as we strolled along the beach at Inverary, after a stiffish tumbler of toddy, that we were on the point of requesting an interview with the Duke, and explaining to him what might be the importance of the contents of his own charter-chests. Not being Americans, and not being quite sure but that there *might* be a dungeon in the castle, our courage failed us. Besides, the Duke was away in Mull.

If that which perplexed us about Gourock was the mode of bathing, that which perplexed us about Inverary was the relation in which society stood to the cows. As we passed a most respectable house in the main street, the door of which was nicely painted, and had a neat black knocker, the door was opened from the inside by a housemaid, and out issued—not a lady-visitor in crinoline, but a most pleasant-looking

cow. My explanation was the simple one that the "byre," or cow-house, was at the back of the premises, to which there was but one entry; but my more imaginative companion would not have it so. His theory was that there was a tea-party up-stairs, and that it was the Inverary custom for the cow in such cases to be sent for, that she might walk round the tea-table, and let each guest, the cup of hot tea and sugar in one hand, help himself or herself to the necessary addition with the other.

The next morning we were away from Inverary on our walk to our next station—Dalmally, sixteen miles north-east. Our walk was first through the grounds and woods which surround the Duke's mansion, and then still farther up the glen of the Ary, where, amid the bare moors and hills, its waters diminish in volume as its falls are passed and one after another of the tributary burns on which it depends. To hills, moors, and burns our eyes were now accustomed; but we had many an arresting variation of such scenery of brown wildness right and left. And then, when we came to the descent towards Cladich, and afterwards on the road beyond, there burst upon us, and continued with us, the famous beauty of the inland Loch Awe—the northern portion of which lay still and placid before us, its waters winding irregularly round the bases of the hills, and round the wooded spurs and promontories which the hills send forth to jag and narrow them, while here and there on their middle calmness arose a leafy islet. It was a scene, as the eye looked only downwards to the lake and its fringes, of peaceful loveliness, almost of witching softness; but, as the eye ranged and raised itself, what grandeur in the frame-work and far shutting-in! To the east, mountains, with breaks among them into the mysteries of distant glens; due north, on the other side of the lake, gathering itself up from its arms and offsets, and dwindling the lake into seeming smallness by comparison, the giant-mass of Ben Cruachan, twenty miles in girth round its base, so that all London could lie crushed beneath its pressure, and measuring 3,670 feet of direct height to its split tops! We could understand how the lovely Highland scene, so sheltered and shut in, had been the original cradle of the great Campbell family, in those old days of the Bruce when they were as yet but developing the bold and cautious acquisitiveness that was to make all Argyleshire and more their own; and how, returning from one of those excursions far and wide which their acquisitiveness prompted to the refuge of the little island of Innis-Chollen, where an ivy-mantled ruin still marks their primitive nest, and pursued thither by the howlings of half Scotland, they could exult in their ancient taunt, "'It is a far cry to Loch Awe.' But, pursuing our road along the Loch, with Ben Cruachan, like a Falstaff among the Scottish mountains, still filling our gaze as we looked left, we were now in expectation of another old memorial of the antiquity of the Campbells in those parts—the ruin of Kilchurn Castle, the ancient seat of their Breadalbane branch.

On the outlook for this, however, we came first on a much more modern affair—a monument, on one of the smaller hills in front of us, to the memory of the Gaelic poet, Duncan Ban Macintyre. This man, whose name will not be found in any of our Biographical Dictionaries, is the Burns of the Highlanders in those parts. He was born in 1724; and, save that, in the Rebellion of 1745, he served on the Government side, and fought at the battle of Falkirk, he seems to have lived all his life among his native hills. He was totally uninstructed; and his occupations were those of a shepherd or forester in the service, sometimes of the Breadalbane family, sometimes of that of Argyle. Of the songs which he composed, and which are said to linger in the memory of many in the wild region which his well-placed monument surveys, a small collection was published at Edinburgh, in 1804, while he was still alive, under the title of "*Orain Ghaidhealach*," or "Gaelic Poems." Why

does not some literary Celt give us a proper account of such men and of their remains? Nay, why do not the Highland lairds club together to do for the literature of the Gael that service of complete collection and publication (only let translation be added) which was done seventy years ago for the native literature of Wales by one patriotic Welshman, a furrier in Thames-street?

From such thoughts, suggested by Duncan Ban Macintyre's monument, we were recalled by the sight of that older monument in the search for which it had interrupted us—the ruin of Kilchurn Castle. Famous though we knew it to be "as the grandest of the many baronial ruins of the Western Highlands," it lay too far off the road, on the lip of the loch, for us to go up to it. We stood to have the best glimpse we could get of its square mass and towers—wafting towards it from that little distance something of the feeling with which Wordsworth beheld it:—

> "Shade of departed power,
> Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
> The chronicle were welcome that should call
> Into the compass of distinct regard
> The toils and struggles of thy infant years."

Though there had been no rain to speak of during the day, we had dawdled a good deal on the road, and we were not sorry when we reached Dalmally Inn. A most pleasant resting-place, as we found for ourselves by an experience of dinner, bed, and breakfast, a slow saunter round the house as far as slippers could carry us, and the soothing of a quiet evening cigar (oh! oh! it was pipes) on the wooden bench by the door! Sitting here, we were in view of a large parish church and churchyard, and of an opposite mass of scarred hill-side, which was mutely eloquent, while the sound of the swollen Orchy was ceaseless in our ears. If only one knew what they do with themselves in those wild regions in winter, one could be very happy, methinks, as the landlord of such an inn. In no condition could one better realize the state of mind of the old Scotch rhyme—

> "Happy the man that belongs to no party,
> But sits in his ain house and looks at Benarty."

As it is, and forgetting the white winter which wraps in those regions of glen and solitude, and withdraws them from the entire ken of the more peopled parts of the land, one may recommend Dalmally to the summer tourist who wants to have a quiet week in the Highlands in some one spot, or to any couple, all-happy in each other, who would be alone in the same place for a month, be comfortably lodged, and have moors and hills to sing their spousal. We gathered this, not from our own experience only, but from the encomiums on the inn and neighbourhood inscribed in the book which preserved the names of visitors of past summers and autumns, sunnier than the present had been. There were attestations of excellent fishing to be had in the Orchy, in Loch Awe, and in I know not what streams around; the walks to Kilchurn Castle and other spots were declared delightful; one practical fellow recommended the bitter beer; there was an entry, signed with the names too, which, if it did not vouch for a honeymoon of ecstasy spent there, was a sheer misuse of language. "Farewell, Dalmally, sweetest nook in the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," was the beginning of another burst of enthusiasm in a young lady's hand; and not a few had been moved to very bad verse. One saw, unexpectedly, autographs of friends, and of eminent persons one had never thought of in connexion with Dalmally. The most touching autograph was that of an officer—a Major, if I remember aright—who, while staying at this very inn, had received his summons to join his regiment immediately, for India during the mutiny. He stated the fact, added "God bless you all!" and signed his name.

Our Friday's walk was the longest we took, and not very long either—from Dalmally to King's House at the entrance to Glencoe, a distance of twenty-six miles. We were joined in it by a solid good-natured North-of-England man, whom we had encountered at

Inverary, who had followed us to Dalmally, and who took a fancy for us which was highly creditable to him. With few intervals, we had rain the whole way, often in heavy, piercing showers; and it was not long before we were wet about the shoulders round our knapsacks.

The first part of our way lay through Glenorchy for twelve or thirteen miles. The road here, close by the Orchy all the way, is rather a cross-road than a main one. It was intersected by burns from the hills to the right, running into the river; and, as these were somewhat in spate, we soon became reckless, plashed through them as they came, and experienced the truth of the maxim of pedestrians, that it is even a luxury to walk with thoroughly wet feet. The glen, a vast moor-like trough between two ranges of hills, with the Orchy flowing full and large through the midst of it, and often dashing over rocks and boulders, impressed us chiefly by its solitude. It was the most solitary tract we had yet seen, and we began to have fancies as to the outfit that might be necessary for a modern Timon, who, disgusted with the world, should choose to set up as a gentleman-hermit on one of its braes. We allowed him to have his hut built and sufficiently furnished beforehand; and we fancied him arriving in it alone one evening, setting down his hat in it, and resolved from that moment to cater absolutely for himself. What ought he to bring with him? "An axe," we said, "a fowling-piece and rifle, "powder and shot, fishing gear, a game "licence, and a box of lucifer-matches." We thought of allowing him only one lucifer-match to begin with; but, though we had visions of what might be done with peat and gunpowder, we recoiled before the responsibility of turning a fellow-creature adrift in such conditions, bearing between his fingers so slight a potentiality of fire. On the whole, we found how exceedingly incompetent we were for the problem; and we conceived a prodigious admiration for such men as Mr. Galton, who could furnish a gentleman-hermit, in half an hour, with an exact inventory of the things he ought to take with him, to live in Glenorchy independently. Ah! in the days when there were no lucifer-matches and no game-licences, wild men did live in Glenorchy, and smoke ascended from huts on its braes. Not a man of the name of Macgregor, it is said, is now to be found in the whole district; but Glenorchy, with its neighbouring glens, was the true region of the Macgregors from the thirteenth century onwards, when the clan was in its greatest strength. In the old churchyard at Dalmally—not the one now used—are sculptured tombs of the Macgregors; on the Gallow Hill of Glenorchy they hanged men in the days of their lordship; Kilchurn itself was one of their strongholds. But the time came when this clan, of all in the Highlands, became the proscribed and persecuted one; when it became the policy of the Scottish government to root them out, and the astute Campbells, representing that policy, walked systematically into their lands. So it continued age after age, till they were driven from their ancient seats, and dispersed, landless and nameless, some northwards as far as Rannoch, and others southwards to the vicinity of Loch Lomond, where their long feud with civilization died out in Rob Roy. Scott has given the song of the clan in their state of dispersion:—

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day:
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!
Glenorchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours,
We are landless, landless, landless, Gregalich!"

Leaving the glen, thus haunted at night by the ghosts of the old Macgregors, and getting into the main road at Orchy Bridge just as the four-horse coach southwards dashed past, we were soon at Inveroran Inn, some three or four miles on. Wet as we were, a rest of an hour at this little hostelry, with something to eat and the liberty of the

kitchen-fire, was not unwelcome; and, while the potatoes were being boiled, we had a sight, through the landlord's glass, of a large herd of deer on the brow of a far-off hill. What we chiefly carried away from Inveroran, however, was the image of the handsome Highland Hebe who had brought in the potatoes and otherwise attended to us, and a profound sense of the necessity of then and there celebrating her in a song, in which our North-of-England friend should do the part of the captive of her charms. That the song should be called "The Lass of Inveroran," and that these words should be its refrain, was obvious enough; but, with the potatoes and chops in our heads, and walking on a wet road in glazed leggings, our invention was far from nimble, and we could only block out a rude idea of the rhymes. Many courtly beauties, we declared, had been celebrated in books—one might refer especially to those of Dr. *Doran;* but among all such beauties—it did not matter a whit when they had lived, whether after or be*fore Anne*—there was not one that could compare, in any unprejudiced mind, with the Lass of Inve*roran!* There were various marriage-customs in the world—in that vast world round which so suddenly the fame of Mrs. Beecher S*towe ran;* but here was one sound heart, indifferent to modes and customs, who would consent to any legal form of marriage, were it even marriage on the *Koran*, provided only the being to whom the ceremony should link his fate should be the one he preferred to all others, the Lass of Inve*roran!* With the chops and potatoes in our heads, it took us a mile to concoct this; by which time we were passing Loch Tolla and the shooting-lodge of the Marquis of Breadalbane, and were fairly out on our afternoon stretch of ten miles, through the Marquis's deer-forest of Blackmount to our destination at King's House.

"Forest" is the name; but, save some plantings near Loch Tolla, all consists of bleak, black hills, among which the deer manage somehow. Hill-satiated as we should have supposed ourselves to be, there was in the dreariness, all along the road, ever some new combination of the few simple features of mountain, glen, cairn, gully, and small moor-girt lake, to interrupt the monotony of the impression, and convince us how much more various and subtle are the strokes and shadows of nature on our minds, in any one of its expanses, than are our resources of language in characterizing them. It was on our right that the view was dreariest; for here, as I have found from the guide-books since, we were, without knowing it, on the verge of the great moor of Rannoch, "a tract of 28 miles by 16, "with a mean elevation of about 1,000 "feet above the level of the sea, chiefly "a wild waste, the largest and dreariest "moor in Scotland." According to the same authority, the western part of this moor "lies well under the eye in the "road from Loch Tolla to King's House; "and this part contains the flat, sinuous, "repulsive Loch Lydoch, seven miles "long and about a mile broad, and "is, all else, a mixture of bog, "heath, and rock, hideous and dismal, "without life or feature, environed in "the far distance by coarse, dark moun-"tains." I confess to a kind of dread, dull affection for the Stygian tract, thus outcast of the guide-books, which I saw without knowing its name, though the "repulsive loch" began its leech-like length over the dismal moor at our feet, and the "coarse, dark mountains" seemed, as we walked, to bound in some realm of ugliness and doom. For not only did it fascinate us superstitiously on our right as we went, and while as yet the range of view in that direction was tolerably clear; but it must have formed part of an extraordinary scene which lay before us, as we were descending the last bit of our road towards the spot where we knew we should find King's House Inn. Never did I, and never did my companion, see a scene so unearthly, so Acherontic. It was getting towards evening; the rain had been with us all day; the whole air around us was charged with vapour; but down in the huge hollow

before us the vapour lay in one whitish, semi-transparent sea of mist, in which all things tangible seemed to end, through which there seemed to come disturbing puffs and motions, clearing darker chasms which slowly filled up again, while the boundary behind was a ridge of opaque and formless ground, rising into what might be hills, but holding, as if half up the height of the hills, a chain of glimmering lakes. The ghastliness of the misty hollow, and especially of these glimmering water-islets hung in the seeming gloom of hills, was positively appalling. We looked again and again; our pace slackened; we were not as tourists descending a common road to an inn, but as men who had been under a lure into those savage parts, and might now be descending into an Inferno. Soon, however, as we still descended, the phantasmagory melted. King's House Inn, as we reached it, was a plain white house, solitary enough in the dark waste, but with intelligible surroundings; and, ere long, with a peat fire in its chief room to cheer us, we were drying our things, and making ourselves comfortable with tea and toddy.

Next day—Saturday—on the plea that our things were not yet dry, we were not inclined to begin our walk early; and our North-of-England friend, who *was* inclined, went on without us after breakfast. My companion was then seized with an uncontrollable desire to catch trout in the burn which runs past the inn. Not having regarded him before in the light of a fisher, I thought him *fey;* but off he set, with such rickety rod and tackle as the inn could supply, and with two or three boys, sons of the landlady, dangling after him. Catching occasional glimpses of him making his throws up the burn, I kept sauntering about the bridge and the bit of road near the inn. In one direction the materials of the scene of the previous evening were now commonplace enough, so that I could see how much of it had depended on atmospheric effect; but, in another, the noble mountain of Buachaille Etive, or "The Herd of Etive"—a mountain of peculiarly graceful form as seen from King's House, so close at its base—might have been looked at till it was loved. On the right flank of this mountain the eye would trace also the road that was to lead us through Glencoe, and would anticipate what might be the reality of that famous glen and pass, long heard of, and now arrived at. So hours went by. At length my friend came back from his fishing, and with such a reproach to my scepticism in the shape of a bundle of burn-trout that I said nothing, but helped to eat them, at the dinner we now ordered, as if I had quite expected them. It was latish in the afternoon—later than we had intended—before we took the road for Ballachulish through Glencoe. It had been a fine day in contrast with the rain of yesterday; and, when we left King's House—so called as having been a station for King's troops for restraining disaffection in this part of the Highlands after 1745—we had actual streaks of sunshine and bits of blue sky overhead.

Our delay had been so long, and there was so much unpleasantness in the prospect of its being dark a full hour or so before we reached Ballachulish—a place of which we knew nothing but its name and that it had something to do with slates, and which, accordingly, we fancied to be a blue, slaty, tumble-down kind of village, with an inn or two lurking in it—that, after we had got some three miles along the flank of Buachaille Etive, and were already in the outer jaws of the Glen, we yielded to the temptation of the Glencoe coach, with its red-coated driver and guard, and a small show of passengers a-top, which overtook us at that point. We got up, and had soon, in the sharp turns of the coach, in the way the four horses took curves and short ascents at the gallop, and in that peculiar sensation of the solids of your body sinking faster than the fluids which accompanies sudden descents of vehicles, abundant reason for keeping the seat-rail in grasp, and for admiring a style of driving very different from that of a

London omnibus. I am not sure, however, but we ought to regret having taken the coach through Glencoe. We saw the peculiar grandeurs of the Glen —the tight crushing together of so many individual mountains, gnarled and jammed at their bases so as to form the two irregular and almost continuous masses which clip between them the narrow strip of low stony ground where the Coe runs, having for its reservoir a small dark loch; the transverse gashes into these walls, and their bare rocky steeps, seamed by the pathways of numberless torrents; the craggy cones and pinnacles into which the little Alps shoot aloft, where the Glen has its rugged sky-line. We had pointed out to us also, by the guard, the objects of chief note in the Glen—the contiguous peaks called "The Three Sisters;" "Ossian's Cave," high on the inaccessible face of a cliff; and that offset of the Glen where the Macdonalds had had their huts, and which had been the special scene of "the Massacre." The guard himself was a Macdonald; and, as he told us this, in answer to our question, there was more than jest in his grim look when he added that he hoped neither of us was a Campbell. But, when we had emerged from the Glen at its western termination, near the slate-quarries and the quarriers' village of Invercoe, on the banks of Loch Leven, and when, looking back on the gloomy forms of the hills which then blocked it from our view, we felt that this object of our journey had been accomplished, and that we had been actually through Glencoe, we confessed to something of disappointment. Whether it was that our anticipations had been of something awful on a larger scale, or that our having been whirled through the glen on a coach had diminished its proportion to us in comparison with the really less remarkable scenes whose effects we had better exhausted by going through them slowly on foot, or, lastly, that the weather had been too clear and cheerful—certain it is that what we remember and think of now is not Glencoe as it *was* seen, but our imagination of Glencoe as we felt it might have been seen.

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right,
> Go visit it by pale moonlight,"

said Scott; of whom it is on record that he never himself saw what he thus recommended. And so, for any one who would see Glencoe aright, our advice would be, that he should set out from King's House Inn at dusk, when there should be no temptation of a coach, and walk absolutely alone through the glen, either when it should be dark, or when there should be the faint light only of stars, or of the moon bowling through cloud-rack. Fools that we are, how, in these days of civilization and snugness in cities, we throw away all that education of which our ancestors had so much —the education of acquaintance with wild and fearful scenes of nature seen in their nocturnal aspects! How few of us have stood in the midst of a moor at midnight all alone, or ridden such a ride as that of Tam o' Shanter by the haunted churchyard, or paced the sea-shore in dead darkness away from house or habitation, or bivouacked on a hill-side swept by the night-winds, under the bell of the glittering star-deeps! Here, for those that choose, is the hint of a new medicine for minds diseased, of a vast available nurture, yet unapplied, for the cure of dull or over-peevish nerve, and the rearing up among us of a new order of spirits, that shall move amidst us touched to wilder phantasies as of old, and bringing with them, not only the airs from heaven, of which we still have something, but the blasts from hell, of which we have been long bereft. But there might be gradations of mildness and severity in the application of the medicine; and O! what a man were that who, with the right rudiments of constitution to start with, should have been rendered back to his fellows, still sane and unshattered, after such a four hours as we have fancied in the nocturnal grip of Glencoe! Was not Tam a wiser man, a man of higher potency for ever, after *his* ride in the dark from Ayr to the Brig of Doon? But what was that

ride, with all the sights and sounds of it, to the walk we have imagined? Here one would be, not among the visionary horrors and death-dances of a mere homely century or two, but in that Cona's Vale, sung by Ossian in the distance of Druidic eld, as then the meeting-place of a thousand streams turning their dark eddies through the paleness of night, and the haunt of wan-blue ghosts of warriors long departed, where also were heard strange clashings of shields and moanings from the other world. And, now that there have been accumulated there, to make its night-revel more thick and hideous, all the devilries of a new dispensation and a thousand intervening years, through what heterogeneous horrors of shape and sound, held in the clasp of the fearful hollow, our adventurer would have to urge his way! Scarce, methinks, would he have left King's House before he would have preliminary admonitions in aërial whisperings, in patterings of little feet behind him, in viewless tuggings of his garments, in flickering tongues and gleams of light. And, then, as he persevered, the hair of his head rising, and all his limbs ashake, how these slighter warnings at the glen's skirts would give place to its denser dreadfulness within—the hisses, the shriekings, the gibberings, rushing through the glen and filling it; the huge living things of no shape, rising slowly, to be encountered at each recess of the path; the headless hippopotami sitting by the loch; towering up from the mist of the loch, Ossian's undisturbed form, gigantic and white-mantled; above all, at every step, recurring spectres, with bloody throats, and one hoarse salutation through them, "I'm a Macdonald: Are you a Cawmill?" Surely, I say, the man who, in the three leagues of solitary night-walk from King's House duly performed, should have faced all this and lived through it, would reach Ballachulish either a howling maniac, or a man to be sent for by a masterless nation!

We were now at our journey's end. Ballachulish, which we had fancied to be a tumble-down village, with slates all about it, turned out to be no such thing, but a single snug inn, beautifully situated near a ferry, on the quiet banks of Loch Leven. The slate-quarries and the quarriers' village had been left behind, a mile or two nearer Glencoe; and the only sign we had of even this degree of vicinity was that, while we were enjoying our comforts in the lighted public room inside, and the darkness had set in without, we found the door of the inn locked, and, on inquiring the reason, were told that, as it was Saturday evening, some thirsty Celts were walking round the house, making demands for more whisky than the house thought it right to yield. From time to time, indeed, we heard the outbarred Gaelic eloquence going round the house in the darkness, like Bloody Tom in the nursery-rhyme; and, especially when any light within approached one of the windows, there came a dash to that inlet of some such brief succession of sounds as "*Booy bulichatanachuiaihu voh*," which we understood to be external nature in Gaelic petitioning for whisky. These sounds had not died away when the rumbling of wheels to the door proclaimed a new arrival of guests; shortly after which we betook ourselves to rest.

The next morning — Sunday — who should the new-comers of the previous evening turn out to have been but a party of friends of our own from London, whom we should never have expected to meet at Ballachulish? The peculiar strictness of these friends was an influence compelling us to a more quiet observance of the day than perhaps we should otherwise have maintained; but we did, in their company, have a Sabbatic retrospect of Glencoe, involving a view of the quarriers' village in its Sunday aspect.

Though it had taken us five days to get to Ballachulish from Glasgow, our return to Glasgow by the way we intended—to wit, by the west coast—might have been accomplished in thirteen or fourteen hours. As it was, we broke it

over two days. On Monday morning we were up before it was light, to catch the steamer at Corran Ferry. Thence our sail was delightful, along the picturesque headlands, and among the high islands, of that tract of western coast—the original seat of the Scots, ere they gave their name to the entire kingdom. At Crinan the steamer was exchanged for the canal-boat; and again, at Ardrishaig, the other extremity of the canal, a more powerful steamer took us up, and, carrying us through the lower part of Loch Fyne and the intricacies of the Kyles of Bute, restored us to the well-known Firth. Instead of going all the way to Glasgow, however, we got out at Greenock; whence, that evening and part of the next day, we made a detour, the precise direction of which shall, for the present, remain a mystery. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 10th of September, we were once more in Glasgow. Here we dined with a hospitable friend, whose kindness did not leave us till he saw us in the railway-carriage at Buchanan Street Station, well wrapt and ready for our long night-journey south. So far as I remember, that journey was but the first over again, with the order of objects reversed, and one variation in our modes of beguiling the time. That variation (let me recommend it to others) was the making of charades. Here are three samples of our produce:—

I.

My first reflects, yet is reflection's foe;
My second is my first, expressed in slang;
Pronounce my whole, and in your fancy, lo!
Mills all a-whirr and hammers all a-clang.

II.

Seek for my first—all round your hat it lies;
My second is a famous antique wine;
When you pronounce my whole, visions arise
Of Highland glens, Swiss mountains, and the Rhine.

III.

My first is cheerful within modest bounds;
My second indicates a meagre taste;
The accents of my whole are heard in sounds
Uncouth, sad, savage, over many a waste.

MORE ABOUT MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD."

I FIND that some of my remarks in a late number have been misunderstood.

I did not mean to say that the economic views of the men are all right, that they are advanced politico-economists, or any nonsense of the kind. What I said, and say again, was that the questions referred to there, such as wages, strikes, and lock-outs, the organization of labour, apprenticeship, and kindred questions, are occupying the minds of the men who lead the working classes more and more every day, and that they are not satisfied, and are quite right not to be satisfied, with many dogmas on these subjects which are thrust down their throats as settled truths of political economy.

The men are also accused by some of my correspondents as being "ene-"mies of capital," as "not acknow-"ledging the absolute necessity of a "great accumulation of capital in the "country if it is to go forward in its "industrial career." The men don't deny the necessity of an accumulation of capital in the country any more than their masters do. They know how necessary it is for the carrying out of great works just as well as their masters. The necessity they deny is, that it should be all in one pocket instead of in a thousand. They say, "It would be very much better for the country, and for us, that we should have more of this capital in our pockets. It does the country no good that a great contractor should keep a dozen hunters at Bletchley, or a yacht at Cowes, or have hot walls, and forced fruit, and splendid preserves (in which he allows nobody below a lord in rank to shoot hen-pheasants), or indulge in

any other of the absurd and wasteful luxuries which men grown suddenly rich are in the habit of indulging in. But it does do the country a great deal of good that a thousand of us skilled workmen should be able to give our wives and families more gowns, and breeches, and shoes, and beef and pudding; that we should be able to spend a few pounds a year on their education and amusement, and should be altogether contented citizens instead of discontented." I have heard this argument, in other words, from the men a hundred times; and I confess that I am quite of their opinion, and don't believe that any scientific law is against them. We have yet to learn that the power of associated capital need be less than the power of capital belonging to an individual. I quite admit that the question is still an open one on this side. But, while we have such industrial societies as the Rochdale Stores at one end of the scale, and such companies as the Peninsular and Oriental at the other, one has a right to insist that the burthen of proof rather lies, even here, upon the great capitalist.

There are other sides, however, of the question to be looked at, besides that of getting great works done quickly. I, as a professional man—one therefore of the neutral public—have a right to look from my own point of view at the whole matter, and am encouraged to do so by the writers (almost invariably found on the side of the great capitalist) who contend that self-interest is the rule by which we may guide ourselves, and the nation, and the world, all at the same time, towards the fattest pastures, and the utmost prosperity of all kinds. Looking at the question from my own point of view, and with an eye to my own pocket and comfort, I must say that, as at present advised, I am all against the great fish, who, like jack in a preserved pond, are eating up all the little fish of their own species. I see huge establishments rising up on all sides, and absorbing shop after shop in a street, and yard after yard in a neighbourhood, till it seems as if in the end we should have one mammoth emporium (or whatever the favourite name may be) in each district, to which one will be obliged to go for everything one wants. But, while this process is going on, I don't find that I get honester and cheaper wares from the emporium, but worse things, and therefore dearer, than I got before. The transactions of the emporium are so large that the contract system must creep in there, and it is impossible that the master's eye can be upon all the goods he deals in. If he looks to his accounts, it is as much as he can do; and the personal interest and pride in good work, which a man might and did feel who had 100 customers, disappears when he has 10,000. If other people have found that they get better houses, clothes, furniture, or food, at mammoth establishments, let them say so; my experience has been all in the other direction.

But, apart from this, another effect of this absorption is, that year after year there are more and more of our people depending on small fixed salaries, or weekly wages. Our eggs are getting into too few baskets; a whole district, or something like the population of a town, is pauperized by the suspension of one or two great firms; and, in one shape or another, this must fall on, and be borne by, the community.

But, to return to the question of strikes and lock-outs, of the war between masters and men in our producing population. There are several points to which I should like to call attention. There is one fact—a sort of pivot-fact—which must be understood and accepted by any person before he can make head or tail of these trades' disputes. It is this: The men know their own weakness, and wish to have the support of fixed trade laws against themselves as well as against their masters. To illustrate what I mean, take the question of overtime. There are very few men who do not often work overtime—many because they cannot resist earning a few shillings more in the week in times when work is abundant; others because they do not like to be in constant collision with

masters and foremen, which a constant refusal to work overtime is sure to engender. But they know that overtime injures them, physically and morally. They know, too, that by working overtime they are keeping other men out of employment; and (strange to say) there is a strong public spirit amongst them; they do actually desire to raise their class as a class, and do not, as a rule, desire to raise themselves at the expense of their class. This is the answer to the outcry against the inconsistency of men, who are themselves constantly working overtime, supporting unions which are fighting to put it down. It is easy to infer that the unions must be putting force upon these men, but it is a false inference. They do loyally and voluntarily desire to be kept out of temptation, and therefore support their unions in demanding the abolition of overtime, while many of them are constantly giving in to temptation, or yielding to pressure, and working overtime every week of their lives. If this is too much for readers to swallow, who, judging from their own experience, cannot conceive of a set of men wishing to be debarred from any course of action which will enable them to make more money, I can only say that so it is, and that I have seen proofs of it over and over again, not in any one trade, but in dozens.

There is another fact, so trite that one is almost ashamed to repeat it, but which, nevertheless, is constantly overlooked; and that is, that this function of organizing or aiding strikes is only one of the functions, and one of the least-frequently exercised functions, of trades' societies. From year's end to year's end they act as benefit clubs, maintaining members who are sick and out of work, pensioning old and disabled men and widows, and providing funds for funerals; while, perhaps, once in eight or ten years comes a dispute with the masters of their trade, in which they take part. The amount expended by the unions annually for benefit purposes is enormous; and by this, as it were, voluntary rate in aid, they keep thousands of persons from becoming chargeable to the country. Of course, if the state of war between masters and men becomes chronic, the unions will give more and more attention, and devote more and more of their funds, to carrying it on. Hitherto the amount spent in strikes and lock-outs is the merest trifle compared with that spent for purposes which everybody must acknowledge to be absolutely beneficial to the nation.

To use words which have already been used in these pages, and which admirably express the very kernel of the truth about trades' societies, they are "nothing more than the effort of the "wages-receiving class to realize, trade "by trade, a corporate existence." As this class gets more intelligent, which it is doing rapidly, and more moral, which I trust and believe it is doing also, though much more slowly, this effort will become more serious and more intense. The sentiment of union (if I may so call it) is the nearest approach to a faith which the men have now, as a class. It is the one idea for which they will make sacrifices. One hears it at all their meetings, and sees it in all their acts; their most popular songs are full of it; it pervades all their rules; the very mottoes of their trades' societies speak of nothing else; one meets over and over again, "Union is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall," "All for each, and each for all." Their excessive hatred to "unlimited competition" springs from the same root; as does also their feeling as to "blacks" and "knob-sticks" — which I do not mean the least to justify, but which is easy enough to understand when one sees that those men who will not come into union are looked upon as being false to their class.

What, then, are the possible issues of the present state of things—of the struggle which is now going on under our eyes?

It is hardly worth while to dwell on the complete victory of either side. I myself believe that of two evils the lesser would be that the men should thoroughly beat the masters,

than that the masters should succeed in breaking down the men's unions, and so having them at their mercy. I should prefer the former alternative, bad as it would be, because, in looking at the places and trades where the two systems, carried out almost to their conclusions, can be best compared—at Sheffield with its filemakers and other hardware workers, and at East London with its slop-tailors and needlewomen—I find that the facts are altogether in favour of the union-ridden Yorkshire town. It is very disagreeable to most persons, no doubt, to come in contact with the sort of obtrusive and rude independence which is common at Sheffield; the tyranny which is exercised over the minority there is atrocious—not a word can be said in favour of it; the habits and morals of the place are anything but what they should be. But what is all this by the side of the sullen, down-beaten, squalid misery of parts of Whitechapel, the hopeless slavery of sweaters' workshops, the morality of East-End lodging-houses? We must judge the systems by their fruits. The one produces a population who want mending, no doubt, like the rest of us, and have certain specific and virulent faults, but of whom one cannot help having hope—many of whose qualities one cannot but respect. The other kills by inches the few noble souls whom no outward circumstances, not even sweaters' work, can tarnish; and, for the rest, it grinds them into dangerous slaves, for whom one can see no hope in this world.

But there is no probability of either side winning, happily for England; nor, on the other hand, is there the slightest hope of anything better than an armistice between the two camps, unless conditions different from any which have as yet been hit upon can be suggested and accepted by both parties. When men have a quarrel, they must fight it out or make it up. The fighting out of this quarrel, however, between capital and labour (as it is commonly called), is getting too serious a matter—seems somehow to involve the tumbling of the whole house about our ears in the end. If there were no one living in the house but the masters and men, it would be another matter; but, as we are all living in it, the quarrel concerns us all. Apart from the manifold ties, visible and invisible, by which the men and women of one nation are all bound together, and through which, if one is injured, all suffer, we, the rest of the English people, have the most direct possible interest in this matter, and are not only justified in doing, but shall be fools if we do not do, all in our power to make these two combatants come to reasonable terms. Have we no direct interest in having our houses built, and built properly, in having steam-engines made, and coals and minerals brought up, and all sorts of clothing and furniture and other commodities produced in the best possible manner for our consumption? How is this to be done for us if those who should do it are half their time engaged in a free fight? No doubt the greatest loss falls on them; but, besides the loss of peace and quietness through the noise of the fight, we have to pay heavily and directly to enable the combatants to keep it up instead of doing our work. To take only the last instance of this, which has come out in the strike now actually going on, brickwork has risen in the last few years 40 per cent., or thereabouts, per rod in and about London; and the chief reason assigned for the rise is the claims which the men have been trying to enforce. And this is the sort of thing which must go on all round the board. The consumer will have to pay in meal or in malt for every one of these squabbles, in whatever trade it may break out.

Then, if we are directly interested that the great quarrel should not be fought out, but made up, how can this be done? "By arbitration," has been answered over and over again, and is the first answer that occurs to every one. It may possibly be a true one, at least for the present; but any one who has ever seriously considered the matter knows how great the difficulties are which stand in the way of any effectual arbitration. However, in spite of all difficulties,

it is worth working for, as the best thing we at all are likely to get.

The attempts which have hitherto been made in Parliament to facilitate arbitration, by Mr. Mackinnon and others, would have been of little use if successful; for no arbitration can be of any wide and practical use unless both sides can be bound by it. And here comes in the first and greatest difficulty. Given a competent trade tribunal to which masters and men will resort, how are its awards to be enforced? As against the masters the way is clear enough, as each of them is a sufficiently responsible person for this purpose, and has an establishment which fixes him to one place. But an individual workman, if he does not like the award, may shoulder his tools and disappear the next day, leaving no property behind him. I confess I see no way to any satisfactory arbitration unless the Legislature will recognise the unions. At present they are altogether outside the law, and have no recognised officer or body of officers in whose names they can enter into contracts, or sue or be sued, and through whom their funds can be reached. It seems difficult to see what harm can be done by giving them a legal corporate existence for certain purposes. There they are, great and powerfully organized societies in the midst of us—the only bodies of the kind which are without the law. The practical common sense of England has hitherto always recognised established facts of this kind; and the public would gain at least as much as the unions, if the rule were extended to meet their case. Undoubtedly the difficulties as to Courts of Arbitration would be greatly lessened—as no individual non-unionists would be able to stand out against terms which bound the unions; and, on the other hand, the spirit and temper of the unions would be likely, one would think, to be much improved, when they found themselves in so new and improved a position.

But arbitration, useful as it may be for certain purposes and on certain occasions, will never go to the root of the evil. If the present relation of masters and men is to continue to exist at all, the only thing which can do that is a thorough change in the spirit of their relationship. At present we are often told that the interests of masters and men are the same—that they form in fact a quasi-partnership; which is all quite true and beautiful in theory, but is positively not the case at all in fact. If they form a partnership in any real sense of the word, the men must have a moral, if not a legal, right to know how the partnership concerns are going on. Partnership without such a right is a farce. Where such a right has been recognised by masters, where deputations of workmen have been courteously received and explanations have been given as to the state of trade—why a rise in wages cannot be agreed to, why certain privileges cannot be granted at a certain time—over and over again strikes have been prevented, and a good feeling kept up. There are trades in which there has been no strike within the memory of the present generation. There are many firms, in trades where strikes have been frequent, where no such thing has ever been heard of. Wherever this is the case, it will be found that it is because the reality of the partnership has been recognised and acted upon, and the men have been made to feel that their interests and those of their masters were the same. But, when the spokesmen of deputations are dismissed, and become marked men, and masters refuse to give any answers, and every advance of wages or other privilege has to be wrung out of them by strikes or threats of strikes, there you will never get the men to believe that their interests are the same as those of their masters, or that there is any partnership between them; and the old law as to a house divided against itself is sure to fulfil itself more and more. If the country gets through the state of things which may possibly be brought about by the continuance of this division, it will be by the men, through much misery and many failures, struggling into partnerships of their own.

THE NAPLES QUESTION.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "ROME IN 1860," "CAVOUR: A MEMOIR," &c.

HAPPY is the people, according to the old proverb, which has no history. To the above maxim I should add, as a corollary suggested by recent experience, Unhappy is the people which has a "question." The very name of a question seems ominous to me for a people's welfare. A sick man may well be alarmed when his state becomes the subject of a medical consultation; and so, a nation has just cause for anxiety when its condition becomes a question for European consideration. Now, in all conscience, we have got European questions enough, beginning with the Turkish and ending with that of Schleswig-Holstein. There is little room even for genuine questions; and any attempt to palm off a sham question on the world as a living reality should be exposed at once. Seeing then, as I do, unpleasant symptoms in many quarters of a desire to create a Neapolitan question, I think it may not be useless to state what I believe to be the real truth about Naples and its condition. Having resided there throughout the whole of the late revolution, I have some means of forming an opinion on the present state of things; and my opinion, which I shall try to account for shortly, is, that the existing disturbances, far from being an anomalous or disappointing feature in the course of events, are a normal and inevitable stage in the progress of the great crisis through which Southern Italy has passed, or, more truly speaking, is still passing.

Positive evidence is ten times better than negative; and therefore it is no use attempting to explain away the facts of the Neapolitan brigandage by denying their existence. Yet, it is hardly possible to convey to persons unacquainted with Naples the state of incredulity as to all hearsay reports at which you arrive by residing there for any length of time. For instance, all Italian reports of late have been full of the massacres at Ponte Landolfo, and of the bloody vengeance taken by the Piedmontese soldiery. Now, if any one were to assure me that there never had been any massacre at all, or that such a place as Ponte Landolfo was not to be found in the Neapolitan territory, few things would surprise me less. I have heard stories as authentic, as circumstantial, and far more capable of immediate investigation, disproved as utterly after a nine days' existence. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the total absence of communication in a country where there are few roads, and next to no public conveyances. I remember, when Victor Emmanuel was marching down on Gaeta at the head of an army of some 20,000 men, days after he was within forty miles of the capital it was absolutely impossible to learn at Naples where the Sardinian army was stationed; and, when at last, weary of fruitless inquiries, I set out on an expedition in search of the Sardinian camp, it was not till I arrived in sight of the army that I could obtain any positive information as to its whereabouts. The faculty of sifting intelligence, or even the desire for doing so, are things as yet entirely novel to the Italian mind. Very shortly before the fall of Capua, there was a report spread that Garibaldi had entered the fortress. The report in itself was probable enough; and the whole city, Government included, jumped at once to the conclusion it was true. There was a telegraph to within a mile of Capua, so that the truth or falsehood of the story might have been ascertained in a quarter of an hour's time; but, without ever thinking of this precaution, the authorities placarded the news at once over the walls of Naples. I might quote instances without end of riots, which I was told had taken place in spots where I happened to have been at the time, and knew that nothing of the kind had occurred; of victories and

defeats, of which the reputed combatants were the last to hear; and of reports, whose minute circumstantiality was only exceeded by their utter unreality.

It would be an exception to all rules if there was not the very grossest exaggeration current about the exploits of the Neapolitan brigands. That there is such, I have no doubt whatever, and I have also almost as little doubt that the stories of the brutal cruelties exercised on either side are, for the most part, entire fabrications. During the siege of Capua, the most revolting stories were confidently affirmed about the cruelties exercised by the Royal troops upon the Garibaldian prisoners. Not long before the capture of the fortress, Madame Mario was allowed to visit the prisoners; and from her, who of all people was least likely to be a favourable witness to the Bourbons, I learnt that, on the contrary, the wounded Garibaldians had been treated with considerable kindness. Again, during the war I was told, on good authority, first, that the Neapolitan soldiery had burnt alive some wounded Garibaldians found at Cajazzo; secondly, that, on the entry of the Piedmontese, they had retorted by bayoneting the sick Neapolitan soldiers discovered in the Cajazzo hospital. I visited the place myself while its desolation was fresh, when the inhabitants had only just begun to return; and from persons who had remained perforce in the town during all its various captures and recaptures I learnt positively that both stories were equally unfounded. And so on with many similar reports. Every single case of reported barbarity which I had the means of investigating personally I found to be not only exaggerated, but entirely without foundation; and thus I naturally look with great suspicion on like reports which I have not the means of investigating.

It is not only on my own experience, but on *a priori* grounds, that I doubt these stories of mutilations and burnings alive, and other horrors. All, I think, who know Italy will bear me out in saying that brutal barbarous cruelty is not a vice to which the Italian nature is addicted. To stab your enemy behind his back, to strike him when he is down, or to set a dozen bravos upon him at once, are crimes consonant rather to the Latin than the Saxon race; but the fierce, beast-like passion which is not content even with the death of your enemy, but wreaks its unsatiated vengeance on his lifeless corpse, is to be found only among the nations in whose veins still runs the blood of the old savage Teuton warriors. Every people has its own faults, and the Italians, Heaven knows! have their full share; but mad, blood-excited passion is not one of them. There have been exceptions, doubtless; but, if you read through Italian history, you will find that their wars and revolutions have been more bloodless and more humane than those of northern nations. It is not likely, then, that in this single instance the national character has changed utterly.

I may be told, perhaps, that, however sound these general considerations may be, yet the importance and barbarity of the civil war now raging in Naples are established beyond doubt by the joint evidence of foreign, Italian, and English reports from Naples itself. Admitting, as I do, the force of this argument, there are some considerations, perhaps not generally known, which a good deal modify its power. To telegraphic news, in the first place, I attach little importance. The Reuter, Stefani Havas, and other telegraphic agencies, which are all, I believe, connected together, have practically superseded all private newspaper telegrams. The telegraphic despatches in the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Patrie*, and the *Indépendence Belge*, as in almost every European paper, are, word for word, the same. In fact, there is a monopoly of telegraphic news; and, as in the case of every other monopoly, the public suffers from the absence of competition. On the whole, Reuter's enterprise is conducted with great energy and tolerable fairness; but in particular instances you will find there is a decided political bias. Almost all the Neapolitan intelli-

gence comes through the Marseilles agency; and, for some mysterious reason, ever since the commencement of the Italian revolution, the despatches received through this quarter have adopted the report and the wording most unfavourable to the cause of Italy. Demonstrations are invariably magnified into disturbances, and riots into conflicts. As far, therefore, as public opinion on Neapolitan questions is formed (and it is so in great measure) on newspaper telegrams, it is led to exaggerate the character of the brigandage in Naples. With regard to the correspondence contained in French and German newspapers, the leaning is always against the Sardinian Government, as far as Naples is concerned. The annexation of Southern Italy was never cordially approved of by French politicians; and even the most liberal of the Paris newspapers look not altogether without satisfaction on the difficulties which opposition to the traditional policy of France has entailed upon Italy. The legitimist Ultra-Montane and pro-Austrian press is utterly regardless of truth, and quotes as gospel every hearsay report or rumour which can be construed as hostile to the prospects of the Italian movement. When one reads a statement, such as I read the other day, in a leading liberal Vienna paper, that the Venetian exiles were becoming so hostile to Sardinia that they were rapidly returning, of their own free will, to the paternal rule of Austria, it is impossible to credit any fact which rests alone on the authority of Austrian newspapers. As to Italian papers, even out of their own country, the *Armonia* and the *Gazetta di Verona* inspire no confidence, from their avowed religious and political tendencies; and the chief Italian paper from which the desponding accounts of the state of Naples are derived is the *Popolo d'Italia*, the organ of the Mazzini party. To such influences as these the correspondence from Naples inserted in English newspapers is, of course, not accessible; but still there are reasons which inevitably induce "our own correspondents" to attach undue importance to the disturbances in Naples. Given the necessary conditions of newspaper writing, a correspondent, even with the utmost regard for truth, must inevitably convey incorrect impressions. He is obliged to write about the one black sheep which goes astray, not about the ninety-nine who stay quiet in the fold. He cannot qualify every statement of disturbance he has to make, by adding constantly that in twenty out of twenty-five provinces there is perfect tranquillity and order. The reader hears perpetually of disturbances and brigandage in one place after another; he never hears of the places where nothing occurs worth mentioning. Moreover, any disturbance is a perfect God-send to a correspondent. I can speak from personal experience as to the weary difficulty of finding matter for correspondence in Naples when things began to settle down there after the end of the revolution; and a correspondent must be more than human if he did not make the most of any incident which should chance to happen there. It is very difficult, too, for a correspondent, after a residence of any length in one place, to estimate fairly the relative importance of events that occur in his own province; and a Naples correspondent becomes after a time so far a Neapolitan as to believe that the whole of the Italian question is contained in the politics of Naples.

Still, making every possible allowance for exaggeration, I feel no doubt that in the provinces round Naples, or rather between Rome and Naples, there prevails much discontent, very general social disorganization, and a system of brigandage more or less organized. The question, then, is, How are these facts to be accounted for?

Now, in spite of Baron Ricasoli's very able state paper, I believe that the solution given by him for this state of things is a very imperfect, though not an erroneous one. During the whole revolution, the Sardinian Government, like every other Government under similar circumstances, has endeavoured to account for all internal evils, by attributing them

exclusively to external causes. Order, I remember to have been told, could never be established at Naples while the French fleet remained off Gaeta; then, when the French fleet sailed away, the resistance of Gaeta was stated to be the fatal obstacle in the way of peace and quiet. After the fall of Gaeta, the intrigues of Murat conspirators, the hesitation of the Imperial Government in recognising the kingdom of Italy, the presence of Francis II. at Rome, and lastly, the action of Bourbon gold and Papal plots, have, one and all, been alleged officially as the causes of the disquiet in Naples. That all these things, and especially the last, have contributed powerfully to delay the establishment of the new Italian Government, I fully admit; but they are not the chief obstacles Sardinia has had to contend with. Nobody can well have a lower opinion than I have myself of the political morality, or want of political morality, which regulates the counsels of the Vatican and the court of the ex-King of Naples. If, by any system of brigandage, or conspiracy, or other rascality, Rome could injure the cause of Italy, she would not hesitate to do so. My disbelief is not in the will, but in the capacity. Anything like an organized system of guerilla warfare, carried on in the Neapolitan provinces, and directed from Rome as its headquarters, must entail enormous expenses. Now people are fond of talking vaguely about the immense private wealth of the ex-king, and of the vast resources of the Pope. Anybody, however, acquainted with the real facts, must be aware that the Vatican is at its wits' end to find money for its daily expenses; that, at the very outside, Francis II. could not have carried off, or had at his command, two millions sterling when he left Naples; that the defence of Gaeta, and the expenses of the court at Rome, must have made great havoc even with a sum like this; and that, whatever else is doubtful, it is certain the ex-king gets no supplies of money from his loyal subjects. What resources the convents and clergy of the Neapolitan provinces can supply, have been forwarded long ago to the Pope; and, however great their possessions, it is almost impossible to convert them into ready money under the present state of Naples. That any villain, who offers to go into the Italian territory to rob, burn, and murder, will receive rank and promises from Francis II. and medals and crosses from Pio Nono, I have no doubt whatever; but the amount of actual money he will obtain is small indeed, and without money no organized insurrection can be carried on.

Because one doubts the strict accuracy of the official explanation of Neapolitan brigandage, it is absurd to fall into the other extreme, and adopt the sentimental legitimist view that these disturbances are the spontaneous manifestations of Neapolitan loyalty to the deposed sovereign, or that the brigandage in Naples has the slightest analogy with the peasant war of La Vendée, or the gallant guerilla warfare of the Tyrolese against the French. That this brigandage is not the loyal rising of an oppressed people may be seen from some very obvious reflections.

The Neapolitans are not fools, whatever else they may be; and, if there had existed any popular feeling for the Bourbons, it is impossible to suppose it would not have manifested itself when there was some chance of its being of practical use. During the days that intervened between Garibaldi's landing on the mainland and the king's flight from Naples, it was found impossible to get up any popular manifestation of any kind in favour of the king. It was known over the city, for hours before Francis II. left, that he was going to leave; and not even the loyal lazzaroni, of whom we hear so much, could be got together to cheer him on his leaving. Not a score of persons in all the city took the trouble of watching his departure. Garibaldi entered unarmed, in an open carriage with three companions. Any half-dozen patriots might have taken his life, with an almost certainty of escape; yet no one could be induced to try the experiment. Again, when

the royal army was in full force before Capua and Gaeta, and when, if at any time, the chances of war seemed to favour the royal cause, no effort could induce the peasantry in the neighbouring towns to rise on the king's side. In the whole Neapolitan kingdom, the only body which kept true to the king's cause was the army, which had been well paid and well treated; and even the army declined on every occasion to expose themselves to the danger of fighting for their beloved monarch.

In as far as the brigandage in the provinces of the Abruzzi and the Terra di Lavoro is due to temporary causes, there is no difficulty in assigning them. The partial, if not the inevitable, effect of the Neapolitan revolution was to turn out of employment some 100,000 men used to bearing arms, and to leave them, disgraced and suspected, to pick up a living as best they could. If they entered the Sardinian army, they were treated as cowards who had dishonoured their uniforms; if they tried to get employment in their own country, they were looked upon as spies in disguise. Their plight was a hard one. In France they would have made a revolution; in England they would have filled the gaols and workhouses; in America they would have gone to San Francisco and the diggings; being Neapolitans, and at Naples, they took to the mountains and to brigandage. They don't fight; they never stand before the enemy; but they plunder friend and foe, royalist and constitutionalist alike, whenever they can do so without danger. They lead, in fact, a dog's life, and die a dog's death. In a populous country, well provided with roads, they would be suppressed in a week's time; but, in a wild, desolate mountain district, like that of the Abruzzi, where, as a rule, there are no roads at all, it may be months, or even years, before they are thoroughly rooted out.

Melancholy as this state of semi-suppressed brigandage is, it is not the real evil of Naples, nor the great difficulty in the path of Neapolitan organization. The main cause of alarm and danger to the Government is the utter apathy and corrupt selfishness of the nation. If the provinces gave any valid aid to the Sardinian troops, or made any exertion to suppress the brigands, the country would have been quiet long ago; but they will do nothing, and expect everything to be done for them. Peasants and town-people alike refuse to make any sacrifice for the Sardinian Government, just as they refused to make it for Francis II. in his distress, or for Garibaldi in his triumph. Even in Naples itself the Government obtains no active support. The working class won't give their labour, the educational classes refuse the service of their talents, and the wealthy classes decline the aid of their money. I do not for one moment mean to say there are not many bright exceptions to this general selfish apathy; but, as a rule, I fear the description is only too just a one. If there is an energetic and patriotic body of men in all the Two Sicilies, it is the class from whom the Neapolitan deputies are taken; yet, in the late session at Turin, when the Ministry, shortly after Cavour's death, proposed that the "Decima di Guerra"—that is, an increase of one-tenth on all taxes—should, under present circumstances, be extended to Naples, as it had already been to the old provinces of the kingdom, the Neapolitan deputies opposed the scheme so resolutely that the Ministry adjourned its consideration, and then dropped it silently. This opposition was made at a time when the Chambers were well aware that the national exchequer was terribly in want of money, and that full half the expenses of the country were due to outlay required at Naples.

Bad as all this is, is it worse than any reasonable man ought to have expected? Of all absurdities in the world, it seems to me the greatest to suppose that men are to be converted at once from slaves into heroes. There would be no great harm, after all, in slavery and tyranny, if their effect was so slight that a few months' emancipation would make their victims fit for freedom. The fault of the Bourbon

Government, to my mind, was not so much its cruelty as its abject debasement. From the king downwards, everybody was taught to cheat, and lie; and bribe. Judges, officers, and officials, were avowedly under-paid, because they were expected to live upon the perquisites of their offices. Every attempt at individual enterprise and energy was repressed; and the people were instructed systematically to depend upon charity, not upon their own exertions. If you add to these causes the existence of an utterly demoralized social system, and the deliberate inculcation of the most debased superstition, you have no reason to wonder, if the Neapolitans are what they are, and what they will be, till the present generation has passed away.

To speak the plain truth, the Neapolitan revolution was not one of those great popular movements which sometimes in the world's history ennoble a nation's character, and purge away its vices, as if by fire. All our English politicians, some months ago, were lavish of praises, and very just praises, of the order and moderation which characterised the revolution. Still, the remembrance of these encomiums should make them scanty of their censures now. A moderate orderly reform has many high merits, but it has not the savage strength of a great popular revolution. For good and bad, the respectable and educated classes made the revolution; for bad and good, the people had no share in it. When the fair auburn-haired queen, Joan of Naples, strangled her husband, she made all the conspirators give a tug at the rope together. When the Bourbon dynasty was upset, the Neapolitan people were not allowed to put their hand to the rope at all. Confiscations and reigns of terror are fearful things; but still they give a nation a part and interest in a revolution it has not otherwise. Far better it is for Naples that such life or death remedies have not been adopted; but it is absurd to blame the Neapolitan people because they do not show the energy of the French nation after 1789.

As for Naples itself, I see no cause as yet to despair. With the faults of slaves, the Neapolitans have many of their virtues. They are kind-hearted, affectionate, and pleased easily; they are wonderfully quick in natural intellect, are eager to learn, and, if wanting in perseverance, have a good deal of fitful energy. They are keen enough, too, in seeing their own interest; and a vigorous, upright, and liberal government, like that of Piedmont, is above all others qualified to develop their better qualities. In material respects, Naples has made more progress in the last six months under Sardinia, than was made in the last quarter of a century under the Bourbons; and in my mind material progress must precede, not follow, moral improvement.

With regard to Italy, the benefit derived from the annexation is more doubtful. Naples, for a length of time, will be a source of weakness, not of strength, to Italy, and will thus inevitably make her more dependent on France than she would be otherwise. However, what is done is done, and the way in which the Neapolitan difficulty should be solved is Italy's concern, not Europe's. "The one thing that Italy requires," I heard Padre Gavazzi proclaim in the Largo del Palazzo, at Naples, "is to be master in her own house." The saying is a very true one. If Italy is to become in reality a nation, it must be by managing her own business herself. She requires no interference, either official or officious. Cialdini is perfectly competent to put down Neapolitan brigandage; and the Sardinian Government is better qualified than any other to deal with Naples. It is to be hoped, then, that the Neapolitan question will remain a question for Italy alone, not for Europe; and that Italy, in this matter, will be allowed to act as "Padrone in casa sua."